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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN
& GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

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Among the features in the next number of

The American Mercury

(Ready October 25)

will be the following:

RAYMOND PEARL:
The Biology of Population Growth

HOMER H. COOPER:
William Kidd, Gentleman

L. M. HUSSEY:
The Chemistry of Post-Volsteadian Beverages

D. W. FISHER:
Teaching the Young to Think

JAMES STEVENS:
More Work for Uplifters

CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN:
Improvements in Weather Forecasting

THOMAS BOYD:
The Uninvited (A Story)

There will be a dozen other interesting articles and stories, besides the regular departments: "Americana," "Clinical Notes" "The Theatre," "The Library," etc.

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BOOKS OF IMPORTANCE

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FROM a long and exceptionally interesting Fall list the following books have been selected as likely to be especially interesting to readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. All are now ready. Your bookseller has them. Readers of this magazine are invited to send for the Catalog of the Seltzer Fall publications.

A NEW "LAWRENCE"

THE BOY IN THE BUSH, *by D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner*. $2.50.—This is the story of Jack Grant, a young "black sheep" sent to Australia by his father—to hardships, which he does not mind, and to neighbors of the bush whom he bitterly resents. "He seeks his fortune on the ranch, in the sheep-run, and in the mines—a life of bitter toil, demoralising uncouthness, violent passions, and unrelieved failure. In the end he finds his gold; but this triumph is incidental—the important thing is that he has discovered his own spirit and given it integrity vigour, and peace. . . . An excellent novel, written with a sustained beauty that is worthy of remark even in a book by Mr. Lawrence."—*William A. Drake*, in the first published review of this book.

A SCOTTISH MASTERPIECE

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS, *by George Douglas*. $2.00.—George Douglas died young, early in the nineteen-hundreds, having written one novel. It was the first counterblast to the stodgy Victorianism of his time. It has frequently been said that from it all modern fiction derives. It is the story of a Scottish village and of proud, possessive John Gourlay, the "biggest," hardest man in the village. Most modern fiction is sadly thin beside the vigor of this truly great novel.

JOSEPH CONRAD'S COLLABORATOR

SOME DO NOT . . ., *by Ford Madox Ford*. $2.00.—The world, it appears—the world, that is, that counts—is becoming peopled with men and women who accept lower standards of honor and manners. But *some do not*, and Ford Madox Ford (better known as Ford Madox Hueffer) has written the story of Christopher Tietjens, who did not—superbly. Tietjens is an "uncomfortable idealist" with "enough virility for about twenty ordinary novels," as one critic puts it. As always, Ford Madox Ford's style is masterly.

CANNAN'S LATEST

THE HOUSE OF PROPHECY, *by Gilbert Cannan*. $2.00.—This is the story of Matty and of three men, chief of whom is Sembal, who seek to win her love, and of the curious way in which she flees from a promised marriage, only to be caught by a more passionate, burning love, which she can neither resist nor escape. Written by the insight which characterized *Sembal*, this new novel is one of greater "story interest."

AN "ENCHANTING" STORY

WHO WILL REMEMBER?, *by Margaret Irwin*. $2.00.—Margaret Irwin has curiously entwined the powdered and crinolined Eighteenth century with our own shorter-skirted and realistic age in a story that is best described as "enchanting." It is an exquisite and graceful romance, but not without violence and dark, sombre happenings.

MODERN MARRIAGE

THE BURDEN, *by Jeffery E. Jeffery*. $2.00.—Alan Carnes was happily married, and he loved his wife. But for all that he did not keep faith with her. That is the core of a coolly, simply told tale of very human people, a dramatic story recorded with uncompromising fidelity.

A SPLENDID "FIRST"

SIMPLES, *by Ian Irons*. $2.00.—Some thought Alban Kent a fool, others thought him a hero. He was a quixotic young man who unaccountably accomplished things that practical people said could not be done. Ian Irons has painted with simplicity and tender strength a very lovable character and his world.

STUDY OF FEAR

THE HOUNDED MAN, *by Francis Carco*. $2.00.—In the sordid night life around the great central markets of Paris is lived this tragedy of a man who has killed and a girl who unwillingly shares his secret—two people drawn together, and together driven to the inevitable doom by the single force of haunting fear.

LAWRENCE'S "THE RAINBOW"

THE RAINBOW, *by D. H. Lawrence*. $2.50.—This book has hitherto been available only in an expensive edition, and frequently at a premium because of its scarcity. It now appears for the first time at a popular price. Chronologically it takes its place between *Sons and Lovers* and *Women in Love*, and is regarded by many critics as one of the greatest novels of Lawrence, and hence one of the greatest in modern literature.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND THE PREACHER, *by H. Crichton Miller, M.A., M.D.* $2.00.—The author's first two books in this series, the first for the *Teacher*, the second for the *Parent*, have established him as a sound, sane, illuminating interpreter of the new psychology. He now turns to religious questions, and gives us a fearless and stimulating study of its psychological aspect.

THE LITTLE GIRL POET

THE JANITOR'S BOY AND OTHER POEMS, *by Nathalia Crane*. $1.50.—Nathalia Crane of Brooklyn, just turned eleven, is the author of a "best seller." Her poems have the "spinal thrill," as the *N. Y. Post* says. Nathalia Crane has the divine spark, her child imagination is robust and colorful, and she has written many poems that mature poets of renown would not be ashamed to own.

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher* — George Jean Nathan, H. L. Mencken } *Editors*

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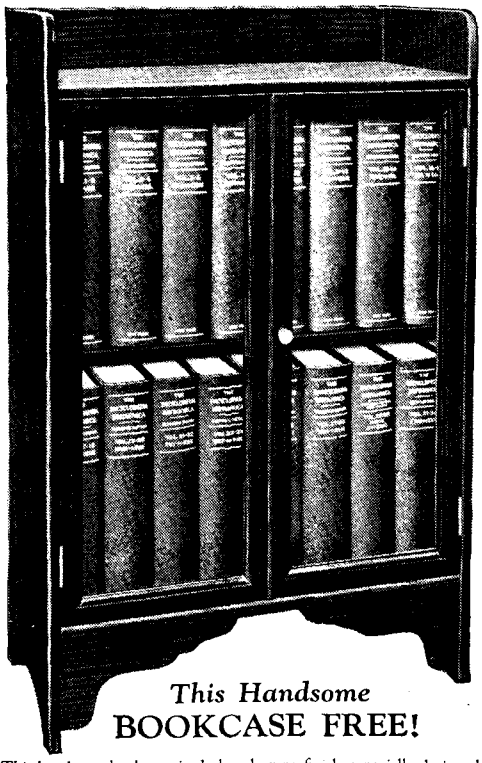

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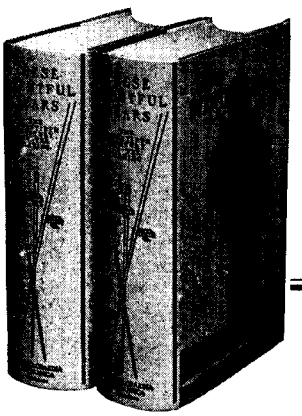

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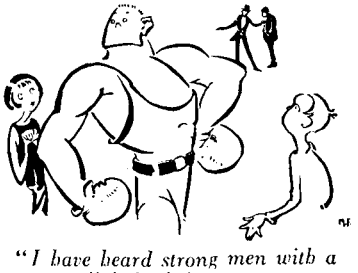

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VOLUME III NUMBER 10

The American
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October 1924

ARSENALS OF HATRED

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

THE drug-store of Henry Somers, in a middle-sized city of These States, is of the old-fashioned kind, restfully free from soda-fountain clatter and phonograph demonstrations, smelling mustily of antiseptic balsams and confused tinctures. Several generations of newspaper reporters have patronized it because of its mildly exotic and freshly kept tobaccos. In a general way, we always knew that Old Man Somers "had religion." The shop was shut on Sunday mornings and the proprietor always out of it on prayer-meeting nights. He had a mild local celebrity as the superintendent, going on twenty-five years, of the Sunday-school of the town's most up-and-coming evangelical church. Occasionally, when he was low in mind, he would cheer himself up by trying to save a cub reporter's soul. This, by an ancient ritual, always ended with the unregenerate young man appealing to his audience to say if Somers didn't treat his deaf prescription-clerk better than Yah-weh treated His own children, and therefore wasn't he better than his God? The old man would look a little pleased at the compliment and dismiss the argument by shaking his established anathema at us from the end of a fat forefinger: "That's all right for you to say now, young man. But remember: the Bible's a bloody book! If you don't like it"—here he would grin amiably, for he liked to swear with holy sanctions—"you can go to hell!"

But we never thought of him as letting religion interfere with his disposition, and so it surprised me, on my last visit, to find him foaming theology at the mouth. It seemed that he had lost his Sunday-school. There had been an apparently voluntary resignation, a banquet, and the presentation of a loving-cup, but the old man had no illusions. "They kicked me out like an old dog," he groaned, "because they don't want those little children to have the true word of God. They want to give them all the lies the Devil put into the heads of those scientists about Evolution—all that hell poison. They're damning those little souls to hell, that's what they're doing." He went on in a snarling whisper, as though communicating secrets of the Black Hand: "I pray God on my knees every night to damn them for it." He no longer kept my brand of tobacco, he explained, because the people who made it gave their money to some Modernist college. I left.

On the street I drew out a pillar of the old man's church on the scandal. He unfolded a tale of inner politics that would not have disgraced a Sixteenth Century college of cardinals. All the precedents by which Secretaries of State were released during the Wilson administration had been strictly observed.

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II

Private comedies like this are seldom without public significance. Ten years ago old Somers was just as certainly a Fundamentalist as he is now. His church was Modernist by about the same majority. But nobody cared much. The Fundamentalist *bloc*, which Somers led, felt that if the majority wished to lose salvation by doubting the literal accuracy of Genesis that was its own business—that it would probably be reclaimed by grace anyhow. The Modernists were positive that the minority would eventually be converted by reading Darwin, or Professor Lull, or Vernon Kellogg (which few of the Modernists themselves had done), and so were equally content to let matters drift amicably. It was a *status quo* not devoid of occasional clashes, but fully as satisfactory for practical purposes as the relations of a Republican and a communist in a horse trade.

But the Modernists, in the course of time, got tired of having it conveyed to the children each Sunday morning that their parents had sold out to the Devil and were justly damned, and the Fundamentalists got tired of having the seductions of Satan hissed in their faces from a pulpit they helped pay for by the Serpent disguised as an ordained pastor. Thus ill-feeling gradually rolled up, and the thing came to a head when Somers was asked to announce to the Sunday-school a course of lectures by a visiting authority on "Evolution and Jesus Reconciled." He refused flatly—and this breach of decorum made him the victim of the inevitable explosion. Since then the old *status quo* has been quite as dead as the *entente cordiale* has been since January, 1923.

Now, how did this destruction of a workable and fairly friendly relationship of long standing come about without either party altering its opinions? Obviously, it must have come about through an increase in the emotional intensity with which the old opinions were held. That is to say, it came about because a typical American small-town church of better than average prestige was and is, like most other American churches today, in the throes of what must be called, for want of a better term, a religious revival. I do not mean a revival in the ordinary sense; I mean simply a sudden increase in religious interest and concern—an augmentation of the passion with which religious ideas are held.

I do not suggest that church membership in America is increasing. It is, perhaps, arguable historically that religious revivals, whether overt or occult, have always driven as many out of formal church membership as they have drawn in. Revivals are best expressed, not in statistics, but by the rise of emotional barometers—by the importance which religion gets in everyday life. The growth and vitality of the Ku Klux Klan, the recent division of a major political party over a religious quarrel, the vigorous determination of moral *blocs* to invent and enforce ever new and more rigorous prohibitions, the political aspects assumed by the campaign against (and to some extent for) evolution, the virtual disappearance of all possibility of friendly religious discussion among business and social acquaintances, the space given by newspapers not only to the spectacular aspects of the Fundamentalist-Modernist dispute but even to the relatively innocent and harmonious deliberations of the great annual conclaves of the evangelical bodies, the feverish joy taken by the unchurched in flaunting the holy faiths,—all these things are the marks of a revival in full swing. Whether out of a disgust with an actual world that has just dragged him through a senseless war and a social re-adjustment beyond his comprehension, or whether through the operation of some obscure cycle of oscillation between his material and his speculative natures, the average American of today is more wrought up about his other worldly welfare than he has been for fully sixty years.

What is the effect on the temper of

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American life? As one investigates the subject by the simple laboratory method of attending churches and observing the influence of theological passion upon the people in them it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the present revival, like most of its predecessors, is making the temper of American life bad. And if it goes on, it will make it worse.

III

Consider the psychological results of a typical Sunday morning rendezvous with the Holy Spirit. Henry Jones, president of the Jones Superior Hosiery Company, arrays himself in his newest business suit and, gathering a dutiful wife and a bored and reluctant son and daughter of adolescent years into the tonneau of his Cadillac, proceeds to the ten o'clock meeting of the Emmanuel Men's Bible Class. The estimable Jones, his offspring agree in whispers, would be in a pleasanter mood if he had had either a little less sleep or a little more. Jones himself has vaguely dallied with this thought; but as the engine stalls in the morning cool it reminds him that he has had a hard week. Didn't he buy all that cotton to mix with his famous Alsilk weave on Tuesday, only to see the price drop a cent a pound on Wednesday? And just when he was all het up about that, didn't that damned—no, he mustn't swear today, even in his private meditations—didn't that confounded shop committee come in with that damned—no, blasted—overtime demand? And didn't he then blow up—and isn't he now likely to have a strike on his hands? He guesses that maybe he is a pretty rotten sort of a business man, after all. Taking too much time bulling around at that Rotary Club and playing away his time on the golf course. Going to quit it! Stick to business more in the future!

Or no! Something cold and clammy out of his dark Calvinistic inheritance comes up to smite him. Maybe God is punishing him for all those damns, and for drinking that bootleg hooch over at Bill Harmon's the other night. Or for that bridge game, that game of chance, at half a cent a point. Or for figuring, as he looked at the pictures in that "Outline of Science" book of Ted's, that that Adam and Eve story really must be the bunk. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord! Make bare Thy mighty arm! In terror, he scarcely forms the old voodoo texts into words. But suppose he is really going bankrupt, a broken man? What happened to David's enemies? A shadowy fear clutches him, and he steps on the gas.

Then there was that God-awful—no, awful—rumpus with his daughter Marjorie. Marjorie is 24 but she hasn't any sense. Think of her being in that Little Theatre play for Saturday night and not telling her mother until Friday that she had to speak those smutty lines about a baby coming, to that married fellow playing leading man! Of course, he settled that all right. Put his foot down and took Marjorie right out of it. Called up a few other decent fathers, too, and got them to take their daughters out. Smashed up *that* play, all right. That divorced chippy—"Judge not that ye be not judged?" To hell with that!—from New York, Mrs. Whatshername, had to call off her show at the last minute. Guess that would teach her a lesson about coming into a decent, God-fearing town and trying to give every young girl one of those rotten sex bugs. . . .

But God Almighty—no, goodness gracious—what a row! His own daughter calling him a damned old fool—yes, it was all right to quote it—and beating it out of the house on the night train to that cigarette-smoking Aunt Jane of hers, swearing she'd never come back. That's what came of letting women who didn't have to, earn their own living. If it hadn't been for all that bunk, Marjorie wouldn't have had car fare. He'd have had the whip hand. And he'd have used it, too, you bet. . . . Even at that, there must be something the matter with him. If he was the right kind of a father, he wouldn't always be having

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these rumpuses. God—no, gosh—it was a rotten world. His breakfast was hurting him right here—right under the steering wheel.

But here, too, was the church. Three minutes later, his wife and offspring dispatched to their respective departments, behold Jones entering his holy of holies, a moving pillar of substance, if not of fire. His expression, if grave and stern, is at least untroubled as forty male backs reverse themselves into faces to look at him. Probably thirty-five of the faces belong to the small fry, the neighborhood grocers and barber-shop proprietors, the lowly bookkeepers and technical men of the local corporations; but five or six are recognizable as those of business men of his own standing. Their presence gives to the Emmanuel Men's Class a city-wide notoriety. "Big Business Men Are Bible Fans"—says the headline of the *News*' annual feature story.

Mr. Jones is a few minutes late, and from his equals there are two or three snickers suggesting the jocosity of equals; from the small fry a battery of timid, sickly smiles. The curly-headed pastor puts a fat hand to his mouth and grins theatrically toward his sleeve. "Yes, boys," he says, "I guess we really *can* have a class here today after all." The estimable Jones, torn between his dignity and this sudden joviality, sits down in some confusion. But the last lingering doubts of his excellence flee as the pastor explains that "for Brother Jones' benefit we are having a little set-to on the Fosdick case."

"You fellows have got the wrong idea," he goes on, "if you think that the Presbyterian General Assembly indorsed Fosdick. Read between the lines of that letter the Assembly committee sent him. You'll see that, under the forms of the utmost politeness, Fosdick is being asked to get out. I know the letter sounds the other way round. As if we asked him to stay. But the condition under which he is asked to stay is that he accepts the Presbyterian declaration of faith. This," and the curly-headed pastor smiles like a cheerful diplomat, "is something Dr. Fosdick can't make the grade on without recanting the essential points in his preaching. Maybe he could accept the Unitarian declaration of faith. I don't know. But I do know he couldn't accept ours. So the sum and substance of the matter is just this: If Fosdick stays, he will become as good a Presbyterian as the rest of us. If he doesn't become a Presbyterian, he has received a polite notice that he has stayed out his welcome in Presbyterian pulpits. Now, what do you men think about it?"

The usual timid silence of virile community leaders in conclave.

"Come on now, Mr. Harvey," the curly-headed pastor rallies, "what do *you* think about it?"

"I think," says Mr. Harvey in the determined falsetto of the young man who teaches bookkeeping at the Y. M. C. A., "that it is a disgrace for the Presbyterian Church to have to go outside its own membership for any preacher anywhere, and that such a state of affairs ought to be ended at once."

"Well," says the curly-headed pastor rakishly, "we've got that far. Do you agree with that, Mr. Harmon?"

Jack Harmon clears his throat with the terrible gravity of a youth esteemed by his elders. He is famous for being, at 29, the town's shrewdest bank vice-president, the youngest director of the Chamber of Commerce and the youngest member of the Emmanuel official board.

"If you want my opinion," he proceeds sternly, "the note to Fosdick wasn't strong enough. The General Assembly has no call to be polite to a man like Fosdick. It need not have invited him to stay on in the most important Presbyterian church in New York on any conditions. The General Assembly should have demanded that Dr. Fosdick not only accept the Presbyterian declaration of faith, but specifically recant and apologize for all his preaching in a Presbyterian pulpit against the Presbyterian faith. And the question

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of his recognition as a Presbyterian minister should have been left in abeyance, as with any other man whose conduct has put him, practically if not technically, on probation.

"I'm not narrow-minded." Harmon says it so harshly that the class moves nervously as though suspected of accusing him. "I don't believe that the Presbyterian Church should examine too inquisitorially into the layman's interpretation of the creed. But I do believe that our church can only keep on being the servant of God by being eternally vigilant in its requirement that all of its preachers be sound in doctrine."

The class murmurs conviction. Having found that attack is the technic of the leaders, several gentlemen arise to pursue it. It is conveyed that the distinguished Fosdick only preaches to get crowds anyway; that (with a sneer as though it were somehow his fault) an Episcopalian church in his neighborhood is reaching out for his overflow congregations; that "a man like that at least ought to have the intellectual honesty to join the Unitarians."

Then, last but not least, Mr. Jones arises to sum up. The pastor has had the happy thought of saying, "Well, we can't settle this without hearing from Jones." The class has turned its forty expectant glances upon him. The anguish of the early morning is gone. So the estimable Jones uses the same tone of authority that he employs in rebuking an office employé—though not a shop-worker, now that those union organizers are hanging around. After all, this Fosdick deserves it.

"Why should he join the Unitarians?" snaps Jones. "Would he bring them anything better than he has brought us? I decidedly doubt it. I tell you, men who talk like Fosdick does haven't any sincerity. All they have is their egotism. Take his egotism away, and Fosdick wouldn't draw enough of a crowd to fill a country meeting-house. He's smart, I grant you. He knows that by utilizing a Presbyterian pulpit to preach radicalism, he can get the crowds who feed his vanity. But he knows he wouldn't get such crowds if he stayed where he belonged. That's why I'm for sending him where he belongs now and without any politeness, whether he likes it or not."

There being no rebuttal, that ends the day's discussion of the living topic. Curiously enough, it was advertised in the *Sunday News* as, "Should a church member voluntarily leave his church when he finds himself in disagreement with its doctrines?"

The excellent 137th Psalm—"By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps on the willows in the midst thereof"—is the lesson prescribed by the Sunday-School Quarterly. The curly-headed pastor wastes no time over its tonal felicities, but dashes them off with a jerky haste that would become a town-council clerk reading an ordinance to license horse doctors. Without slackening speed, he discharges the battery of Quarterly "question suggestions" at the bewildered heads of the "big business men who are Bible fans." . . . When, from its context, would you say this psalm was written? . . . How many times was the temple built? . . . Who built the first temple? . . . How big was it? . . . Were there any hammers or axes used in its construction? . . . Why couldn't David build it? . . . Who built the second temple? . . . Third? . . . Will there ever be another temple built? . . . And so on. The primary and intermediate classes across the hall in the Emmanuel basement have answered exactly the same questions with a certain degree of literal exactness. But the community leaders fumble and hang back so, that in order to get through his seminar in five minutes the pastor has to do most of the answering himself.

Then, their minds rested and contented from this mature and intellectual consideration of the soul's problems, the gentlemen pass upstairs to the church. From a visiting pastor of somber visage and convincing gestures they learn that they have

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a Better Covenant with the Almighty, a Better Revelation, a Better Promise, a Better Security, a Better Sacrifice, a Better Resurrection, a Better Future, a Better Paradise, than any other social organization known to history—in short, "the Best Religion that ever was or ever will be." The final prayer tenderly entreats that "religious wanderers" be brought to taste the "same sweet springs of happiness, temporal and eternal."

IV

Now, what the excellent Jones and his fellow communicants have enjoyed in their devotions is strictly true to type.

While the Emmanuel pillars sit in judgment on the luckless Fosdick, the leading "liberal" Methodist congregation sits in judgment upon the new amusement provisions in the Book of Discipline. At first the congregation is pleasantly shocked. The pastor, with the gentle horseplay for which he is locally famous, teases them about the old prohibitions against dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, etc. He all but says you really can do those things now and still be saved. All you need to do is to be able "to take Jesus Christ with you into the dance-hall, into the bridge game, into the pool-room."

Suddenly he clutches his climax. "Would you want *me* to dance?" he asks sorrowfully, his voice as softly fluted as an Irish mortician's. "I saw a minister of God's gospel dance once. He was dancing in the Odd Fellows Hall, with a pretty girl, cheek to cheek." His tone sinks to the hoarse whisper in which blasting scandal must be conveyed in religious circles. "He's dead now! . . . A woman shot him in the presence of his wife . . . one moment before she shot herself. He had long ceased to be the spiritual adviser of his people. . . . Oh, my friends, where would we all be now if our Savior had danced and come to an end like that?"

Half a dozen blocks down the street, a Fundamentalist but thoroughly sedate congregation is listening to a discourse on the pleasing folk tale of Dives and Lazarus. "By the light of this parable," says the rev. pastor, "we see that men do not need to be criminals and human outlaws to miss heaven and enter into a state of misery for all eternity. Dives was a gentleman, by the world's rating, but he lifted up his eyes in hell. Our light shows the folly of seeking any way of escape from an unhappy state save by the guidance of Moses and the prophets, who direct the whole human race to Jesus Christ."

In an imposing Presbyterian edifice, the Beatitudes are being ratified with especial emphasis on the coming exaltation of the meek and the poor in spirit. As the faithful group of humble shoe-salesmen and bookkeepers and their wives pass out toward the trolley-cars, they bestow dirty looks upon the parked flock of medium-grade motor cars belonging to their economic superiors. In one of the godlessly liberal congregations, the pastor refutes the charge that a recent peace resolution of his national church body is pacifist. In every war since its foundation, he shouts, his church has been as quick on the trigger as the next one. An enormous Baptist congregation listens to an indignant apology for the church's failure to allay certain social evils. That isn't the church's business, except by the way, roars the official shepherd. Infidels who make these charges have yet to learn that the church's "sole and central aim is redemptive—to bind man back to God."

In the Roman Catholic basilica an oratorical monsignor urges the congregation to thank God daily that they escaped the penalties and disgraces of being born Protestants. The Episcopal rector deplores the lack of interest among the elect in the salvation of others. "Whether you are butchers or bankers, you should preach the way to salvation to all men if you would truly follow our Lord." In a congregation trying to exist half Modernist and half Fundamentalist, the pastor puts faith and the search for reality in their respective places by this admirable jugglery: "Being divine,

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Jesus Christ must have known many things that He did not teach. He knew that the earth was round, that the heart was the organ of circulation, not the seat of the affections, that Joshua did not make the sun stand still for the very simple reason that the earth and not the sun was doing the moving, and many other things that His people did not know. Yet He was strangely silent on these matters. He allowed men to continue in ignorance while He gave all emphasis to the vital truths of the Christian faith. The Christian minister may well profit by His example."

V

Now, what do they all get out of all this?

There can be little doubt that the overwhelming majority of church attendants on this, or any other Sunday, proceed to their devotions, like the estimable Jones, in a mood of self-discontent. Since the Sabbath is a day of inactivity and reflection, its urges are strongly toward inward examination and private self-judgment. And few individuals can review even their strictly business careers during their latest week without experiencing an annoying lack of complete self-satisfaction. They do too many foolish things and miss too many good chances. Here is the basis of a large part of the Sunday morning discontent. Cheered on by doctrines like that of original sin it may be carried to absurd and morbid lengths, but in the main it is valid and realistic. The only proper and valid escape from it is realistic, too. If Jones should sit down to figure out what was the matter with his judgment of the cotton market, and why he flew off the handle in his labor troubles and with his daughter, there would be some chance for him both to regain his self-respect and to improve his adjustment to society.

But instead, he seeks the consolations of the church. They are unquestionably consoling. But instead of discharging his peevishness, based on a justifiable self-distrust, in a realistic attempt to eliminate its causes, he discharges it in the sneer that a New York preacher, totally unknown to him, is an insincere egotist, and in the conviction that he, Jones, possesses a better bargain with God than the unregenerate. In other words, he gets rid of his inferiority complex and attains a buoyantly satisfactory but realistically false adjustment to his universe by indulging himself in harsh disapproval of the private conduct and beliefs of others, and in working up a pride of opinion about things he cannot possibly understand. All this, of course, eases his focus of discomfort under the steering-wheel and supplies him with an appetite for Sunday dinner, but it hardly makes him a more amiable or charitable citizen.

Meanwhile, the members of nearly every other congregation in town have cheerfully submitted to the same jazzing of their egos. One group of Methodists have lost their self-discontent in a happy decision that all the local fox-trotters, churched or unchurched, will end up in scandalous triangular tragedies. Another group in the same communion goes home inflated by the doctrine that knowledge of the true faith is morally superior to knowledge of reality. The Catholics retire with the church's usual assurance that Protestants are rebels against the sacred truths of God. The Lutherans smack their lips over the brutal romance of Lazarus and Dives, finding Dives personified in all whose conduct varies from theirs, or whose opinion on theological matters clashes with theirs. The Baptists gloat over the unsaved on their pastor's assurance that their faith, by the shed blood of the Lamb, binds God to them in the only sort of contract that is legally respectable. Economically and socially ineffective Presbyterians rejoice in the wrath to come upon their snappier betters. Episcopalians cheer up at the thought that they have the Lord's warrant for proffering moral advice to those they vaguely disapprove.

All of them together come away with the exhilarating sense of having personally

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ratified opinions which cannot be controverted. In their secular lives, they are Republicans and Democrats, liberals and conservatives, business and professional people, clerks and hand workers, housewives and teachers, sane and sometimes even intelligent persons, or plain fools and morons. In their secular spheres of activity, they all know only too painfully the discomforts of being defeated in plans, arguments and alibis on rules of evidence which they themselves accept as valid. But the church removes the sting of all this by giving them, in a realm which it flatteringly asserts is the highest of all, a complete personal infallibility. Their religious opinions cannot be controverted. They are completely separated from the plane of concrete evidence. A religious opinion is so simply because its holder says it is so.

This is the core of the consolation that religion offers. Whatever one may read into the ethics and philosophy of the New Testament, the Christian church allures its average communicant by catching him in his moods of doubt and saying: "Here's something you can't possibly guess wrong about, because there isn't a single realistic test in the world that will prove it isn't so"; by catching him in a depth of self-distrust and saying: "Here, brother, are a lot of lewd and uncovenanted persons you can disapprove of a whole lot more than you disapprove of yourself." The church wants power and popularity, and so, like Mr. Hearst or the late Harding, it gives the public what it wants. That happens to be a license to the ego to inflate itself in pride. The ego takes the appetizing dish, and, as we have seen, naïvely bloats—and gloats.

Now, when multitudes of egos, as in the world today, find this inflation difficult in the face of actual experience, they accept the church's bait with exceptional avidity. Hence we have religious revivals in periods of social uncertainty, just as individuals "get religion" when in sorrow or in jail. Hence, all revivals, overt or occult, past and present, have been distinguished by espionage and persecution, by boycotts, slander-spreading and back-biting, by mob violence and withering hatred.

VI

In eras of religious apathy and tranquillity, like the years before the World War, the church does not spread such poisons. It is then sought, not as an immediate means of salvation or of orientation to disagreeable reality, but merely as a pleasant and restful place where an agreeable ritual may be graciously observed at convenient intervals. The members' main interests are elsewhere—on a plane of intelligent materialism where persuasion, coöperation and mutual respect are accepted as natural and necessary.

But a religious revival sweeps all this away. By fleeing from reality into the bumptious vanities of doctrinaire opinion, the churches muddy and make more perplexing reality itself. Considering, indeed, the frivolity and viciousness of the anti-social acts and attitudes which they inspire, I believe as good a case could be made out for legally prohibiting church services on Sunday during a revival wave as for closing moving-pictures on Sunday during a crime wave. Carefully prepared statistics, it is highly probable, would show that the Christian religion, as preached by zealots in their hours of authority, has inspired as many killings as have all the exploits of famous train robbers. Certainly, far more than the movies, the church licenses dull and third-rate people to indulge their delusions of grandeur without pity and without remorse.

All this is now going on in the United States. Week in and week out, in hundreds of thousands of tabernacles, Christians are being taught to hate their fellow men. In some circles and some areas all other teaching has been abandoned. A great wave of hatred rolls over the country. It is high and its crest flashes spectacularly. Some day, perhaps, it will be discovered that it is dangerous.

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NOTES OF AN AMATEUR FATHER

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

NEARLY all the fathers I had met in books possessed an amazing assurance of their fitness for the responsibilities of fatherhood. Some even went so far as to yearn for a son, or sons, before marriage. Since my reading had covered about the usual range, I assume it will not be necessary to cite the volumes; the reader can scarcely have failed to encounter the same fathers.

Around me, however, were perplexed young men of about my own age who admitted quite frankly that their ideas on the subject—if they had any—were chaotic. They not only admitted that they were amateurs, but rather insisted upon their amateur standing, and wished to claim all the handicaps and immunities they might be entitled to under the circumstances. That was my own position precisely. I was a father. I was also twenty-three. Never since then have the years weighed upon me so heavily. And classical literature brought me no light because, as I have said, I had nothing in common with the types of fathers therein presented.

So I turned to what was then current literature and made a most remarkable discovery: people no longer became parents! Young men and women were frequently shipwrecked and cast up by the waves upon desert—or at least deserted—islands, and there they were married according to various improvised rituals—all extremely poetic, with coconut trees for bridesmaids and storks for witnesses. But they invariably proved sterile, or the storks were lazy, I do not know which. The eternal triangle, in fiction, was just then a little more eternal than usual. Incredible things happened; murders were numerous; divorces not uncommon; but babies simply were not. Once in a great while I discovered a husband in fiction who was sad because no little fairy had come to brighten his home, but that was about as near the cradle as authors seemed to be venturing at the time. Wives never yearned for these little fairies.

So I turned to serious books on the subject of children—and discovered that all of them were written for mothers. This statement may not be absolutely true as to the books, but it is true as to my discovery. Thus my problem was still unsettled and it would not down. I was a father and I had to do something about it. Fortunately, during all this time, my wife was taking excellent care of the baby, and apparently had no difficulty in learning what to do; the baby's health was perfect. That, I meditated, was all right for the present, but what of the future? At twenty-three one simply has to borrow trouble.

Then I made a new discovery about fathers—the ones in books, I mean. Nearly all of them had very definite plans for their children; made sacrifices; inflicted tyranny, and in the end did more harm than good. There was, for example, old man Dombey of "Dombey and Son." I found myself confronted by a whole rogues' gallery of such fathers—men who had tried to make cobblers, wool-combers, merchants and tailors out of their gifted sons. About that time I met an old man who bewailed his fate because—so he said—he had sacrificed his all for three sons, hoping to be rewarded in some manner he did not explain—and there he was, unrewarded and miserable. But I was young enough to see two sides to the

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matter without argument from the sons, and so I resolved, then and there, not to make the error of regarding my children as an investment from which I should draw dividends at some remote time. Either they were to be enjoyed from the beginning or probably not at all.

Having thus disposed of the last remnant of expectation that light would come to me from some exterior source, I took the whole subject into the innermost recesses of my own mind, resolving that I would settle it there, just as though my children were the first ever born upon this planet. I decided that first of all I would fix upon a few facts. My theories—if any should be evolved—would have to rest upon these facts as I saw them. So I went back to the beginning and admitted all over again that I was an amateur father. I didn't know anything about the business at all and hadn't taken a wife in order to satisfy a yearning for sons. I married a girl whom I loved—because I loved her. And I admitted that I was annoyed when the fact penetrated through our aura of happiness that we would have to accommodate ourselves to the presence of a third person.

After laborious thought I reached the conclusion that it is a great mistake for a father to make up his mind what his child is to be or do before the child is born or at any other time before the child's wishes can be determined. I decided that I would obtain all the pleasure possible from association with my children while I could, so that I would not feel cheated if fate decreed me little or no association with them in after-years. I decided that I would do for them all that I comfortably could without inflicting hardship upon my wife or myself; that we had our own lives to live, too, and that undue sacrifice would inevitably create in our minds an impression of debt. Debtors and creditors are seldom comfortable companions.

I decided that it was not necessary to exert any influence, at least consciously, upon children to mold their characters. They cannot avoid learning from their parents either for good or for ill, or for both. Whatever influence was to be exerted, I resolved, would be aimed at myself. Having done this much, if the children gave me cause for pride and rejoicing I should consider myself very fortunate, in view of all the uncertainties of this life. If they did not, I would return to my first premise, enter a plea of immunity, and assert solemnly before God and man that I didn't know a thing about the business in the first place. It is very unfortunate to be the sort of person who has to go through such a rigamarole in order to achieve internal peace—but that was the sort of person then occupying my cuticle, and he has not yet entirely vacated it. A cat settles these problems with much greater facility; she plays with her kittens. After all my prayerful exercise, the net result might be summarized by saying that I decided to go to the cat for wisdom. However, I do not even now venture so far as to call it wisdom. *Modus vivendi* or an experimental program is better.

Nevertheless, it has brought me happiness beyond all my expectation and that is my sole excuse for setting down these impressions of twelve years of fatherhood.

II

Not knowing how to extend a welcome to the first of our five little pink and white visitors nor what entertainment would be most pleasing to her, I registered hospitality by means of a simple smile, and devoted my more serious efforts to observation. This led to several remarkable discoveries. First, she made me welcome! Second, babies prefer not to be fondled. Third, when not overwhelmed with entertainment, they will rise to the demands of the occasion and entertain their parents. Mary Elizabeth, our first born, did her full share of this entertaining, but I was not certain at the time whether to regard it as the rule or an exception. Being now the father of five, the youngest of whom is three years old, I feel safe in making the general declaration.

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Also, I have learned something about the art of being entertained. The secret is not to laugh and not to participate beyond a necessary minimum of coöperation. Permit me to furnish an example. Cathleen, aged three, clambers into a chair beside mine in the living-room, shortly before bedtime, and indicates by a number of general remarks that she wishes to engage me in conversation. Whereupon I say: "Young lady, you have but recently arrived from heaven, and it seems to me that you ought to know a great many things that other members of this family have forgotten. Couldn't you tell me something of interest?"

Cathleen responds: "I used to be a little boy. That was a long time ago. And before that I was a little Chinese baby. Chinese babies are very cute. I am being a little girl now because little girls are very cute. But after while I will be a little boy again. And when I grow up I will be a man—a great big man. I will be a cowboy. I have four little children."

"Is that so? What are their names?"

"Their names are Betty and Boy. I must put them to bed now. They are sick. Good night. Kiss me good night."

I kiss Cathleen good night, and then remark, quite seriously: "That was a very interesting story. You must come to see me again." So she comes to see me nearly every evening in the living-room. Her four children have only two names, but these change frequently. Last night their names were Kit Carson and Alan. Kit Carson owns a pony, and he is going to give it to Cathleen.

Mary Elizabeth's entertainments ran more to mimicry. She would appear unexpectedly in a doorway, wearing a cast-off hat that had been stripped of its adornment, and carrying an old purse. She would then address her mother in a voice and manner that left no doubt about the identity of the person she was imitating.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Mrs. Crowell," she would carol, sweeping across the room to her mother's sewing chair. Then she would pick up a corner or end of the cloth in her mother's lap and say: "Did you make this, Mrs. Crowell?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think it is just beee-you-u-u-tiful!"

"I'm so glad you like it."

"Why, Mrs. Crowell, it is bee-you-u-u-tiful. I must be going now. Come to see me some time."

"Thank you. I will."

Then Mary Elizabeth would switch her starchy little dress across the room and exit into a closet for another transformation. Returning, she was some one else, but the voice and manner always made it clear who she was. No matter how funny such performances may be, one must never laugh aloud. That leads to self-consciousness or to no more shows. The correct procedure is to give attention when attention is requested—and only the amount necessary to the prima donna.

I owe to my three little girls the birth of my appreciation for what is called classical dancing. As a boy, I had never seen such dancing; therefore, when I encountered it for the first time, as a man, it seemed unnatural. The children, however, taught me otherwise. Give them a lawn, preferably with a tree in bloom, and they will oblige with improvised dances. It is the waltz and two-step that must be learned; the Russian ballet merely polished nature's own steps, especially by perfecting the art of dancing without eventually falling down, and by restraining the natural impulse to turn an ode to Spring into a game of tag.

Also, I learned that if children are exposed to music they will sing without being commanded to do so. They prefer to make up their own songs. Cathleen has a song of which she is very proud. Its lines could scarcely fail to rhyme since four-fifths of them end with "tilo cat." This song is a lullaby for her chief possession, a black oil-cloth cat nearly as large as herself. The word tilo was for a long time one of the family mysteries, but we now have a translation vouched for by the other four

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children. Tilo, we are informed, means tail. This oil-cloth cat has a long black tail and therefore is anatomically more complete than any of its predecessors. Cathleen feels that this is a very superior cat; the others had painted tails.

Speaking of the tilo cat calls to mind two other facts which must be set down. One is that the older children apparently have no difficulty with the younger children's baby talk. In fact, ours are impatient sometimes because their parents do not instantly understand combinations of sound suggestive of Chinese. The other fact is that very young children are remarkably capable art critics. But this critical sense is corrupted much earlier than my artist friends had led me to believe. I recall an artist who valued highly the criticism of a ten-year-old boy. My own children's critical faculty begins to wane rapidly after the age of six. It seems to be at its best between the ages of four and six. I blame the billboard, but that, of course, is a mere surmise. Confining myself to the bare facts I may testify that on visits to the Metropolitan Museum the youngest children go instinctively to the very best pictures and remain there until dragged away. They do not even notice the lesser paintings. The size of a canvas makes no difference nor does mere gaudiness of color. Later on, they begin to show enthusiasm for highly colored calendars and even for the funny paper.

But to return to the juvenile entertainments. Little Madeleine is both a clown and a flirt except when she chooses to tease or play pranks. Ted is a mimic like his eldest sister. Sometimes he comes into the living room, carrying a stick in a certain way to indicate that it is a cigar. He sits down, props his feet, and addresses me as Mr. Crowell. I am then to address him as Judge, which I do, and he discusses the news of the day and his law cases. I know the man he is imitating. To suppress my laughter is not always possible. Sometimes I have to leave the room for a few seconds. This leaving is important, for the children do not mimic persons they dislike; their burlesques are inspired by admiration.

Caution and fear of the unknown are born very early in the boys' minds, but only much later in the girls'. I shall cite two of the many observations upon which I base this statement. Last Spring Teddy, aged six, was chasing a robin across the snow-covered yard—the robin's wing was injured and it could not fly. Half a dozen times Teddy could have seized the bird, but he always managed to permit it to elude his grasp. Cathleen, aged three, standing beside me and watching this performance, finally said, impatiently: "He could have it, but he don't want it." That was the truth. Moreover, if she had been chasing the robin she would have caught it.

The first thought of death that ever impressed itself upon any of the children found a victim in the elder boy, Chester, at the age of five; a neighbor's cat had been poisoned and the carcass was dragged out from under our house. Chester was terror-stricken. That night Madeleine, who was not yet four, went into a dark room just before bedtime, and said, in her best effort at sepulchral tones, "What do I hear? What do I hear? I hear that dead cat. That's what I hear." Chester wouldn't sleep alone that night. And Madeleine laughed until she fell down.

III

Among the delights of fatherhood I believe I should rank highest the observation of the first clear exhibition of reason and deduction on the part of a child. Balboa wading into the Pacific had no more thrilling experience than I had when Mary Elizabeth gave her first unmistakable evidence of grappling with the facts of life and drawing a conclusion.

It was during the World War. At the dinner table my wife and I were discussing a magazine article which told of some notable surgical operations performed in French hospitals. The children's interest

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was aroused when I mentioned the operation by which a soldier's lost nose was replaced.

"Did they make him a new nose?" Chester asked, addressing Mary Elizabeth.

"Yes," she replied.

"Did they make it out of wood?"

"Certainly not. If they had made it out of wood how could he smell? You can't smell with wood. They made it out of clay."

"Oh!" from Chester.

My wife and I looked at each other, mystified for a moment—until suddenly the great white light burst upon us. The surgeon, obviously, would have to use the same material out of which God originally fashioned us! Mary Elizabeth's scientific knowledge was somewhat shaky, but her exhibition of reason was entirely delightful.

On the subject of answering questions—which is one of the principal functions of parents—I wish to record a few observations, but in doing so I insist again upon my amateur standing, and decline all debates with experts. The inquiring child does not yearn for a lecture; he desires a simple and direct answer. After having tried all methods I now give the children simple and direct answers, no matter how absurdly inadequate they may be. Later the inquirer will ask more questions if the subject interests him. I am inclined to believe that depth of interest will usually be indicated by long intervals instead of short ones between these questions.

The business of playing guide, philosopher and oracle to children is full of fun. I endeavor to hark back to my first premise while discharging the responsibility—never to be cross-eyed with seriousness. Above all, I accept the children as equals and grown persons, so that they feel no embarrassment in telling me their own thoughts. What busy little cerebrums they have! And how tireless in the search for information! Books merely whet their appetites—which calls to mind some observations on the subject of reading.

All children, I believe, read much more rapidly than grown persons. At first I supposed that they must skip about half the pages, but inquiry led me to the conclusion that they skip very little. They read at a rate somewhere between three and five times as rapidly as a normal grown person. I have no explanation to offer, but will vouch for the fact, especially as all the other fathers I know confirm it. Children are what I would call sloppy readers—they do not pronounce the words, in their minds, nor do they care whether they know how to pronounce them. Not long ago Chester fired at me the following question: "Do you know about Mulligan?"

"No, son. What about Mulligan?"

"Why, Daddy, you must know about Mulligan!"

"I don't recall ever having heard of him."

"He was the first man to sail all the way around the earth."

"That was Magellan, son."

"Well, something like that," and he dismissed the subject as though pronunciation were a matter of no importance.

For three years it was necessary for me to spend nearly half of my time traveling, and as these trips covered the greater part of the country, I very earnestly desired to give the two elder children the benefit of at least the more pleasant and instructive of them. The question was whether I could take care of a little girl, aged seven, or a boy of six, under such conditions.

My wife and I agreed upon a conspiracy and then an experiment. The conspiracy rested largely upon propaganda. It was represented to the children that when away from home I was inadequately cared for; that I needed some one to pack and unpack my bag, draw my bath, and order my meals. In other words, except for discharging certain appointed tasks, I was inconceivably helpless, a veritable jellyfish. Would any patriotic member of the family volunteer to lift this awful burden from *pater familias?* The response was unanimous and not entirely unselfish. I say that in justice to their intelligence.

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The experiment proved a complete success. Never have I been so surfeited with service. I simply couldn't take care of the person commissioned to take care of me; my little valet measured up to every responsibility and was so full of prestige, on her return, that I fear the others found her difficult to live with. But quite by accident our experiment nearly came a cropper with the eldest boy. He happened to be my valet during a journey beset with entertainment, including two circuses; everything from blue lemonade to pink popcorn was showered upon him. On his return he faced his mother accusingly and issued the following proclamation: "Mother, I am never going anywhere with you again. You are stingy."

IV

Nowadays a family of five children is regarded as enormous—at least, so I judge from the comments of my friends. Our grandparents probably would have considered us unpatriotic. Accepting current opinion, however, and granting that ours is a very large family, I wish to offer an observation on that subject. The observation, I hope, will be accepted as without bias or prejudice; certainly it is not made in defense of a chosen course—for we chose none. The children came and here they are. Sometimes my wife and I are a trifle astonished ourselves at the number of them. Nevertheless, we heartily agree in the opinion that even from a selfish point of view it is better either to have no children at all or to have at least three and preferably five. The parents of one child or two —and we know many of them—seem to work harder at the job than we do. Assuming that the necessary income is available, we vote five children just about the right number. I am speaking, now, solely from the point of view of the parents.

There are several advantages in having a family of that size, but one so far outweighs all the others that I shall mention only that one. Five children form a community that accepts its major opinions from the parents and then enforces obediance with relentless severity. Thus a large part of the task of maintaining discipline, demanding fairness, and teaching forbearance is lifted from the backs of mother and father. The children of a family of five know each other's open faults and secret weaknesses far better than their parents possibly could. They turn upon a whiner, a cheater, a wheedler or malingerer with relentless cruelty. In other words, they are merciless critics of each other and brook no guile. We seldom find their group opinion wrong. They seem to be that incredible thing, an intelligent mob, and woe to the wrongdoer!

Once children are accepted as associates rather than duties, living with them becomes a lot of fun—much more fun than grown people can supply. They are never depressed for more than a few minutes at a time. They harbor no grudges or envies, nor even resentment over actual injustice. They are eager to go not only half but nine-tenths of the way toward a companionship so beautiful that it comes close to perfection.

Some day, I know, my wife and I must stand silent before the bar of their adolescent judgment. They will eventually reach a conclusion as to the sort of parents we were. Since I shall not be permitted to speak when that court convenes I exercise such influence upon it as I may, now. The opinion I pray that court to hand down would read about as follows: "They never were parents in either the traditional or orthodox sense of the word. All of us just happened to be thrown together and we had an awfully good time. If they made any mistakes, and goodness knows all parents do, it was because they were married young and never did know much about the business anyway."

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THE KING OF LOAFERS

BY WILLIAM FEATHER

RECENTLY I talked with an official of a motor corporation who had just completed a tour of inspection of twenty large American factories. The major purpose of his trip was to gather technical information. The minor purpose was to find out just what quality best fitted a man to become the head of a large industry. My friend wondered whether this quality was sound judgment, initiative, energy, fairness, resourcefulness, originality, bull, bluff, good health, stature, good looks, thrift, integrity, amiability, mediocrity, curly hair, ruthlessness, shrewdness, or plain common sense. He weighed his impression of each of the acknowledged Big Men he encountered against each of these qualities and against various combinations of them. On his return to his office, after he had written his technical report, he sat down and, for his private amusement and instruction, gave his notes upon the subject long and thoughtful consideration.

"My conclusion," he said to me, "was that the success of the men I met could be accounted for by none of these qualities. In one place I found a man of high intellectual capacity, but I had to check off this quality because the next day I met a still more successful man who admitted that he had read only two books since he finished grammar-school. For a few days I was disposed to put originality at the top of my list, but at the largest factory of all those I visited I observed that the boss, who is paid a salary of $100,000 a year, was so perfectly standardized that before I had talked with him two minutes he had said, 'I'll tell you what's wrong with business in this country: the American workingman has forgotten what a full day's work is.' So, I checked and re-checked my notes, seeking the one, all-embracing quality, the stuff that makes a business genius, a captain of industry, a Napoleon of trade. Suddenly I realized that I had it. It is circumstance, fortune, luck!"

I thanked my friend for this honest contribution to science, and withdrew. In the Pullman sleeper that night I determined to burn my large library of inspirational books, bearing such titles as "How to Succeed," "Getting Ahead" and "The Go-Getter," and to take up the study of astrology.

II

Must we admit, then, that the old-time copy-book maxims are out of date? Have we actually developed a new style of American business man? Is he really the child of mere blind circumstance, or does he only appear to be so? If he is, then is it possible that the technique of business has changed among us—that the old rules no longer work?

When I came out of school and got a job I was solemnly told that success in life was achieved only by the industrious, the honest, and the courteous. It was suggested by some authorities that intelligence was a factor, too, but its importance was not stressed. Hard work was the master key. In those days competition was unremitting. The boss was at his desk at seven or eight in the morning, because he was afraid that if he wasn't he would miss a five-dollar order. The notion of billing a job at cost plus a profit of 10 or 25 per cent

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was unknown; cost, at that time, included only money actually paid out for labor and materials. The only overhead was the expense of feeding and lodging the boss himself. He wrote his own letters, kept his own books, superintended the factory, and did all the selling. When he left his desk the whole business halted.

The American business man of that archaic type had a reputation over all the world for industry. At least four days a week his lunch was brought to his desk on a tin tray. It consisted of a glass of milk, a sandwich, and an apple. On the other days he ate at a quick-lunch counter, or a free-lunch counter. Often he stood at a bar and washed down a ham sandwich with a shell of beer. The two together cost him ten cents. This old-timer took pride in his long hours. Work was an obsession with him, a sacred duty. It was his idea of righteousness. He gave himself to his business whole-heartedly and joyfully. Often he worked Saturday afternoons and Sundays. If he died suddenly, he died in his office chair, or on a selling trip. Times change! Now the favorite place for the American business man to die is on a golf course. So common, in fact, have these golfing deaths become that one of the foremost financial journals has established a special column for recording them!

It was while these old-timers were dying from overwork that the new-fangled Efficiency Experts and Men of Vision began to filter into industry. John H. Patterson came along with his high-pressure salesmanship, his long prices, his lavish advertising, his elaborate conferences, his majestic committees. He covered his cash registers with fleurs-de-lis and gave them coats of brilliant gilt. He measured their value not by the pound, but by what they would do for the merchant. In his revolutionary sales talks he undertook to prove to prospects that cash registers would actually cost them nothing. Patterson was the pioneer, but an army soon followed him. There appeared swarms of cost accountants, sales engineers, advertising counselors, personnel managers, and all the other gaudy sorcerers who now give an occult, oriental flavor to American business. There appeared, too, tens of thousands of brisk and ambitious young men, fresh from college. Previously the so-called learned professions had hogged all this talent. But these young men preferred business—and they saw no reason why they should work longer hours than their lawyer or dentist friends. So they began to employ private secretaries and assistants, to gather statistics, to organize trade associations, to make business scientific. They discovered that a secretary at one hundred and fifty dollars a month could do their work quite as well as, and often better than they could themselves. They found they could hang up a sign, "In Conference," on their office doors, and catch up on the sleep they had missed the night before —or write articles on "How to Get More Out of the Business Day" for one of the trade journals.

The Cash Register King once made the statement that he considered that department of his business best organized in which the head had least to do. With his usual sophistry, he thus encouraged idleness. He said to storekeepers, "Why should you work twelve and fourteen hours a day? You are entitled to a short working day and a month's vacation every year. Buy one of my machines and let it do all this miserable detail work for you! Save your mind for the Larger Problems! Get away from your store and Enlarge Your Perspective!"

So the notion that no proud and free-born American business man, worthy of membership in a Chamber of Commerce or a Kiwanis Club, should do any work beyond a few spacious and lordly gestures—so this notion got on its legs, and now it is so generally accepted that it has become a sort of axiom, a fundamental article of faith of American business. The enterprises of the country are being managed today by private secretaries and underpaid assistants. The officials with high-sound-

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ing titles, huge salaries, private offices and rosewood desks have all ceased to function. And by officials I do not mean only the heads of million-dollar corporations. I include also the bosses of the smaller organizations, down to those employing fifty people.

III

The American business man, new style, no longer works. He is a loafer without parallel in all the world. This thesis, of course, must be documented, else even such mild assertions as I shall make about the decline of vigor and robustness in the species will not be believed—save by those who are in close touch with the facts.

In my researches, I have learned that there are approximately two million golfers in the United States, mainly business men. There have been constructed during the past twenty-five years 2500 golf courses, and the majority of these have been laid out since 1910. California has 25,000 club members, 5000 municipal golfers, and 10,000 occasional players. In the Los Angeles district alone the courses occupy over 5000 acres. Texas had twelve courses two years ago; now it has fifty-three. Professional baseball is represented by two major league clubs, in each of which are eight cities, and by so many minor leagues that to total them would take a week. I am informed that 5000 is a reasonable estimate of the number of conventions held in the United States each year, attended by one hundred or more people. The attendants are mainly business men. They are also the chief patrons of the noon-hour lunch clubs, which exist primarily, indeed, for the purpose of tapping their surplus energy and consuming their time. The Kiwanis Club, with 1350 chapters in the United States and Canada, has a total membership of 95,000. Rivaling it in size are the Rotary, Lions, Exchange, Mercator, and Civitan Clubs, to mention only a few. And then there are the Advertising and City Clubs, perhaps a thousand.

Let us now proceed to analyze the activities of the modern American business man during his hours of relaxation. He reaches his desk sometime between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, leaves for lunch at twelve thirty, returns sometime between two and three, and leaves again at four thirty—save on the three afternoons a week when he plays golf or goes to a baseball game. Then he leaves at three or three thirty. During the hot months of June, July and August, it is a growing custom with him to close his desk early on Friday and to re-open it late on Monday or even on Tuesday. The old-fashioned Summer vacation of two weeks has now been stretched into a month or two, and this is supplemented by a Winter vacation of equal length. Fishing and hunting trips account for ten or fifteen days' absence during other parts of the year. Then we have the new custom of taking a biennial trip to Europe, to Havana, to the Bermudas, to Alaska, to the Orient or to South America, ranging in time from two to five months.

These are all more or less frankly assumed to be holiday jaunts, although new words are being coined to disguise and justify them. We hear that So-and-So has gone away for his health, to improve his perspective, to study the foreign situation, to visit the foreign offices, to get inspiration, to renew his pep, to gather new ideals of Service. When he remains within the borders of the United States, and especially when he goes to a trade convention, we always hear it. The convention, indeed, is the neatest of all inventions for justifying his absence from the office. The avalanche of propaganda which precedes such a gathering reeks with talk of brass tacks, full programs, round-tables, intensive study. But in small italics at the bottom of the last page of the announcement is a line reading, "The entertainment committee is headed by Mike Schultz. Those who wish to mix a little play with hard work will find that Mike has some surprises awaiting them." That is the magic line. When he gets one of these announcements

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the modern American business man calls up his friend Jake and says: "How about it, Jake, shall we take in this party at St. Louis? Let's get the old gang together and have a few sessions. Oh, yes, I'll take care of the stuff. I'm getting real imported Scotch now."

Every office man in America now has his association. The credit man gets a trip each year to his national association meeting, as well as one to his state meeting. Purchasing agents, sales managers, advertising managers, employment managers—all have their conventions. The advertising man, being a little keener in such matters than most office men, has several. He attends four or five meetings every year. The London convention held this year was a towering monument to the genius of American advertising men. More than a thousand of them traveled to England in July at company expense—and then proceeded to Paris and saw the sights. But the higher company executives have an even wider range than the advertising men. The general manager of an ice-cream company attends the meetings of the Ice-Cream Manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the Open Shop group, the Ice-Cream Cone Bakers, the Amalgamated Creameries of America, the Rotary International, the Credit Men, and so on, world without end. He is on the road half the year.

What is done at these conventions? Ask any man who has attended one!

IV

Now for the noonday meetings. They are attended from once to three times a week by approximately 300,000 busy American business men. I have assembled a great mass of data about these assemblages. I can give here only a few samples. Following is a song that was sung to the tune of "The Beautiful Ohio" at a meeting of building contractors:

Chumming with my pals in this convention's work,
Planning with them, working with them, not a shirk;
Building work is fine, building work is mine,
Tenderly we'll labor and with love sublime,
Beaming with a radiance from work divine.
This convention's good; pals are a privilege to me;
Dear old pals, how I love thee!

Is it any wonder that the bricklayers trading with men of such mentality have the tightest union in the world, that they are paid $1.50 an hour, and lay only 18¾ bricks a day? And is it any wonder it now costs $15,000 to build a $5000 house?

The same group sings this song, entitled "My Ladies," to the tune, "There's a Long, Long Trail":

He's the one that I have chosen
To make life's journey with me,
To pay my bills and soothe my ills eternally,
He must tend the fires in Winter
And rock the babies to rest,
Remembering he's loved the most
Who serves the ladies the best.

Here is another, sung to the tune of "Till We Meet Again:"

Smile the while we bid you all adieu,
And tomorrow we'll meet again with you,
May your rest be sweet till then,
We'll be better builder men
For having met you at a meeting here
And your friendship we hold most dear,
So we'll say good-night, farewell,
Till we meet again.

Some of the noonday clubs, organized for Service, brighten their meetings and relax the tired brains of their members with initiation ceremonies. Recently a group of business men in a large city witnessed the following: The new members were placed at children's tables in the middle of the room. Each one had an express cart, and each was provided with a balloon, a bib, and a little cap tied under the chin. They were allowed to eat bread and milk, and after being ridden around in their little carts by their sponsors, they were introduced and had to sing a song, dance a jig or tell a story. This occurred in the middle of the day. At the conclusion of the ceremony the members went back to their offices, refreshed and inspired.

The following is a notable Rotarian song sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body":

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One Rotarian serves as well as another Rotarian can.
One Rotarian serves as well as another Rotarian can.
One Rotarian serves as well as another Rotarian can,
And one Rotarian serves as well as another Rotarian can.

Chorus

Service is the creed of Rotary.
Service is the creed of Rotary.
Service is the creed of Rotary,
And one Rotarian serves as well
as another Rotarian can.

I placed this composition before a psychologist and asked him for his opinion. He said that it revealed two outstanding tendencies. "Observe," he said, "that men now act deliberately as they tried to avoid acting before Prohibition. In the old days, when a man was drunk, he was usually conscious of the fact, and attempted to maintain his self-respect by not making an ass of himself. Today he acts like a fool in the middle of the day, while in the full possession of his faculties. I call to your attention the success of the 'stunt' in which the new members were dressed as children of four and five. Such stunts, I believe, are conceived by men who really have the minds of children. Not satisfied with singing childish songs, they reduce the entire performance to a child's level, and dress as children."

V

But let us dismiss the psychologist and his harsh conclusions and look at the matter more humanely. If this new technique of Service works, what is wrong with it? And if it is all right, how long will it remain in fashion? My guess is that it will remain in fashion so long as making a living is as easy for business men as it has been in the United States during the past twenty years. With Europe broke and exhausted, with the Japs excluded, with our natural resources so great that they cannot be computed even with the aid of an adding-machine, with a climate that whips even sluggards into occasional activity, about all that is necessary for success among us is a willingness to gather the crop.

Since 1914 America has been so favored that all the old values have been upset. The prizes have gone, not to hard-working producers, but mainly to men endowed with sufficient shrewdness and Rotarian optimism to see that the demand for goods far exceeds the supply. Profits have been made so easily that intelligence, forethought and economy have actually been handicaps. During periods of inflation the prizes always go to the reckless, the optimistic, the glad men. Except for a few short periods of depression, prices in this country have been on the upgrade for a generation. The purchasing power of money has depreciated. As someone has said, if a man put $1000 in a bank twenty years ago, at four per cent compound interest, it would now amount to $2500—with which he could buy almost as much as he could have purchased with $1000 in 1904.

Many a business man, trained in the methods of his grandfather, has been unable to succeed at this New Business. As money has depreciated, such men have seen their gilt-edged bonds slowly evaporate. They have been patiently waiting for a return to normalcy for a generation. In the meantime, they have been getting steadily poorer. Witness the contrast between New England and the Middle West. Generally speaking, the former does business by the old technique; the latter by the new.

Those who operate by the new technique are in the saddle today. They have found that the margin of profit in business is so wide and sales are so easy that their enterprises run as well without them as with them. This was a great discovery. But vanity stands in the way of putting it into plain terms. Save for a few wise old guys who never kid themselves, the masses of American business men believe fondly that their success is entirely due to their own genius for organization, their esoteric knowledge of business fundamentals, their wide outlook on life, their devotion to Service.

But their real cleverness, of which they are for the most part unconscious, is con-

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fined to an appreciation of the fact that the man who merely works hard thereby reveals his stupidity. It is desirable, of course, that those under him should work hard, but for himself the game is to watch for the main chance, to meet a lot of people, to expose himself to opportunity. Once he has control of a business he knows he can find someone to do the work. If the tide of prosperity favors him, he is alert to see that he is given all the credit—and he immediately capitalizes it. He becomes a leader, a forward-looker, a master-mind.

I shudder to think of what would happen to this business machine if we ever faced a situation comparable to that in which European nations now find themselves. What an upset there would be! What torture it would be to go to work! What a lot of fat there would be to fry! If the priesthood which now converts business into an occult rite were suddenly turned out, and if all the incompetent executives and experts, counselors and statisticians were forced to go to work, the country would have available an additional man-power of 500,000. I propose, as a measure of precaution against disaster, that a national organization be formed to achieve that benign end. I suggest that it be called the Otjedad International. The name is a combination of the first letters of the words "On the job every day all day." Membership should be democratic, open alike to executives and sub-executives. Chapters should be established in all American cities. Meetings should be held weekly on Saturday afternoons between four and six, in order not to break into working hours. Conventions should be held each year on the Fourth of July, all the members being pledged to pay their own expenses. I believe that every American business man would approve of such an organization—for his clerks. Even the advertising managers would approve of it—for their assistants.

An enterprising promoter, indeed, could establish such an organization in quick order. For American business men are keenly conscious that something is wrong with business. They are not blind. You can hear them discuss the subject on the golf course, at the Rotary Club, or at the baseball park any afternoon. *The workingman has forgotten what a full day's work is!*

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MASTERPIECE

BY ROBERT B. GAREY

When the call came to Conrad to take the chair of physiology in his Alma Mater he bowed his head between his hands and gave himself to profound and affecting meditation. Again he could see the slopes of the well-loved campus and the brick buildings rising tier on tier from the shrubbery, carefully cultivated to give the appearance of natural growth. There came to him faintly the tune of an old song as it used to come to him years before—a signal to drop his studies and put on the white coat that he wore as a waiter in the college dining-room. He recalled again, almost with the same sense of humiliation, the secret and hang-dog protest with which he used to accept the orders of his classmates. And now he was to go back to those dear and well-remembered scenes as a master, a full professor, almost a hero!

The fifteen years that had passed since he left had been years of hard labor and resolute determination, and they had been lightened only by the casual honors that are conferred upon the scientist under our democracy. Conrad had had the joy of seeing his reports of his researches come forth in technical papers; he had had the thrill that accompanies the gradual accumulation of diplomas bearing master's and doctor's degrees; and he had had at last the great joy of chancing on a discovery that caught the popular fancy. Reporters from great and powerful journals besieged the little school in which he labored; photographers ambushed him as he entered and left his laboratory; daily magazine sections and Sunday supplements described in full-page gaudiness the miracles that might be expected to follow his epoch-making discoveries in his chosen field of physiology. At last the trustees of his Alma Mater, about to launch a campaign for twenty million dollars for new buildings and knowing the invaluable publicity that would accrue to the university from the announcement, offered him a full chair in the department in which he had once toiled both as *Diener* and as beginner in research. It had been a long, long road, thought Conrad, and his lips trembled wearily. But then they relaxed into the superior grin that belongs as of right to those who achieve laurels in this world.

Strangely enough, into the midst of all these thoughts there suddenly intruded another, far removed, almost unwelcome, that replaced the grin with a rather boyish grimace. Conrad, with the knowledge born of his researches, could readily make out how that thought had popped up. Hurrying along the paths of memory in his brain, his fancy had suddenly detoured into a little by-path that had been long marked "No Thoroughfare." It had battered aside the warning sign and plunged on to explore the path to its ending. Conrad smiled again; it was a curious phenomenon. Moreover, the feeling was not altogether unpleasant.

Presently, in retrospect, he found himself seated on a bench beneath an overhanging tree at the edge of the lagoon that served the sophomores as a bathing resort for freshmen. Beside him sat an innocent little person in a short frock, who looked at him with the adoring look that is conferred only on kings by cats and on seniors by the female issue of the perma-

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nent residents of college towns. For a half hour they had been sitting sedately, their pulses stirring occasionally at the inadvertent contact of the tips of their fingers, their silence broken only by half sighs of contentment and little, sweet phrases of lazy conversation. It had been, indeed, the one romance in the life of the scientist, for he had needed since that far-off time no passion beyond the mysteries to which he devoted all his days and nights. True, he had been beset in his classes by the concupiscence of the heavily bespectacled maidens who registered for the scientific courses, and he had suffered, too, the adulation of the officers of women's clubs to which he had explained his work. But these things had brought him no increase in his pulse rate, no passionate throbbing of his heart, no flushing of his cheeks with hot blood, no involuntary pursing of his lips as a sign of wished-for kisses. Indeed, he had experienced none of the automatic reactions which his researches had led him to believe must inevitably follow a stirring of the basic emotions of mammalian reproduction.

He had, indeed, carried on all his studies in the coldly objective manner that true science demands of its high priests. The reactions of love had been investigated first in the salamander and the Amphibia, and then the wooing of the frog had been observed during the many months that it endures and all the responses normal in a state of nature had been brilliantly duplicated by stimuli from electrical cells. Conrad had then carried his studies to the Mammalia and had spent wearisome hours correlating the chemical changes in the blood of the dog and the cat with the manifestations that accompany the mating season. Only after that had he proceeded to *Homo sapiens*. Then, at last, from dozens of novels by writers whom the critics called realists, he had collected vast accumulations of statistical data, which yielded as the totals of their columns a veritable guide book to all known amorous phenomena.

These laborious researches had terminated in the publication of papers which had aroused enthusiastic editorial comment in the most important of the German archives and *Beiträge*. Conrad's thesis on "Erotic Phenomena in the Albino Rat (*Mus rattus*)" had explained eventually certain puzzling symptoms in an hysterical woman who had been unsuccessfully treated by Pfister, Stekel and even Freud himself. His paper at the annual session of the Association of Comparative Pathologists on "The Output of Adrenalin During Love, Fear and Rage" had aroused a storm of controversy which still seethed in the scientific weeklies. And his last great monograph, showing that a millionth part of a gram of carbon dioxide is released from the brain of a dog whose olfactory organs are stimulated by the passing before him of an animal that has shared the same cage with him for three months—this remarkable paper had been the despair of dozens of rival scientists who had attempted to follow him into the remoter fastnesses of his investigative field.

All of these things that Conrad had so laboriously made known to the world had, however, not been a part of his own human experience. They had been the product of hour upon hour in the laboratory. His one personal memory of what both frogs and novelists had taught him to believe was the greatest, most charming, most elusive of all mammalian emotions revolved around his hour with Dorothy Simpson on the bench near the lagoon. It was not wholly strange, then, that the incident should intrude itself into his thoughts, now that the call had come to return to the scene of his first endeavors.

II

So Conrad accepted and went back. The fact was duly chronicled in all the papers. The editors wrote little editorials telling the world that a great acquisition had come to the institution—at a considerable increase, some of them hinted amiably, in

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the cost of running the department of physiology. The trustees sallied forth with these editorials in their hands and returned with glad and heavy contributions from all the wealthy alumni. So everybody was satisfied, and for a while nobody was more satisfied than Conrad.

The first few months of his tenancy passed in a haze of triumph. He received everywhere the courtesies that properly belong to the head of a department in a great university. The students gave him frightened looks that indicated their wholesome respect for his knowledge and their fear that he would discover their own lack of it. His assistants and associates expressed their admiration for his accomplishments and requested his advice in their own trivial and feeble endeavors. The laboratory *Diener* took off their caps to him, and the animals in the cages, waiting to give their lives to science, wagged their tails at his approach. And then, with everything in smooth running order, it became his task to take up some new investigation. For his work was not yet ended. The university must be still further honored, and the wealthy alumni heated up with new publicity.

Strangely enough—to us, but not to Conrad, who knew how such things work—the thought of Dorothy Simpson would not efface itself as quietly and insidiously as it had come. It obtruded itself into his most abstruse problems and computations. Did he wish to determine the increase in vasomotor tension arising from the sudden recognition of a friend, there came the wonder as to whether Dorothy had experienced such an elevation when he had said his farewell to her before leaving for his first appointment. Did he seek to learn whether the rapidity of the heart beat accompanying stimulation of a secondary erotic center was the result of depression of the vagus nerve alone or the result also of a simultaneous release of adrenalin and thyroxin, his wayward mind would object that he had known nothing of adrenalin and thyroxin on the one occasion when he had impressed a chaste kiss on Dorothy's pale cheek. In a word, the master of objective science suddenly found himself confronted with an overmastering desire to prove his theses by subjective tests, and the only possible subject in the limited range of his feminine acquaintance was a Diana who had passed from his horizon fifteen years before. Conrad decided to seek her.

III

It is the common asseveration of the Babbitt that it is a small world. That of Dorothy Simpson was and had remained so. It was just such a world as that of hundreds of other Dorothys in hundreds of other college towns. Conrad had been Dorothy's first senior; Dorothy, by the very nature of things, was now entertaining her fifteenth senior. But let us not waste our pity, nor even our laughter, on her, for she had had a very good time. While Conrad had been carefully learning the why and the wherefore of certain obscure but massive emotional phenomena, Dorothy had been just as carefully pursuing a similar line of study. Her researches, moreover, were more penetrating than those of Conrad, though she was, compared to many, an ignorant girl. Conrad knew, for example, that the impulse to love and cherish was the result of an outpouring of secretions from certain glands, which affected the involuntary nervous system, and that this in turn started a train of reactions, including specifically a desire to be near and to fondle the beloved object. His knowledge embraced also all of the effects on the heart and the vascular system that have been already mentioned, not to speak of other effects that have not been mentioned. But Dorothy went a little farther than that. Through her fifteen years of study and experimentation she had learned all there was to know about the results of certain exact and familiar external stimuli. She knew the response that follows the rustling of a silken skirt; she could tell

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you, almost mathematically, the result that invariably follows a mocking glance and a half-quizzical smile; she could write an equation to compute the relative potency of one-half a silk-clad limb delicately exposed, as compared with a glimpse of bared shoulder, in producing an invitation to the next dance. In such matters as these Dorothy was a doctor of philosophy and an honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Nor had she neglected her bibliography or her literary research while making her laboratory investigations. She knew how to lead on the student of economics by discussing with him the relative incomes of instructors before and since the war; she could talk to the student of biology about Cowdry's fundamental researches on the cell; she could induce the student of physics to speak learnedly of Tashiro's logarithmic analyses of the physical tension of protoplasm or of Millikan's attempt to disintegrate the atom. In psychology she was familiar not only with the superficialities of the Freudians, but also with the work of Hack Tuke and William James. The chemists had much to learn from Dorothy as to the effects of paraphenylendiamin upon the hair, of mascara upon the eyelashes, of lead upon the skin. She had been listening and learning for fifteen years under a long series of instructors in all the departments of human knowledge, the while she eked out a physical existence caring for vast tomes of accumulated wisdom in the university library. She had acquired, too, for use with the less erudite, a line, as it is called—a line of conversation, to be explicit—but she seldom found need of more than a few phrases. She began with "Oh, that's terribly interesting!" and "I love men who do things!" and she ended with "Be yourself!" Thus it at once becomes apparent that the master of all scientific knowledge of the physiology of love had little difficulty in locating the past mistress of its psychology.

We come, then, to the experiment.

IV

It would be difficult to say who, of the two, received the greater shock on that first inspection after fifteen years. Conrad, while yet young, had nevertheless the air of the cloistered and neglected, a diffident quiet voice, the timidity of one who has seen great forces working through infinitesimal particles of matter. There are, alas, no immaculately clad scientists. Their garments are unpressed and show traces of intimate contact with the paraphernalia and solutions of the laboratory. Then, too, the hair of the scientist—if any—has seldom that well-groomed illumination that one associates with the coiffure of a Valentino. The collar is bound to be soft, low and straggling, with its forward tips curling loosely upward. And the hat is likely to be rather distinctive and peculiar—crushable, weightless and worn; in fact, outworn.

This was the spectacle that suffused Dorothy's vision one evening after her frugal dinner in the college cafeteria. She recognized in Conrad only a sort of fossil of the boy who had been her first love in those far-away years. But she did not permit him to know it. Instead, she greeted him more than affably. The intriguing subject of his researches had formed the topic of many a fascinating conversation among her little group of thinkers. She was thrilled with the idea of holding converse with one who was reputed to have probed the science of love to its depths, even in the Echinodermata and Annelida. But she was under no illusion as to her own knowledge and abilities. She was inhibited but little by false modesty. She had met the enemy and they were hers. Like Napoleon at Waterloo, she rather welcomed a difficult campaign and would glory even in defeat. Realizing the importance of the occasion, she was suitably prepared.

The old armor of the Middle Ages has passed into limbo; the modern soldier is clad in light apparel. From this evolution

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Dorothy and her sisters had learned a striking lesson. She entered the engagement with flags waving and decks cleared for action. The pink flush that delicately tinted the cheeks of fifteen years before was just as pink and just as delicate and, while not so permanent, more easily replaceable. The brunette braids that had been coiled in two little eminences at the back of a round and beautifully tilted head had given way to a golden tinted shingle that gave the same little tilt a note of impudence. And the virginal form of fifteen, held originally in the whalebone restrictions of a moral generation, had been replaced by the more voluptuous contours of the woman of thirty, not only unrestrained, but gloriously revealed beneath sheer garments of clinging silk. Diana had undergone a metamorphosis into Aphrodite.

V

Their feet turned almost instinctively to the path of crushed stone that led like a white ribbon through the dark. The ten minutes during which they passed other, mostly younger couples, giggling and chattering, they spent reflectively.

"It's good to see you," said Conrad. "I thought of you at once when the letter came asking me to come back here."

"Fancy that!" said Dorothy.

They walked on. From the September leaves came a rustling moan as though the spirits of the departed Spring were sighing. The thoughts of Conrad were intent on the first steps to be taken to interest this glorious creature who matched her stride so perfectly to his own. The thoughts of Dorothy turned again and again on the marvel that so absolutely dumb an animal could be such an eminent scientist.

"You are very good looking, I think," mumbled Conrad.

Dorothy permitted herself a giggle.

"That's an old line, Professor," she said.

Conrad was speechless. He had been led to believe that the proper approach was a praise of beauty, and while, scientist-like, he had launched his praise cautiously, the retort was beyond his experience. His brain spluttered. Finally, a thought emerged.

"I wish you wouldn't call me 'Professor,' Dorothy—Miss Simpson. It gets monotonous being dignified."

"But I couldn't call you 'Conrad.' I'd be afraid. You're so important. . . . I could call you 'doctor.' I know Doc Harper. Everyone calls him 'doc'."

"Good Heavens, not 'doc'!" blurted Conrad. "Anything but that! Why not 'Conrad'?"

"All right, then! Conrad!" said Dorothy. The name came from her lips slowly.

They sat on the bench by the lagoon. Again Conrad's thoughts ran vaguely over the lessons of the laboratory. In his work, when he was about to stimulate a peripheral nerve ending, his movements were direct and sure. Meditating on this, he possessed himself of Dorothy's fingers. The tips trembled against his palm.

"The tactile sense," thought Conrad, "is most comprehensive in the ramification of its fibres. Now, the mere brushing of these nerve endings has aroused impulses that cause even my toes to tingle." And he involuntarily pressed Dorothy's hand a little tighter. It was the kind of language that she understood perfectly. Her body leaned toward him with just the slightest of movements; her eyes suddenly swam in a misty languor and she half-breathed, with a rising inflection of her voice, "Professor?"

The word, as Dorothy uttered it, conveyed pages of thoughts to Conrad. It asked him a thousand little personal questions; it told him that his listener was a little frightened of the big brute who was holding her hand; it revealed to him that she was sympathetic, that she too had dreamed dreams. Almost his determination to probe the remarkable mechanisms of the tactile sense became engulfed in a sea of up-welling responses. But like the true scientist who records longitude and latitude while about to sink for the third time, Conrad shook his head determinedly

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and ventured boldly upon another step.

It was known to him, through a series of brilliant investigations that he had carried on one Summer at Woods Hole, Mass., that the rate of the heart beat is governed, in part at least, by a nerve that passes downward into the chest from fibres that originate in the brain. Thus the thoughts of man are correlated with the pulsating organ which, from ancient times, he has conceived to be allied with the most important of his emotions. Conrad had proved that deep pressure on this nerve, sufficient to stimulate it, would cause the heart gradually to lessen the speed of its beating and yet to contract with such power that the blood it sent forth would swell the finest terminals of the blood-vessel endings. The sudden thought which came to him, therefore, now that he held the hands of Dorothy and could feel her pulse—the thought that came to him and caused him to embark on a performance that shocked the well-nigh bomb-proof Dorothy out of her wonted certainty—the highly scientific thought that seized him was to convey some impulse to this most distinctive nerve in Dorothy's neck and to see how her heart would respond.

It will be remembered here that Conrad's hands were gently clasping those of Dorothy and that he required for the purpose of his experiment some means of applying a direct and localized pressure to the controlling nerve. But as he moved his hand gently to release it for this purpose he found that some physico-chemical reaction had apparently taken place, some strange effect of surface tension, that caused the living cells of his palm to linger reluctantly in juxtaposition to those of Dorothy. The reluctance increased, in fact, until it seemed to overcome entirely the wish of his hand to pass elsewhere. It almost seemed to him as if the light pressure of his palm was being met by an answering clasp. Suddenly, in a tumult of emotion, he leaned forward and pressed an osculation on the region where the nerve which was the subject of his research descended.

That kiss was unusual in more ways than one. It was a blending of all the intricate energies that animated Conrad's cranium. It was imbued with the warmth of his aroused emotions, so that it was soft, lingering, and tremulous; and it was at the same time scientifically guided, so that it tried to be cold, direct, firm and inanimate. But the response of Dorothy was in no sense marked by any complexity. In the laboratory manual of her course all this was included in the first semester's experiments. No sooner did she feel the impact of Conrad's buss than she flung her arms about him and sighed, meltingly "Oh! Conrad!"

At ten o'clock, when he left her at the door of her home, Dorothy Simpson was the fiancée of the noted physiologist.

VI

By all the rules, the account of this episode should end here; and those who are tender are advised to read no further . . .

As Conrad began to trace the few blocks toward the Faculty Club, his spirits gradually oozed in a curve that closely approximated the perpendicular at its terminus. A scientific story must express these things scientifically. He mounted the steps with a laggard tread and sat down on the edge of his bed trying to collect his thoughts. He took off his shoes. He looked at himself objectively. He accounted for each of his words, actions and sensations in the light of the accumulated knowledge of fifteen years of research into the physiology of amorous emotion. And as he reasoned out the stimuli for each of his emotional responses, he found himself again and again coming to something of, about or by Dorothy. Sharp rays of illumination began to penetrate the haze in which his thoughts nebulously revolved. His admiration for the lady of his apparent choice grew slowly but surely. The whole process began to seem a smooth, a logical, a finished performance.

"God! What a technic!" said Conrad.

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EDITORIAL

One of the agreeable spiritual phenomena of this great age is the soul-searching now in progress among American journalists. Fifteen years ago, or even ten years ago, there was scarcely a sign of it. The working newspaper men of the Republic were then almost as complacent as so many Federal judges or generals in the army. When they discussed their art and mystery at all, it was only to smack their chests proudly, boasting of their vast power in public matters, of their adamantine resistance to all the less tempting varieties of bribes, and of the fact that a crooked politician, giving them important news confidentially, could rely upon them to mangle it beyond recognition before publishing it. I describe a sort of Golden Age. Salaries had been going up since the dawn of the new century, and so the journalist began to feel his oats. For the first time in history he was paid as well as the Neanderthal men slinging rolls of paper in the cellar. He began to own two hats, two suits of clothes, two pairs of shoes. He was happy. But at the heart of his happiness, alas, there gnawed a canker worm. One enemy remained, unscotched and apparently unscotchable, to wit, the business manager. The business manager, at will, could send up a blue slip and order him fired. In the face of that menace his literary superiors were helpless, up to and including the editor-in-chief. All of them were under the hoof of the business manager, and all the business manager ever thought of was advertising. Let an advertiser complain, and off went a head.

It was the great war for human freedom, I believe, that brought the journalist deliverance from that old hazard; he was, perhaps, one of its few real beneficiaries. As the slaughter increased on Flanders fields and business grew better and better at home, reporters of any capacity whatever got to be far too scarce to fire loosely. Moreover, the business manager, with copy pouring into the advertising department almost unsolicited, began to lose all his old fear of advertisers, and then even some of his congenital respect for them. It was a seller's market, in journalism as in the pants business. Customers were no longer kissed. The new spirit spread like a benign pestilence, and presently it invaded even editorial rooms. In almost every great American city some flabbergasted advertiser, his money in his hand, sweat pouring from him as if he had seen a ghost, was kicked out with spectacular ceremonies. All the principal papers, growing rich, began also to grow independent, virtuous, even virginal. No —— — - —— could dictate to them, God damn! So free reading notices disappeared, salaries continued to climb, and the liberated journalist, taking huge sniffs of free air, began to think of himself as a professional man.

Upon that cogitation he is still engaged, and all the weeklies that print the news of his craft are full of its fruits. He elects representatives and they meet in lugubrious conclave to draw up codes of ethics. He begins to read books dealing with professional questions of other sorts—even books not dealing with professional questions. He changes his old cynical view of schools of journalism, and is lured, now and then, into lecturing in them himself. He no longer thinks of his calling as a business, like the haberdasher's or tallow chandler's, or as a game, like the stockbroker's or faro dealer's, but as a profession, like the jurisconsult's or gyne-

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cologist's. His purpose is to set it on its legs as such—to inject plausible theories into its practice, and rid it of its old casualness and opportunism. He ceases to see it as a craft to be mastered in four days, and abandoned at the first sign of a better job. He begins to talk darkly of the long apprenticeship necessary to master its technic, of the wide information and profound sagacity needed to adorn it, of the high rewards that it offers—or may offer later on—to the man of true talent and devotion. Once he thought of himself, whenever he thought at all, as what Beethoven called a free artist—a gay fellow careening down the charming highways of the world, the gutter ahead of him but joy in his heart. Now he thinks of himself as a citizen of weight and responsibility, a beginning publicist and public man, sworn to the service of the born and unborn, heavy with duties to the Republic and to himself. He begins to surround himself with taboos. There are things that he will not do, even to get a piece of news. There are things that are *infra dig*. And there are things that simply must be done, all advertisers save the very largest to the contrary notwithstanding.

II

In all this, I fear, there is some illusion, as there always is in human thinking. The journalist can no more see himself realistically than a bishop can see himself realistically. He gilds and engauds the picture a bit, unconsciously and irresistibly. For one thing, and a most important one, he is probably somewhat in error about his professional status. He remains, for all his dreams, a hired man—the business manager, though he doesn't do it very often now, is still free to demand his head—and a hired man is not a professional man. The essence of a professional man is that he is answerable, for his professional conduct, only to his professional peers. A physician cannot be fired by anyone, save when he has voluntarily converted himself into a jobholder; he is secure in his livelihood so long as he keeps his health and can render service to his patients. A lawyer is in the same boat. So is a dentist. So, even, is a horse doctor. But the journalist still lingers in a twilight zone, along with the trained nurse, the embalmer, the evangelical clergyman and the great majority of engineers. He cannot sell his services directly to the consumer, but only to entrepreneurs, and so those entrepreneurs have the power of veto over all his soaring fancies. His codes of ethics are all right so long as they do not menace newspaper profits; the moment they do so the business manager, now quiescent, will begin to growl again. Nor has he the same freedom that the lawyer and the physician have when it comes to fixing his own compensation; what he faces is not a client but a boss. Above all, he is unable, as yet, to control admissions to his craft. It is constantly recruited, on its lowest levels, from men who have little professional training or none at all, and some of these men master its chief mysteries very quickly. Thus even the most competent journalist faces at all times a severe competition, easily expanded at need, and so he cannot afford to be too saucy. When a managing editor is fired there is always another one waiting to take his place, but there is seldom another place waiting for the victim.

All these things diminish the autonomy of the American journalist, and hamper his effort to lift his trade to the professional level. When he talks of codes of ethics, indeed, he sometimes falls into mere tall talk, for he cannot enforce the rules he so solemnly draws up—that is, in the face of dissent from above. Nevertheless, his discussion of the subject is still not wholly absurd, for there remain plenty of rules that he *can* enforce, and I incline to think that there are more of them than of the other kind. Most of the evils that continue to beset journalism today, in truth, are not due to the rascality of owners nor even to the Kiwanian bombast of business

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managers, but simply and solely to the stupidity, cowardice and Philistinism of working newspaper men. The majority of them, in almost every American city, are ignoramuses, and not a few of them are also bounders. All the knowledge that they pack into their brains is, in every reasonable cultural sense, useless; it is the sort of knowledge that belongs, not to a professional man, but to a police captain, a railway mail-clerk or a board boy in a brokerage house. It is a mass of trivialities and puerilities; to recite it would be to make even a barber or a bartender beg for mercy. What is missing from it is everything worth knowing—everything that enters into the common knowledge of educated men. There are managing editors in the United States, and scores of them, who have never heard of Kant or Johannes Müller and never read the Constitution of the United States; there are city editors who do not know what a symphony is, or a streptococcus, or the Statute of Frauds; there are reporters by the thousand who could not pass the entrance examination for Harvard or Tuskegee, or even Yale. It is this vast ignorance that makes American journalism so pathetically feeble and vulgar, and so generally disreputable no less. A man with so little intellectual enterprise that, dealing with news daily, he goes through life without taking in any news that is worth knowing—such a man, you may be sure, is as lacking in true self-respect as he is in curiosity. Honor does not go with stupidity. If it belongs to professional men, it belongs to them because they constitute a true aristocracy—because they have definitely separated themselves from the great masses of men. The journalists, in seeking to acquire it, put the cart before the horse.

III

Nevertheless, I believe that they can still acquire it. But not by passing idle resolutions, not by drawing up codes of ethics that most of their fellows laugh at, as a Congressman laughs at a gentleman. The job before them—that is, before the civilized minority of them—is to purge their trade before they seek to dignify it—to clean house before they paint the roof and raise a flag. Can the thing be done? It not only can be done; it *has* been done. There are dozens of papers in the United States that already show a determined effort to get out of the old slough. Any managing editor in the land, if he has the will, can carry his own paper with them. He is under no compulsion, save rarely, to employ this or that hand; it is not often that owners, or even business managers, take any interest in that business, save to watch the pay-roll. Is the paper trifling, ill-informed, petty and unfair? Is its news full of transparent absurdities? Are its editorials ignorant and without sense? Is it written in blowsy, slip-shod English, full of *clichés* and vulgarities—English that would disgrace a manager of prize-fighters or a county superintendent of schools? Then the fault belongs plainly, not to some remote man, but to the proximate man—to the man who lets such drivel slide under his nose. He could better it if he wanted to, you may be sure. There is in all history no record of a newspaper owner who complained because his paper was well edited. And I know of no business manager who objected when the complaints pouring in upon him, of misrepresentations, invasions of privacy, gross inaccuracies and other such nuisances, began to lighten.

Not a few managing editors, as I say, are moving in the right direction. There has been a noticeable improvement, during the past dozen years, in the general tone of American newspapers. They are, I believe, measurably more accurate than they used to be, and many of them are better written. A great number of them are less absurdly partisan, particularly in the smaller cities. Save in the South and in the remoter fastnesses of New England the old-time party organ has gone out of fashion. With it has gone the old-time

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reporter, and in his place there is appearing a young fellow of better education, and generally finer metal. The uplifters of the craft try to make him increase, and to that end encourage schools of journalism. But these seminaries, so far, show two palpable defects. On the one hand, they are seldom manned by men of any genuine professional standing, or of any firm notion of what journalism is about. On the other hand, they are all far too easy in their requirements for admission. Probably half of them, indeed, are simply refuges for students too stupid to tackle the other professions. They offer snap courses, and they promise quick jobs. The result is that the graduates coming out of them are mainly second-raters—that young men and women issuing from the general arts courses make far better material for journalism.

What ails these schools of journalism, in brief, is that they are not yet professional schools, but simply trade schools. Their like is to be found, not in the schools of medicine and law, but in the institutions that teach barbering, bookkeeping and chiropractic. Obviously, the remedy for their general failure is to borrow a leaf from the book of the medical men, and weed out the incompetents, not after they have finished, but before they have begun. Twenty-five years ago any yokel who had got through the three R's was free to study medicine in the United States. In three years, and sometimes in two years, he was turned out to practice upon his fellow hinds, and once he had his license it was a practical impossibility to challenge him. But now there is scarcely a medical school in the United States that does not demand a bachelor's degree or its equivalent as a prerequisite to entrance, and the term of study in all of them is four years, and it must be followed by at least one year of hospital service. This reform was not achieved by passing laws against the old hedge schools; it was achieved simply by setting up the competition of good schools. The latter gradually elbowed the former out. Their graduates had immense advantages. They had professional prestige from the moment of their entrance into practice. The public quickly detected the difference between them and their competitors from the surviving hedge schools. Soon the latter began to disintegrate, and now all save a few of them have disappeared. The medical men improved their profession by making it more difficult to become a medical man. Today the thing is a practical impossibility to any young man who is not of genuine intelligence.

But at least four-fifths of the so-called schools of journalism still admit any aspirant who can make shift to read and write. The pedagogues who run them cannot be expected to devote much thought or money to improving them; they are in the position of the quacks who used to run the hedge medical schools. The impulse toward improvement, if it ever comes at all, must come from the profession they presume to serve. Here is a chance for the editorial committees and societies of journalists that now spring up on all sides. Let them abandon their vain effort to frame codes of ethics and devote themselves to the nursery. If they can get together a committee on schools of journalism as wise and as bold as the Council on Medical Education of the American Medical Association they will accomplish more in a few years than they can hope to accomplish with academic codes of ethics in half a century. Journalism will become a profession the moment it grows difficult to become a journalist.

IV

All the rest will follow. The old fond theory, still surviving in many a newspaper office, that it is somehow discreditable for a reporter to show any sign of education and culture, that he is most competent and laudable when his intellectual baggage most closely approaches that of a police lieutenant or a district

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leader—this theory will fall before the competition of novices who have been adequately trained, and have more in their heads than their mere training. Journalism, compared to the other trades of educated men, is surely not unattractive, even today. It is more amusing than the army or the cloth, and it offers a better living at the start than either medicine or the law. There is a career in it for the young man of original mind and forceful personality—a career leading to great power and even to a sort of wealth. In point of fact, it has always attracted such young men, else it would be in an even lower state than it is now. It would attract a great many more of them if public opinion within the craft were more favorable to them—if they were less harassed by the commands of superiors of no dignity, and the dislike of fellows of no sense. Every time two of them are drawn in they draw another. The problem is to keep them. That is the central problem of journalism in the United States today.

I seem to be in a mood for constructive criticism. Let me add one more pearl of wisdom before I withdraw. I put it in the form of a question. Suppose the shyster lawyers of every town organized a third-rate club, called it the Bar Association, took in any bootlegger or precinct politician who could raise the dues, and then announced publicly, from the Courthouse steps, that it represented the whole bar, and that membership in it was an excellent form of insurance—that any member who paid his dues would get very friendly consideration, if he ever got into trouble, from the town's judges and district attorney. And suppose the decent lawyers of the town permitted this preposterous pretension to go unchallenged—and some of them even gave countenance to it by joining the club. How long would the legal profession in that town retain its professional honor and dignity? How many laymen, after two years, would have any respect left for *any* lawyer, even a judge?

Yet the journalists of the United States permit that precise thing to go on under their noses. In almost every city of the country there is a so-called Press Club, and at least three-fourths of them are exactly like the hypothetical Bar Association that I have described. They are run by newspaper men of the worst type—many of them so incompetent and disreputable that they cannot even get jobs on newspapers. They take the money of all the town grafters and rascals on the pretense that newspaper favors go with its receipt. They are the resorts of idlers and blackmailers. They are nuisances and disgraces. Yet in how many towns have they been put down? In how many towns do the decent newspaper men take any overt action against them? My proposal is very simple. I propose that they be shut up, East, West, North and South, before anything more is said about codes of newspaper ethics.

H. L. M.

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THE YANKEE IN PARIS

BY VINCENT O'SULLIVAN

COMING back from the Olympic football game, after the American players and the American flag too had been plentifully hissed and howled down by a crowd of about twenty-five thousand Parisians, while some Americans on the bleachers who had ventured to cheer their own side had been knocked senseless by infuriated Frenchmen and the police refused to interfere—on that subdued and dusty return, and for some days after, what struck me above all was the bewilderment of the Americans. They were like a man who suddenly learns that his wife has betrayed him. A cherished dream had been shattered. "We thought the French *liked* us!"

Yes, the half-and-halfs who pursue beer and sentiment and "Trilby" atmospheres in Montparnasse, as well as those who distribute money with a free hand to the hotels in the Rue de Rivoli, to the dressmakers in the Rue de la Paix, and to restaurants and backside shows all over the place, actually thought the French liked them!

"They are always so polite to us. They say they just love Americans."

"Who?"

"Why, the people in the stores and in the hotels."

That is, the people who make money out of the Americans!

There are three American daily newspapers in Paris. They were evidently as much taken aback by the demonstration on the football ground as their readers. But after a momentary and undecided revolt they soon began to print apologies and explanations. These did not come from any French source: the French did not apologize at all. It was said that the demonstration was the natural outburst of a patriotic crowd when they saw their countrymen going down to defeat. But the Americans were likewise insulted when they were playing against the Rumanians and the Esthonians by a mob who couldn't have told you in what part of the world those countries are to be found. A lady near me who was particularly violent against "the dirty Americans" confessed that she thought the Esthonians were Negroes. Then, the American newspapers laid stress on the assertion that the action of the crowd was condemned by the entire Paris press. That is far from being the case. The New York *Herald* (Paris edition) came out with the surprising statement that the anti-American demonstrations were staged by a bunch of communists and anarchists—of all people on earth to be accused of nationalism!

Ere many days the word of command went round to drop the subject. Commercial interests came into play. The American tourists must not be discouraged. The editors of the *Herald* and the Chicago *Tribune* (Paris edition) were given the Legion of Honor by the French Government not long ago.

II

One reason why the Americans in Paris were so taken aback by the hostility of the crowd that Sunday is that they live among themselves and have only superficial relations with the French. The French they come into contact with are some few who frequent Americans and talk English,

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or shopkeepers, dressmakers, etc., whose interest it is to be polite. Paris is for them like a big seaside resort: "The Americans' Playground." The French are there as scene-shifters to keep the show running. As most of the Americans know the language very imperfectly many serious and disagreeable things escape their notice. Last May I was taking tea with a young man and a girl who had been for several months in Paris. The young man was obliged to return to America; he was rather downhearted about it and hoped to be able to come back soon. They both "just loved Paris." It was the day before the French national election. Neither of them knew an election was on, still less the very important questions which depended on it.

No foreigners are really liked by the French, but the Americans and English are hated. For months the most virulent articles have been appearing in the French newspapers, but you would never guess this state of affairs by reading the American newspapers. From them you would infer that Americans in Paris were quite at home and in the middle of things. They may be quite at home, but in the middle of things they are not, and the French take good care that they shall not be. But the French have their work cut out. Sometimes one has the uncanny impression that it is the foreigners who are in the middle of things and the Parisians who are the outsiders.

That is a delusion, of course. But it is a delusion with enough reality to make the French jealous and on their guard. As the North Americans and the English are by far the most in evidence, the attack is massed against them. If a French man or woman or child is knocked down by a big, expensive car, the reporter will see to it that the driver is American, or for a second bet, English. If a man behaves arrogantly and brutally in a public place, he is an American for sure. The other day I was on a tramcar when the conductor was extremely uncivil to a young man who finally hit him on the jaw. There was a scuffle, the car stopped, and a crowd gathered which, as soon as it perceived that the young man was a foreigner, took sides with the conductor. "A filthy American brute!" they said in the crowd. "Why don't the police arrest him? Are Americans to be allowed to knock down Frenchmen in Paris?" As a matter of fact, the passenger was a Rumanian.

There are many excuses for the French attitude. Really, when you see the insolence with which foreigners—not only English and Americans, but South Americans, Spaniards, Italians, Russians, Levantines, etc.—take possession of Paris, it justifies the worst xenophobia. The British and American colonization of Paris is a reality, and it is done without tact. In Berlin and Munich foreigners are not precisely loved just now, but the Germans have nothing to complain of in this respect compared with the French. The French have had to bow before the invasion. You are confronted everywhere by signs in the two languages. In sections of Paris where before the war you never heard a word of anything but French, you now hear American, English and Scotch aplenty. Everybody knows the respect which the French have for money. Among the populace, and others too who ought to know better, the high cost of living is blamed on the foreigners, particularly on the English and Americans, who are now decidedly more unpopular than the Germans. It is said that these people come to France to benefit by the rate of exchange and outbid the French for everything. That the French themselves poured in droves into Southern Germany a few years ago to benefit by the fall of the mark and there behaved far worse than any kind of foreigner in Paris or on the Riviera does not alter their point of view. Paris is not at all a cheap city for those who live there, but for Americans on a vacation who reckon in terms of dollars it seems cheap, and unfortunately they say so out loud. The French make no differ-

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ence between those Americans who have money and those who have not—or rather they make this difference: they hate the spenders, but they hate and despise the non-spenders and think they have no business in France.

Two examples of lack of tact on the part of Americans who might be expected to know better recently came to my notice. The other month at the Quatz-Arts ball, which is the annual festival of the art students, while most of them arrived piled on taxis, or by the busses and street-cars, or even on foot, some Americans, who must also have been students, as they had invitations, drove up accompanied by French girls in automobiles of a kind which no French student could hope to acquire before many years, even if he chanced to be a successful painter, and if he chanced to be an original genius, probably never. And at a recent exposition of American paintings the catalogue was printed in English. All this in a nation the hardest and most practical, but also the most irritable, jealous and sensitive in Europe.

III

One of the greatest changes in Paris since the war, and a regrettable change from considerations of good taste and tact, is the retirement into the background of the genuine French aristocracy. Think of the importance, the prestige, of a member of the Jockey Club twenty years ago and to what a petty measure he is sunk now in the eyes of the crowd! Now any Peruvian woman, provided she have enough money, cuts as good a figure for all but a few in Paris as a French countess descended from the Crusaders. Rich Americans satisfy their taste for dinner-guests with titles by inviting some of the innumerable Russian nobility who are glad to go anywhere where there are light and noise, who are more facile than the French, and with whom, to tell the truth, the Americans feel more at home for many reasons more or less subtle on which perhaps it were more tactful to keep silence.

The worst of the American and English invasions—what is called the Anglo-Saxon invasion—not only of France but of other countries, is that they add nothing of interest except a few material comforts. Barber shops and bathrooms are no doubt better in France, or at least in Paris and on the Riviera, since the Americans began coming in droves; but neither the Americans nor the English bring any single thing that is beautiful and picturesque. On the contrary, their very presence tends to destroy the beautiful and picturesque where it is found. And they have a talent for introducing the inappropriate. They establish a golf club at Syracuse, and a horse show at Florence, and Primitive Methodism under the shadow of the Caesars. Ruskin has been accused of mingling the notions of the British middle class, and even of British Nonconformity, with considerations on the Italian Renaissance, but Ruskin never thought that Venice would be improved if a Wesleyan conventicle were set up there!

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THE QUESTION OF RACIAL PURITY

BY FRANZ BOAS

SEVENTY-ONE years ago Count Arthur de Gobineau published the first volume of his famous "Essay on the Inequality of the Races of Man." In it he tried to prove that the historical fate of a nation depends upon its racial constitution, that purity of race is the deciding element in the development of a people, and that only the Aryans are or can be the founders of a truly great civilization. He sought thereby to lay a solid foundation for the views of the importance of racial descent which had been expressed previously by Gustav Klemm in his "General History of Civilization" (1842–53) and by Karl Gustav Carus (1849). He was followed by the Americans, Josiah C. Nott and George R. Gliddon (1854), and since that time further attempts to prove the biological superiority of the white race, and more particularly of the blond Northwest European, have been made by many writers, among them Vacher de Lapouge, Renan, Collignon, Stewart Houston Chamberlain, Wilser, Woltmann, Penka, Günther, Keith, and, in our own country, Madison Grant, Henry Fairfield Osborn, Charles Brigham and others. It is easily recognized that the majority of defenders of the superiority of this Northwest European type are swayed, not by scientific arguments but by prejudice, but it is equally true that the defenders of race equality who have risen to combat their views are no less influenced by a desire to defend the position of those races that have been designated inferior. Finot, Zollschan and Hertz may be mentioned as belonging to this category.

Five years after the publication of de Gobineau's work, Theodor Waitz published his "Anthropologie der Naturvölker," in which he took a point of view diametrically opposed to that of de Gobineau. He said:

> According to the usual opinion, the stage of culture of a people or of an individual is largely or exclusively the product of its or his faculty. We maintain that the reverse is at least just as true. The faculty of man does not designate anything but how much and what he is able to achieve in the immediate future, and it depends upon the stages of culture through which he has passed and the one he has reached.

This view has come to be the basis of all anthropological research into the cultural history of mankind. In the investigations of Bastian, Tylor, Spencer and Lewis Morgan, the racial position of a people is held to be irrelevant. The psychic reactions of man are considered to be the same everywhere. Cultural problems are solved on the basis of cultural happenings and not reduced to inherited racial qualities.

Notwithstanding the general adoption of this view by students of cultural anthropology, there is no doubt that it is still justifiable to ask whether there are typical differences between the mental aptitudes of various races. But this problem cannot be solved by impassioned exclamations of "Lo, the poor Nordic!" It requires calm judgment, like any other problem, and it will be solved only by the most painstaking inquiry. The fundamental difficulty that besets us is that of differentiating between what is inherent in bodily structure, and what is acquired by the cultural medium in which each individual is set, or, to express it in biological terms, what is determined by hereditary and what by environmental causes, or

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what is endogene and what is exogene. It is a characteristic fact that, on the whole, investigators of this problem fall into two categories. The biologists and experimental psychologists adhere to the theory of hereditary differences, and the anthropologists and sociologists lean to cultural elements.

With our increasing knowledge of the laws of heredity and the exactness with which the distribution of traits in each generation of offspring can now be predicted, a strong incentive has been given to search for a definite distribution of mental traits in various races. If it is found that the individuals of a certain group behave in a manner that differentiates them from other groups, the inference readily presents itself that we are dealing with a phenomenon of heredity. However, this inference cannot be accepted without proof, because environmental cultural conditions may bring about a precisely similar result. To give an example: Among nations that, on account of their size and self-sufficiency, are not compelled to have frequent dealings with foreigners or to use foreign languages, the linguistic faculty seems to be at a low ebb, but it is highly developed in small nations that are compelled to use several languages. The United States on the one hand and Holland and Switzerland on the other are typical. But it would certainly be rash to argue that the lack of linguistic ability in the United States and its high development in Holland are due to hereditary causes. Often, however, the relation of cultural characteristics and external causes is less apparent. It seems, for instance, a justifiable question whether the mental reactions of the Negro in America are not conditioned by what psychologists like to call an inferiority complex.

II

There is therefore a fundamental need for a scientific and detailed investigation of hereditary and environmental conditions. We must try to analyze from this point of view the so-called instinctive reactions of man. Investigators are too much inclined to consider as instinctive and hereditary every action that occurs without conscious reasoning. Thus, the particular kind of modesty that exists in our civilization is regarded as instinctive, but a study of the customs of different times and different cultural groups proves clearly that every particular form of modesty is almost entirely socially determined. While modesty itself may be instinctive, the particular form that we exhibit is acquired by the bringing up of each individual. It is automatic, not instinctive. In many cases close observation is required to prove that a reaction is automatic and not instinctive. The feeling engendered by the differences between races is of this character. There is no such thing as instinctive aversion between races; whatever race-aversion exists is automatic, not instinctive. An adult who has become completely adjusted to this automatic reaction understands only with difficulty its acquired character, but its lack of universality in mankind and in members of the same race who live under different conditions is convincing proof of its non-instinctive character. Thus, in a scientific study of racial characteristics we must reject the assumption that mental traits are hereditary unless satisfactory proof of their biological foundation in the human organism is given.

A second argument that must be rejected is the one derived from cultural achievement. Claimants for the superiority of the white race point out its position in the modern world. From this they conclude that the white race is the only one that could or can ever achieve eminence, and that the fact is due to its hereditary qualities. In order to prove the weakness of this argument we need only consider the conclusions that a Maya Indian in the days when his civilization was at its height might have drawn from a comparison of his culture with conditions in Northwestern Europe. Lo, the poor Nordic! He was then an uncouth barbarian, without any

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arts or knowledge that could be compared with those of the Maya. Would not the Maya have been justified in calling him an inferior who would never achieve eminence? We must put aside all such faulty methods. The problem must be approached from other angles. First of all, it is necessary to give a precise definition of the questions involved; then we may proceed to answer them so far as our limited knowledge permits. I think the central problem should be formulated as follows: Do races possess hereditary mental characteristics that influence their cultural achievements?

The question, unfortunately, is obscured by the looseness with which the terms race and heredity are used. Biology teaches that bodily form and bodily function, and with them mental function, are transmitted from parents to children, and recent studies show furthermore that in those traits that are not materially affected by environment—or as long as the environment remains stable—the distribution in a given generation is completely determined by its ancestry. It follows that descendants of the same family—that is to say, family strains—will exhibit certain hereditary bodily and mental traits. In Europe there are village communities in which the land has been held for centuries by the same families and in which the resident population is largely inbred, so that it may be considered as representing a single family line. Similar conditions prevail in primitive communities in which marriages outside the tribe are rare. Eskimo tribes are excellent examples. Long-continued inbreeding is no proof of purity of race, but it will result in the development of a homogeneous population, in which every family is a fair representative of the whole population. These conditions prevail, for instance, among the Rehobot Bastards who have been studied in detail by Eugen Fischer. It is thus a fundamental question for the study of our problem how far the family strains represented in a community are, in bodily and mental traits, alike or different. Unfortunately, we have no studies of this subject except for a few bodily characteristics. These prove that even in old inbred communities the family strains are usually not by any means identical, but show considerable differences. It is an open question whether, with the increase in number of an inbred population, the range of differences between the family lines will increase, and what the minimum value may be to which these differences may be reduced in a small population inbred over a long period. On the other hand, it can be shown that in large areas in which inbreeding is confined to small districts or small social classes, the family lines differ very much in bodily as well as in mental characteristics, so much so that it is utterly impossible to consider any family line as a representative of the whole population.

When this is clearly understood it will be seen that the term racial inheritance has only a very limited significance. We have the right to speak of the hereditary characteristics of family lines but not of the hereditary characteristics of nations or of races, because the latter vary within wide limits. Only if it is proved that the family lines constituting two races are throughout distinct can we speak of racial characteristics. For European local types such as the Northwest European or the Mediterranean such proof cannot be given. On the contrary, the variability of the types is so great that the forms in different European localities overlap—that is, forms occurring in one area are not absolutely confined to that area.

III

Let us turn next to a consideration of the dependence of function upon bodily form.

We find that individuals of a great variety of forms but belonging to the same social group perform certain actions with equal ease. The organs of the body are so constituted that there is a wide margin of adaptability in them and it

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permits a variety of forms to perform without difficulty the functions demanded of them all. To give an instance: The articulating organs of individuals of the same community differ greatly in form. Nevertheless, articulation is not determined by the individual formation of the lips, tongue and palate, but by the habits engendered by social environment. Articulation of the general type becomes impossible in extreme cases only. The pitch of the voice may be determined by the organic form of the vocal chords, but the timbre of the vowels and the consonantic sounds, which depend upon movements of tongue, palate and lips, may be produced with almost identical acoustic effect by a variety of anatomical forms. The same is true of the functions of the hand. Not every violinist has the same form of hand, but almost identical technique may be obtained by hands differing greatly in morphological detail.

Conversely, the same individual can adjust his bodily functions to a great variety of conditions. The healthy individual, without harm to his body, may be at one time a vegetarian and at another time may live on an exclusive meat diet. He may live a lazy life at the level of the sea or subject himself to strenuous exercise in high altitudes. There are limits to adaptability that depend upon the soundness of the organism, but within wide limits of external conditions an optimum of efficiency may be maintained. Meltzer has pointed out that this margin of safety exists for all organs. It follows that even where anatomical differences exist the physiological functions of the bodies of different individuals may become adjusted to the same demands made upon them by their environment. The kind of functioning may not be identical in all individuals, but the requirements will be met by all.

What is true of physical functions is equally true of mental activities, which possess the same kind of adjustability. I do not maintain that all individuals can perform the same functions with equal ease. That would obviously not be true. There are mouths that do not articulate with the same facility as others. There are hands that can never attain the accuracy and rapidity of the virtuoso. There are constitutions which, although not pathological, will never allow those who have them to become athletes. There are variations in mental make-up that will not allow all individuals to perform the same mental tasks. Nevertheless, differences in anatomical build are not accompanied by equal differences in function, and environmental demands equalize to a great extent the functional activities of diverse anatomical forms. It follows from this that in different environmental conditions the same family strains may show a great variety of reactions, and that in a definite environment different family strains may react in the same way.

Adjustability is not by any means exclusively functional, for environment and use may also influence the body. New evidence is constantly forthcoming that anatomical forms, though primarily determined by heredity, are stable only so long as environmental conditions remain the same. Thus, Hellpach has shown recently the far-reaching effect of social habits upon physiognomy. A final answer to our problem requires, therefore, also an investigation of the question as to how far there may be an interrelation between bodily form and function, physiological as well as mental, and particularly as to how far temperament may be determined by hereditary causes, and to what extent socially determined temperament may influence the development of the muscular system as expressed in physiognomy and in the motor habits of the whole body. In a scientific investigation of the problem I should demand, therefore, as an indispensable part of the inquiry a determination of the adjustability of the individual to different demands, and of the adaptability of different individuals to the same demands.

It seems to me that the psychological

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tests which enjoy such a vogue at the present time fail in this respect. The mass of individuals subjected to the tests are not equally adjusted; therefore, before accepting the results of the tests as criteria of hereditary intelligence, as is done by many psychologists, we ought to insist that each individual be given an opportunity for adjustment. On the other hand, the reactions of the same individual under different environmental conditions should be studied in much greater detail than is ordinarily done. This is one of the reasons why the results obtained by Brigham in his study of the intelligence of immigrants in the United States are entirely unconvincing. When he finds that immigrants who came here twenty, fifteen, ten and five years ago do not respond equally well to his tests, the most recent arrivals showing the lowest records, we have to consider that they are not equally adjusted. The differences in the reactions do not prove anything in regard to their hereditary intelligence, as we are asked to believe. I should like to see tests of our own population made, based upon a required adjustment to a foreign cultural form. I am convinced that a test, for instance, of our rhythmic sense based on Negro music would show a complete lack of rhythmic ability among us. Nevertheless, the rhythm of the music of the Sixteenth Century shows that at that time the rhythmic sense of the average white person was highly developed. There is little doubt that the loss is due to the rhythmic simplicity which developed with polyphonic singing and accompaniment. It is reviving again under the influence of modern jazz.

When forming our judgment of the significance of racial differences, we must remember that the races of man may not be compared with wild forms of animal life, but that man is the oldest domesticated form. The use of artificially prepared food, which set in with the invention of fire during the glacial period, marks the beginning of the period of domestication; it may, indeed, go back still farther, to the beginning of the use of tools. This view was first expressed by Le Salles in 1849. Later Hahn called attention to it; I dwelt on it in 1911, and in 1913 Eugen Fischer, and later on Klatt, have taken up the question from the standpoint of anatomical evidence. Blondness, blue eyes and a fair skin, as well as blackness and curly hair, are traits of domestication. So are the reduction of the size of the face and the increase in its length. Permanence of the female breast, anomalies in sexual behavior and the lack of a mating season belong to the same category.

While it is important to understand that human forms are analogous to domesticated forms, we must not commit the mistake, often made, of considering human races as analogous to special breeds of domesticated animals. In breeding to a certain type in animals and plants, inbreeding is carried on as far as the safety of the strain permits, and a far greater uniformity of individuals and strains is obtained than is ever found in human races, for the domestication of man differs from that of animals in that purposeful inbreeding is absent. In this it resembles the domestication practiced in very early times. Local types have developed, but there have been repeated periods of race intermixture, followed by periods of isolation in small areas.

There is a strong inclination on the part of anthropologists to consider the overlapping of types in different races as entirely due to intermixture and to assume that the extreme forms represent pure races, while the intermediate forms are more mixed. This view is correct, so far as it goes. We have good evidence that many intermediate types are more variable than the extreme types. This is true, for instance, in Italy, where Central Italians show forms intermediate between those occurring in Northern and Southern Italy, and at the same time a greater variability of form than is found in the north and the south. On the other hand, it is entirely arbitrary to assume that extreme forms

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are pure races. Taking, for the sake of exemplification, the simple classification of European types into Northwest European, Central European and Mediterranean, it may be recognized that these are merely three extreme forms, determined essentially by head form, pigmentation and stature. But there is nothing to prove that individuals showing these extreme forms are the representatives of pure races. On the contrary, the fact that they are extremes in a continuous series makes it probable that they are merely the most pronounced variants of variable local forms. It is also by no means self evident that the regions in which these extreme forms are fairly frequent are the homes of the only pure races. It is more than likely that there may have existed or still exist equally pure local types that hold intermediate positions.

In criticizing the identification of extreme forms with pure races, I do not mean to deny the large degree of intermixture that has occurred from time immemorial, and that is made evident by the history of human migration and by the gradual transitions between racial types. Even in early times it extended to the most remote parts of the world. I merely wish to point out that local differentiation and isolation do not lead to the formation of extreme forms alone, but also to the formation of intermediate forms.

The claim made for the superiority of pure races has never been substantiated. As I have pointed out, the purity of any given racial type is a debatable question, and the claim that only extreme types are pure is founded on a misconception. Ethnological evidence is certainly not in favor of the assumption that mixed races are in any way culturally incapable. We may point out here again that Central Italy, a region which for very long periods has been a meeting ground of different races, has been one of the most powerful centres in the development of civilization. It is equally true that the people who have been historically most important in the development of Africa are found in the region where the North African tribes and the people of the Sahara come into close contact, and have intermingled. A general review of cultural forms the world over does not indicate that there is any correlation between the achievements of races and their supposed racial purity.

The point may be raised that the achievements, past and future, of a race depend upon the presence of dominant individuals who give a stimulus to the development of the whole people, and that some races have a greater number of such personalities than others. In the present state of our knowledge it is practically impossible to give a definite answer to the questions thus raised, for the activity of an eminent individual depends largely upon the culture in which he lives. The history of primitive tribes shows clearly that individuals are not by any means rare among them who excel in every way their tribal fellows. The leaders of the American tribes and the kings who govern the Negro states of the Sudan and the Zulu tribes are examples of this kind. The question can be solved only by considering the achievements of each individual in relation to the culture in which he lives.

IV

The points which I have discussed may now be summed up. Local types of man are domesticated forms which are fairly uniform only in small inbred groups. Large areas inhabited by a great many families consist of many family lines of different hereditary qualities. The ability of the distinctive types to meet environmental and social requirements is not measured by their anatomical differences, because types exhibiting considerable difference in anatomical structure become functionally adjusted to similar environmental conditions. Our knowledge of the reactions of men living in diverse cultural forms and the study of the cultural forms

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themselves lead us to infer that hereditary characteristics are irrelevant as compared to social conditions, and that anatomical form does not determine the cultural history of a people. It is particularly worth remarking that the current unfavorable opinion of the Negro is based largely on complete ignorance of African native conditions, and of Negro achievements in the industries and arts and in political organization, and that likewise the glorification of our own race is founded exclusively on a consideration of the cultural opportunities given to the few and on the complete neglect of the cultural primitiveness of the great mass of individuals, which finds expression intellectually in the uncritical acceptance of traditional attitudes and emotionally in the ease with which they succumb to the power of fashionable passions. We may say with certainty that the local types of a single race like the European are each so variable that fixed hereditary differences in mental characteristics between the types as a whole are most unlikely. We may say, furthermore, that cultural anthropology makes the existence of fundamental racial differences very improbable.

I grant willingly that proof of mental equality has not been adduced. I grant, furthermore, that family strains and inbred small groups may show characteristic mental habits. But I insist that nobody has ever given satisfactory proof of an inherent inequality of races, and that the final solution of this problem still has to be found. The only scientific approach to a solution must be through an investigation of three problems: first, the degree of variability found in the hereditary strains that compose races; second, the extent to which varying anatomical forms can perform the same functions; and third, the adaptability of the organism to varying demands.

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AMERICANA

ALABAMA

INCIDENTS of the Christian life where 24 are still for Underwood:

> Robertsdale Klan, No. 78, appeared at the Baptist church at Summerdale last night and presented Rev. Kimbrough with a beautiful new Bible to replace the one destroyed several weeks ago by vandals who entered the church at night, tore up the Bible and then locked goats in the building.

COLORADO

FROM a letter addressed by the Rev. F. H. Rice, of the Liberal Church of Denver, to the manufacturers of a favorite soft drink called Whistle:

> In this day of Prohibition you have heard of many churches that have supplanted the communion wine with grape juice but we claim to be the first to use Whistle for this very important service.
>
> At 11 A. M. last Sunday morning every member of the Liberal church partook of Whistle at the Lord's Supper and during the ceremony five large Whistle signs and three linen banners were prominently displayed.
>
> The purity, quality, and general excellence of your beverage well justify its being used in such a manner and we think that many others will follow our example.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

PROGRESS of the New Jurisprudence in the shadow of the Washington monument, as reported by the celebrated Washington *Post:*

> Police early today raided the premises at 345 Pennsylvania Avenue northwest, and arrested fifteen Chinamen on charges of playing mah-jong, in the first raid of this kind in Washington.

SPECIMEN of current Washington correspondence, this time from the Indianapolis *Star:*

> Another pleasant thing about the President is his nice, straight legs. Not a trace of curvature, of knocking of the knees, of bumps or hollows, mars his ambulatory equipment. He is as straight and upright as a sapling, fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair. His legs look best in black, his favorite hue. He is scrupulously pressed and valeted, just out of the band-box effect. Gay tints in neckwear are not to the presidential taste. He likes black scarfs brocaded in white or silver, held fast by a modest little pearl or diamond, neat but not gaudy.

FLORIDA

RECREATION among the master-minds of Tampa, as described by the esteemed *Tribune:*

> Members of the Exchange Club at Monday's luncheon were forced to essay the rôle of amateur sword swallowers and eat with their knives. Those who showed the white feather by reaching for a fork or a spoon were fined 25 cents for the offense, about $5 being raised in this manner, to be added to the club's publicity fund for use at the national convention at Nashville, Tenn. The luncheon included cantaloupe a la mode, besides such edibles as stewed chicken and other items difficult to manage with a knife alone.

GEORGIA

PROGRESS of the heretic hunt in the capital of the Invisible Empire and Coca Cola, as reported by the Associated Press from Atlanta:

> In a sermon preached last night at the Central Baptist Church, the Rev. W. L. Hambrick, the pastor, severely scored President Coolidge for having "placed God third" in a radio address to Boy Scouts. "During the World War," said Dr. Hambrick, "we justly criticized and condemned the Kaiser for referring to God as secondary—'me und gott'—but last Friday our own President took the liberty of moving God down a step further and put Him in third place. In his radio address to the Boy Scouts he urged them to reverence first nature, second law, third God. It is very unfortunate that our President should have been so careless with his thoughts and words, for in so doing, in my judgment, he has not only dishonored the office he holds, but that God we worship and serve. I think it is a shame on our Nation and a slur on Christianity."

PROUD boasts of the estimable Atlanta *Constitution:*

> Georgia produces enough fine apples each year for every man, woman and child in the State to have two bushels.
>
> Georgia's sanitarium for the insane has had for the past year every bed occupied and many waiting to be taken in.

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ILLINOIS

FROM a handbook for life insurance solicitors prepared by the Hon. S. W. Goss, vice-president of the Security Life Insurance Company, of Chicago:

> Be *chummy* with the undertakers. On the day after a funeral call on them and get the names of the pallbearers. They have seen death at short range and have probably thought seriously of what death would mean to them and their families. Probably, too, their close contact with death has caused them to think of close relatives and friends who should insure. In calling on these pallbearers do not forget that each of them has neighbors that he can tell you about.

INDIANA

EFFECTS of employing rough stuff in the service of the Kingdom, as reported by the Marion *Leader-Tribune:*

> On one occasion one of the lads, who had been an impossible camper because of his differences with other boys, his disregard for the will of the leaders, became an impossible member of the group. After a conference with leaders it was decided to try giving him some of his own medicine. Every means was used to make him face his misconduct like a man. This failing, he was given rough treatment by both boys and leaders. He ran off and stayed for some time. He finally came back, walked up to Camp Director Mellis and said, "I want to be a man. I am sorry." Forming hands in a circle the leader and some of the boys prayed together. This boy became a real camper.

BOONVILLE dispatch in the Greencastle *Daily Banner:*

> When Mrs. Etta Hewins, president of the W. C. T. U. here, swung an ax on a seized whiskey still, the members of the society sang, "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow!"

IOWA

PROGRESS of the New Jurisprudence in the Bible Belt, as described in a Centerville dispatch to the Ottumwa *Courier:*

> Two women were fined $25 each by the mayor here on charges of flirting.

DES MOINES, through the estimable *Sunday Register*, makes a belated entry for the Olympic games:

> Brother H. Brantman, 87 years old, delivering a testimony to the Assembly of God at Good Park, declared yesterday that he had never seen a movie. He added further that he had never tasted alcoholic beverages of any kind, had never soiled his lips with the stain of nicotine, and had never crossed the threshold of any kind of theatre.

KANSAS

DECAY of Christian rectitude in Kansas, as reported by the celebrated Topeka *Capital*, the Hon. Arthur Capper's paper:

> Nearly every set in Topeka was represented at the dinner-dance, last night, which marked the formal opening of the Hotel Kansan. Vases of yellow and white flowers formed the table decorations for the dinner, which was the last word in culinary achievement, starting, as it did, with caviar and ending with petit fours. A geisha girl in yellow satin pajamas who passed cigars at the end of the dinner and the fact that one of the women diners smoked a cigarette added greatly to the swankiness of the occasion, making the guests feel that, at last, the town had been admitted to the fraternity of big cities.

NOTE on the training of a scientist from the same great journal:

> Dr. M. F. Perkins, chiropractor, is now located in rooms 207–8 in the new Hotel Kansan. Before taking up the practice of chiropractic, Doctor Perkins operated a cleaning and pressing establishment at 727 Kansas Avenue.

KENTUCKY

SOLEMN warning by the Rev. Clarence Walker, pastor of Ashland Avenue Baptist Church, Lexington:

> It looks to me like Sunday visiting is one of the biggest enemies we have to contend with at Ashland Avenue Church. It is a sight on Sunday morning to see the cars headed out different pikes filled with whole families. And the fathers and mothers doing this thing are certainly leading their children into hell—yes, I said it, and I'll say it again. Parents who do not take their children to God's house and keep His day holy are leading their children into hell-fire.

MAINE

PROGRESS of therapeutic science in Maine, as reported by the Kennebec *Journal*, the leading public print of those parts:

> S. J. Pole, who is a Naturopath at 185A Main St., Waterville, who came here 3 months ago, is making a remarkable success. The sick people from different States are already flocking to his office from the following States: New York, Mass., and N. H., and a radius of 500 miles. They come on trains, automobiles, horses, donkeys, baby carriages and in every mode of transportation. Of course there has been nobody come in a flying machine yet because S. J. Pole has not provided any air drome on his roof; he is making preparations for out of town people to land on the roof. He is planning to build an air drome for people from a long distance like Cal. Time will tell what he will do. So far he has done wonders in curing people.

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MARYLAND

AESTHETIC note from the intelligent Baltimore *Sunpaper:*

> Perhaps the best answer to the question of why a jazz band should be spoken of as a serious musical enterprise is found in the box-office receipts.

MASSACHUSETTS

FROM the Poet's Corner of the Domestic Science Department of the eminent Boston *Post:*

> Remedies for Ants, Bedbugs and Fleas—
> Housewives now are in their glee,
> Why can't her home from such be free
> When Martin's Powders are had with ease?
> For to prevent them there's a way;
> As the powders are proving every day
> That Martin's Remedies is their friend—
> Ants, Bedbugs and Fleas their special blend.

FROM an oration discharged before the Rotarians of Brockton by the Hon. Isaac S. Kibrick:

> Had the czar of Russia and his subjects had Rotary training I doubt if those tragic scenes over there would have been enacted.

MISSOURI

FROM the esteemed *Globe-Democrat's* summary of a speech before the St. Louis Kiwanis Club by Col. W. C. Archer, a gifted sociologist of Washington, D. C.:

> He said civilization today is merely working back to the heights reached by Babylon, Greece and Rome, heights which have only been approximated. He declared the attention given to sanitation by these great cities of the past, as shown by the ruins of water systems, baths and sewers, was the true index of their civilization. Babe Ruth, and the American athletes who captured most of the honors in the Olympic games, were products of the American shower bath, he declared. Col. Archer said the Russian Communist uprising, from whose effects Europe is still suffering, would never have occurred if Russian homes had been equipped with bath tubs and other sanitary appliances.

OFFICIAL effort to civilize the natives of Johnson county, as reported by the Warrensburg *Star-Journal:*

> John Burnett, in charge of the court house, asks that all who attend the band concert tonight be careful and not pull up the grass. Much damage has been done to the lawn by people pulling up the grass while they listen to the concert.

NEW JERSEY

SAD but somehow comforting news from the *Pillar of Fire* of Zarephath, N. J.:

> The Church that God through Wesley launched,
> Two hundred years ago
> Is going now beneath the waves,
> Down to eternal woe.
>
> She's lost her pow'r to discipline
> Her pleasure-loving youth—
> Her ministers no longer preach
> The simple gospel truth.
>
> 'Tis sad indeed to see her sink
> Into the briny deep,
> Yet naught is there that one can do,
> But o'er her wreckage weep.

NEW MEXICO

JUDICIAL remarks of Leahy, J., of the District Court at Albuquerque, delivered from the bench during the hearing of the case of The State vs. Magee:

> It remained for you [Magee], a political harlot from the State of Oklahoma, to come here and make these charges against me. I use the term "political harlot" advisedly. . . .
>
> You published an editorial from another paper headed "Resign." The editor of that paper, like you, is also a political harlot from the same place. I might add, in addition, that he is a fat-headed semi-imbecile, incapable of earning a living. . . .
>
> You [Magee] have shown yourself to be a low down—I was about to say skunk; but there is this difference between you and a skunk. A skunk has a white stripe on his back and there is nothing white about you. You are merely a mangy yellow cur. . . .

NEW YORK

FROM an address by Dr. J. H. Hawkins at Oceanside, L. I.:

> The way you can tell a Klansman is by looking at a clean, upright man who does not live with another man's wife.

PROUD boast of the Rev. William Carter, D.D., pastor of the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn:

> Brooklyn, thank God, is still the City of Churches. Heresies originate in New York, not in Brooklyn. Between us geographically is the East River, but theologically there is something far broader and deeper. Brooklyn still believes in the Bible as the inspired word of God.

NORTH CAROLINA

FROM a public statement by the Hon. W.

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F. Cooper, superintendent of the Southern Railway at Salisbury:

Nothing gives me more pleasure than to be able to testify to the wonderful results which I have been able personally to observe of the "Billy" Sunday campaigns in our southern States. As you doubtless know, the Southern Railway has thousands of employés located in the cities of Spartanburg, Columbia and Charleston, S. C., and Charlotte, N. C. All of the above places have had "Billy" within the past 18 months. From a purely worldly standpoint, he and his faithful band of co-workers have been worth millions of dollars to our company, for, as you know, Christian men make the best employés, and we know hundreds have been led to Christ through this servant of God. As for my own experience, "Billy" Sunday has helped me, and I am trying to help others. We are making the religion of the Lord Jesus real on the Southern Railway.

OHIO

FASHION note from a booklet issued by a Cleveland hotel:

A man may wear a red necktie, a green vest and tan shoes, and still be a gentleman.

SPECIMEN 100% dithyrambs from the *Rhythmic World*, the organ of the New Poetry Movement in Cincinnati:

TO ARMS! To arms! To arms! To arms!
Rise ye, end all the alarms.
Hesitate no longer to fight;
Rise ye, conquer in the right.

CHORUS:

Patriots, hear your country call you;
Rise ye, loyal, good and true.
To arms! To arms! To arms!
Patriots, now, your country needs you;
Rise ye, loyal, good and true.
To arms! To arms! To arms!

March on! March on! March on! March on!
Battles wait you to be won.
Render service in the army;
Train ye, for the victory.

Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!
Rise ye, every loyal son.
Render service in the navy;
Win the fight for liberty.

On, carry on! On, carry on!
Joined together, all as one.
In the army, navy, all true;
Thus, your country, now, needs you.

OKLAHOMA

FROM the platform of the Hon. S. R. Smith, a candidate for Congress in the Second Oklahoma District:

If any thief or robber is caught and proven guilty without a doubt, he must return the money or property or go to the pen and workit out at a reasonable wage before he serves his sentence for committing the crime.

If any one commits a crime while he is under the influence of intoxication he shall be punished double what he would be if he had done it while sober.

Any rancher or corporation must urnish bedding for the laborers when it is out of town. That would stop the blanket carrying in the West.

If any one has been found guilty of stealing or robbing without a doubt they can't get a pardon but must serve the sentence that is gave them.

No cold blooded murder should be allowed a pardon but should serve the sentence that is gave them.

No one should be allowed to gain their freedom by pleading the crazy act.

OPTIMISTIC note from the *Daily Oklahoman*, of Oklahoma City:

It will be at least another century before a second Woodrow Wilson is given to the people of America. Such supermen are not given to every generation.

PENNSYLVANIA

FROM a signed editorial by the publisher of the Altoona *Mirror* in the fiftieth anniversary issue of his estimable gazette:

The one outstanding fact of the success the *Mirror* has attained has been primarily the faith in and accountability to God, our Heavenly Father, and the acknowledgment of the same.

Business is religion.

Religion is God.

God is Truth.

Many, many times have I heard the founder of the *Mirror*, my beloved father, talk to his Heavenly Father about the *Mirror*. And here let me say to you business men and others: There is nothing that can take the place of prayer.

SOUTH CAROLINA

OPINION of the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday credited to the Hon. William D. Melton, LL.B., LL.D., president of the University of South Carolina, chairman of the South Carolina Four-Minute Men during the World War, author of "Our Country: Its Foundations, Its Problems and Its Future," and member of the American Bar Association, the Kappa Sigma fraternity, and the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine:

I believe him to be the world's greatest evangelist, and long to hear him again.

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TEXAS

THE Higher Learning at the University of Texas, as described in a public bull by the Hon. L. H. Stark, president of the Board of Regents:

> I am not opposing the selection of men on the university faculty because they have liberal views, but I do and will continue to oppose all those who are not God-fearing men. And we will not have any Socialists up there.

EDITORIAL in the *Alcade*, the alumni publication of the University of Texas, on the same subject:

> We are advised that the Board of Regents of the University of Texas recently passed a resolution requiring the belief in God as a supreme being as a prerequisite to employment in the University, and denying employment to atheists, agnostics, and infidels. It may be that atheists, agnostics, and infidels have a right to be taught by their own kind, but the fact remains that the citizenship of Texas is fully ninety per cent Christian in belief, whether it is in practice or not. This is a country of God-fearing people. The majority of the boys and girls who attend the University of Texas come from good homes where the name of God is held in reverence, and there is no reason why, as far as possible, they should not be taught by men and women who do not deny the existence of God. There are many reasons why the Board of Regents was right in passing the resolution, but the one pointed out is sufficient.

SPECIMEN recreation of the 90% of Christians in Harrison county, as described in a press dispatch from Marshall:

> Starr Green, under arrest for the whipping to death of Isaiah Sanders, a Negro farm laborer near here last Saturday, to-day told the police he and several other men went to the baseball grounds to whip Sanders because the Negro had cursed Green's brother, Charles, on whose farm Sanders had worked.
>
> When they approached, the Negro drew his knife. Green said that he then leveled a shotgun at the Negro, and was about to shoot when one of his party said:
>
> "Don't shoot; I'll kill him with this bat," and struck the Negro on the head with a bat.
>
> "Then two of us held Sanders and the others whipped him," Green went on. "The Negro was not hard to hold after he had been struck with a bat, and we whipped him about twenty minutes."

WASHINGTON

QUALITIES esteemed in a public man along the Yakima and Columbia rivers, as revealed by a circular issued by the Hon. E. L. French, candidate for Governor of Washington:

> During Mr. French's twelve years in the Legislature he voted for the following bills affecting social conditions:
>
> Local option.
> Lazy husband act.
> Complete Prohibition.
> "Red light" abatement act.
> Ratifying United States Prohibition.
> Single standard in adultery.
> Outlawing race-track gambling.
>
> In the 1920 special session of the Legislature, some of Mr. French's votes on patriotic legislation were:
>
> Flag salute in schools.
> Preventing desecration of flag.
> Compelling schools to fly a flag.
> Barring aliens who claimed war exemption from citizenship.
> Requiring high school students to give year's study to American history.
> Prohibiting exhibition of flag of associations plotting against Government.
> Prohibiting employment as teachers of aliens or of those whose certificates are canceled for failure to impress principles of patriotism upon pupils.

WISCONSIN

THE moral equivalent of necking among the Badger Calvinists, as described in a poster on the grounds of the Presbyterian Students' Building at the Summer School of the University of Wisconsin:

> SUNRISE BREAKFAST
>
> Up with the Early Birds!
> Sunday Morning.
> Meet here at:
> 4.30 A. M. Gray Birds (Dawn)
> 5.00 " " Red Birds (Rising Sun)
> 6.00 " " White Birds (Light of Day)
> Cost price breakfast served on the lawn at the above hours.
> Sign up early!

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WHY MEN LEAVE KANSAS

BY CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

I WAS editor of the largest daily newspaper in Kansas for five years. I have resigned. I have migrated eastward. Let Ed Howe and Bill White and Henry Allen and Vic Murdock take care of the Uplift out there henceforth. I'm through.

There are many journalistic giants in Kansas. They survive there because they are the fittest, I suppose. We who are less fit run away. Well, let them survive and have the glory of it. Five years of it was enough for me.

Pray don't misunderstand me. Kansas is all right. Kansas people are the best in the world, as they are told every Fourth of July. But there's the Kansas Complex. That's the whole trouble.

There has been too much polite silence, in song and story, about the Kansas Complex. The world is entitled to know something about it. For it often becomes a factor in national affairs, and it puzzles those Easterners who never have edited Kansas newspapers.

Let's get right down to cases. There was, for example, Amanda Giffin. A figure of some importance in State and local politics during my entire term in Kansas. About 70 years old, small, withered, wiry, wordy, full of energy and Christian fire. She smashed saloons with Carrie Nation a generation ago, and is proud of her magnificent jail record. A street-corner speaker, a powerful and vociferous hater.

She hates Republicans, Henry Allen, club women, the Associated Charities of Wichita, nearly all the preachers, the Catholics, the devil, cigarettes and a long and variegated list of local politicians and office-holders. She draws florid caricatures of the persons she dislikes, and writes very poor rhymes about them; then she has the stuff printed on leaflets, and sells the leaflets on the streets. Thus she makes an excellent living, and dresses fashionably and in excellent taste.

Amanda Giffin visited me in my sanctum many times every week.

"Well," she'd say, on entering, "I've got something on the Reverend Bing at last. That old crook! Just listen to what Mrs. Bluekins told me about him . . ."

Then:

"And that old scoundrel at the Courthouse! Why, he's robbing the people of this county blind. I just made a speech about him, and I'm having a cartoon printed. I'm going over to the hotel now, where Old Henry Allen is making a speech at a dinner of the Rotary Club, and I'm going to tell the people over there something they don't know."

Ecclesiastics of all sects were constantly being "exposed" on street corners by Amanda. She even went to evening services at their churches, stood outside the front door, and got a bigger crowd than the preacher, telling her alleged secrets about his past in her high, piping voice.

You will agree that Amanda Giffin would not be possible except in Kansas.

II

"Miss Florence Toomey to see you," announces the office-boy.

"Tell her I'm dead and buried," I reply, digging into my mail.

Vain lie! Florence is upon me in an instant.

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She is a militant patriot and uplifter, tireless in her efforts to reform the world and all that dwell therein. She weighs 230 pounds and wears a terrifying pair of glasses, attached to an incredibly long gold chain. She seats herself with her ample back to the office door, facing me, training the fearsome glasses upon me, one powerful leg planted at either side of the office. Escape is out of the question.

She has found something unpatriotic in a textbook used in the public schools, and is going to call a mass-meeting. She is going to bring General Ironjaw to town to lecture on the Constitution. She is going to place a copy of the Constitution in every home in America. She is going to put on five plays of three acts each to raise money to buy flagpoles for all the schools, hospitals and churches. She is going to show that Mrs. Lofty her place in this town. She is going to . . .

I am on the verge of coma when she leaves. And I know that she will be back tomorrow and the next day and the next week, each time with more dreadful discoveries and more tall talk.

Mrs. Laura James comes next. She steals in on me quietly. Fifty, worried, furtive, but wordy.

"Praise the Lord, I've found you in! I want to show you my invention for chopping the heads off of chickens. See, here's the model I made with my own hands. Stick the rooster's head in this hole, turn the crank twice to the right, and his head is off. Yes, and if he had ten heads, they would all be off. It's going to create a revolution in home-making, and I'm not charging the people of America anything for the idea. My present to America!"

As representative of the country I murmur thanks and turn to my desk. But no.

"Praise the Lord, I'm going to use this invention to advertise the League of Nations and world peace. Yes, indeed, when I was in Washington it was some great Senator with whiskers, and I think his name was Lodge, who said to me, 'Praise the Lord,' he said, 'Mrs. James, I wish you luck with your plan for building a canal under the Rocky Mountains.' Yes, and it was a man who looked very like the President, and may have been him, who said that I had a great idea there."

Laura once actually visited Washington. I'd never have heard the last of it if I hadn't pulled up stakes and fled from Kansas.

Now for John Joseph Adams. A regular caller. He writes me letters, and then comes in to explain them to me. Neat, intelligent looking, fairly well educated, but altogether devoted to the Single Tax, Proportional Representation and dried bread-crusts. He carries bread-crusts in his pockets 48 hours before eating them, so that they may become thoroughly dry. He carefully disposes of the white part of the bread, and keeps only the crust to eat. He predicts untimely death for all who eat fresh or soft bread. He is a spiritualist, also.

"I just brought you a little spirit letter I had from Henry George last night," he explains. "The old fellow was at his best, as you will observe from this very witty passage."

And he reads it at length.

Another visitor follows. He is Al Whitney, a retired ice-cream manufacturer. He has nothing to do now but read Bob Ingersoll, and he thinks I have nothing to do but listen. He wants to read whole speeches aloud to me, or recite them without the aid of the book. Al got me into a town row because he wanted to name a new school building after his hero, and I printed something about it. We fought out a city election on the issue of naming that school, and several citizens lost their reputations in the fight. A man on the East Side wanted to call it the Carrie Nation and a woman on the West Side would stand for nothing but the Gift of God. Both had partisans, and Ingersoll also was not without a following. It was a classical campaign for Kansas.

The Rev. George Green is in favor of

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world peace and spelling reform. He visited my office often and long, and it took him many minutes to say a few words. He is venerable, but a bore.

A farmer in Oklahoma wrote a book refuting Einstein and his theory of relativity. Of course he moved to Kansas, and spent all his time visiting editors and reading extracts from his book to them.

One of my constant visitors could talk about nothing but rats and the damage they do. He had gaudy schemes for exterminating them, and needed editorial support.

Another man begged me to help him escape from the Shriners, who, he declared, were stealing registered letters that he wrote to himself. A woman haunted my office in the hope of obtaining aid against the Knights of Columbus, who, she said, had made a wreck and a ruin of her life by employing detectives to spy upon her. A young man sat upon my desk, lit a cigarette and calmly announced: "I'm the Messiah." I said I was glad to meet him, but I wasn't.

Two raw-boned farmers, turned chiropractors, stretched me out on a table in my office and wrecked my back in an uninvited and informal clinic, the object of which was to cure my hiccoughs and gain my support for the chiropractic mystery. A foot-crank pulled off my shoe and gave me a terrible crack with his fist in the hollowest part of the sole, to demonstrate how he cured fallen arches. A shell-shocked ex-soldier and an alcoholic ex-slacker started to throw me out of a window for publishing a news dispatch about Ludendorff.

Worst of all, I suppose, were the currency specialists. It seemed to me that two-thirds of the people in Kansas had currency reform schemes of their own, and that all of them came to my office to launch them. One wanted a currency based upon wheat in the bin. Another had outlined in five hundred badly scribbled pages a plan for basing the currency upon what he called the needs of the people. A third based it upon growing crops, and there was also one who wanted all paper money issued on a basis of old clothes. Each of these reformers was magnificently confident.

Next in order was the endless stream of earnest men with plans for grandiose engineering projects. One proposed to cover the whole country with artesian wells. Another wanted to dig gigantic artificial lakes all over Kansas. A third wanted to make a canal from Galveston to Winnipeg, right away. The schemes for railroads and airways were numberless, and one of the most insistent of my callers had a plan for a railroad that would run on armatures instead of on wheels, and would require no grease on the bearings.

III

I am aware, of course, that cranks and uplifters exist the world over, and that they naturally swarm in newspaper offices. But outside of Kansas it is considered a regular and necessary procedure to throw them downstairs or to drop them silently into elevator shafts. Large, swarthy men are employed to toss these bores down light wells or out into the traffic. If one of them ever gets close enough to the editor to start unfolding his project for saving the world, a cleverly concealed office boy strikes him from behind in a way that renders the end painless and all but noiseless.

But in Kansas it is essential that these persons be listened to patiently and treated respectfully. They wield a great power. They take the paper. They have cousins who advertise. They hold responsible and even eminent positions in the life of the commonwealth. They are respected by everyone. Run one of them through with the office bodkin, and your employer, the publisher, is undone. The community will turn against him and quit reading his paper. Kansas believes in and venerates ideas.

The State was settled, just before the Civil War, by John Brown and others like

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him. These settlers migrated from the Atlantic Coast for the express purpose of getting into a fight about slavery. Now, anybody who will drive a covered wagon from Boston to Topeka for the sole purpose of finding a fight has a lot of energy and determination. He is strong for his principles, and he is out to do good. John Brown was that way. There is no truer line in all hymnology than the one that says that "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." His soul certainly goes marching on in Kansas. It is on the road day and night.

The heart and core of the Kansas Complex is a pathological desire to do good, to wreak good upon humankind, regardless of the yells. Glance back over my much-abbreviated list of office visitors. You will observe that the prime motive of every one of them was a desire to do good in spite of all hell and all humanity. Mixed with this determination there is always a highly religious and emotional temperament. Even the follower of Ingersoll has the religious motive strong within him, and is made miserable by his constant effort to combat it. He talks religion all the time.

The Kansans are independent thinkers. They put H. G. Wells out of their lives and public libraries because they do not agree with him about the origin of animal life on this globe. The mere fact that people in New York or St. Louis read his books does not impress the independent Kansan as any reason why he himself should read them, or permit them to be read within the borders of his State. The rest of the country may have its doubts about, say, faith-healers, but such doubts have no effect upon the mind of Kansas. The towns and cities of the State hail and enrich whole droves of faith-healers of every known variety all the year round. I have read on the first page of a Kansas newspaper, as a sober recital of fact, a circumstantial story of a miracle performed by a female faith-healer who drove a storm away before proceeding to heal the multitude with applications of olive oil and prayer. This wonder woman mispronounced a very large percentage of the commonest English words, but she measured her Kansas winnings by the bucketful at a season when the doctors of medicine were obliged to put off the rent collectors until there should be a better crop of corn.

Kansas, indeed, is a fine place for merchanting new ideas about the coinage and the hidden meaning of the Apocalypse. But it is no place for an editor who desires any sleep.

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THE DILEMMA OF THE NEGRO

BY W. E. BURGHARDT DuBOIS

ONCE upon a time an Indianapolis physician of good practice went to war as a private and in France became a captain in the Medical Corps of the A. E. F. He served his unit well, but eventually came down with over-work and was invalided back to a base hospital. There, as he convalesced, his skill became known. Good physicians were all too scarce in that hospital, and so the chief surgeon used this one, although he was a colored man. He proved to be very competent, and when the matter of promotions came up, the hospital authorities did not hesitate to recommend Dr. Joseph H. Ward for appointment to the rank of major in the Medical Corps.

Now, if these authorities had been Regular Army men they would have done no such unethical thing. In the Regular Army one seldom recommends Negroes for promotion, and never for promotion above a captaincy, no matter what their ability. But the recommendation went in and the higher officials, not knowing Dr. Ward's color, duly promoted him. When, however, he got well and was discharged, and returned to his former regiment, his white fellow officers were beside themselves with vexation—and eventually, by the operation of official red tape, he was excused from duty in the field and sent home to America.

The other day the newspapers carried the news that this same Dr. Joseph H. Ward had been appointed head of the great veterans' hospital at Tuskegee, Ala., replacing the last white official there and making the whole staff colored. And that here had ended happily a long controversy.

Most white Americans, reading the dispatch, were probably chiefly interested in the rather surprising discovery that a great modern hospital could be manned by Negroes. They had no doubt thought, generally speaking, that even granting that this was desirable, not enough sufficiently trained colored physicians could be found.

It is, indeed, a fact that the black man in America has his difficulties in getting a medical education. There are only two colored medical schools in the country and neither is adequately equipped; and if a colored man goes to a white school troubles are likely to arise for him. J. E. Coleman, for instance, has for the last two years been a student at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. He is not going back next year. This is not because of any deficiency in his scholarship, for though he has worked nights in the Philadelphia Post-Office as a mail clerk and studied in the daytime, his marks in the various courses have run from 87 to 95 and he has had honorable mention for the anatomy prize. But this year he was asked not to come back. The college did not want to instruct a colored man in clinical work. Thus, the path of the colored physician has its thorns. Nevertheless, the number of trained Negro medical men in the United States is already large and growing daily larger, and there was no real difficulty in manning the great hospital at Tuskegee with colored men—nor, indeed, in manning also a dozen other hospitals, such as the Freedman's at Washington, the Mercy and Douglass at Philadelphia, and the Provident at Kansas City.

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Colored folk, however, know that the matter of professional ability was not the main question in the Tuskegee case—that the whole affair was but a milestone along the curious path which Negro America is traveling. It is a path that runs up hill and down, through dark forests and sunny glades, but especially it turns and twists so frequently that one cannot see just where one is going.

II

After the Civil War, when by law we were seeking the social and economic emancipation of the black freedmen, the South sought, as all oligarchies have done since time began, to set up a policy of separation. The development of the white and black races in the South was to be along equal but separate paths, and a program was gradually laid down for separate schools, separate churches, separate travel, separate restaurants, separate residential districts and the like. Of course there was a logical *impasse* here. Separation manifestly could not go to complete economic and social division, since the South was still dependent upon the Negro for labor and the Negro was an integral part of its organized economic society. Moreover, the South did not really expect complete separation. It expected only subordination. What it believed was that without white leadership in human culture, the Negro could not develop far or fast. Separation would doom him practically to permanent subordination.

Immediately it became the established policy of the Negroes to fight separation, primarily because it meant subordination —because it meant lack of essential cultural contact. Yet the fight of the Negroes against it was not whole-hearted or complete. Of course, they fought the insulting Jim Crow cars and all attempts to make them live in slums, but when it came to schools, though they objected to the separate school in theory, in practice they did not want hateful white people teaching their children, and in their churches they distinctly demanded colored preachers because white religion did not seem to them real religion. Their fight against separation was tempered, therefore, by the potent fact that in a world of enemies one prefers to consort with one's friends in sheer self-defense.

So long, however, as consorting mainly with their own meant contact with ignorance and degradation, the more aspiring Negroes continued to fight segregation, even in the school and the church. But gradually, there came a subtle change. The Negro began to find culture increasing within his own ranks. He began to get a few educated Negro preachers, many trained Negro teachers, and some skilled Negro physicians—cultured individuals in his own group who were not only able to impart the elements of civilization to others but were able to do it in much pleasanter and more effective ways than most white people. Thus and suddenly, the Negro began to discover that not only was he theoretically the "equal" of the white man, but that in fact and in his own experience a swiftly growing number of his people were, for his purposes, superior; that he would rather be preached to by colored ministers, that he would rather be taught by colored teachers, that he would rather meet colored folk because they were so extraordinarily interesting and were in truth his own.

Thus there came a curious whirling of public opinion inside the colored group. Separation, for the most part, not only ceased to hinder the race from making any cultural advance, but even helped it forward. But forward toward what? Exactly the same thing was happening in Negro America that happened in Germany when she discovered cultural resources within her own soul that made her independent of French culture; the same thing that happened in Ireland when she decided that to be Irish was even more desirable than to be English. In both these cases, however, self-realization in a new group led inevitably to—but back to our muttons!

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III

The colored people found themselves facing, most unexpectedly, an inner paradox. I ventured once to point out this paradox to a colored group. It was in Philadelphia and last year. I can see again that mass of intent faces staring up with a perplexity in which hostility and wonder were mingled. I said to them: "The Cheyney Normal School must have State aid or it will die. We cannot let it die, we need it; yet State aid makes it in fact if not in law a Negro normal school in Pennsylvania. Very good. If you promote a great Negro institution, well supported, beautifully built, with teachers from the greatest universities in the world, this is Race Pride. But at the same time this is also Segregation." And I added: "The point that you must remember is this: the demands of democracy and the demands of group advancement cannot always be reconciled. The race pride of Negroes is not an antidote to the race pride of white people; it is simply the other side of a hateful thing. On the other hand, if you seek to carry out the principles of democracy in America today you deliver your children to the mercies of white teachers who in many cases neglect or hate them."

My audience was disturbed. Some accused me bitterly of advocating segregation. Others declared I was fighting segregation to the last ditch. Thus one sees in embryo signs of future cleavage within the Negro race as it faces this cruel paradox.

But there are some situations where, in this matter of race separation, no Negro may hesitate even for a moment: all must move in a vast and solid phalanx. Such was the Tuskegee case. Negroes would, of course, have preferred admission to the great military hospitals on the same terms as other citizens, but for one bitter fact: what it means in most cases for a colored man to be in a hospital with white physicians and white nurses the poor maimed black boys in the Great War knew to their eternal cost. I remember a colored officer who was brought in war and Winter to the base hospital at Toul, half dead with pneumonia. It was dark and he was light; or, to put it differently, it was twilight and he was a mulatto. The nurses laid him in the anteroom and lighted matches to examine his hair in order to be sure of his color before they selected his ward! There were exceptions, to be sure, and Negroes sometimes received the most considerate and thoughtful treatment, but for the most part the memory of the Red Cross nurse in the Great War is a horror to the black American soldier. Thus the difference between a hospital with Southern whites in control and a hospital with colored physicians and nurses is, to the vision of most black folk, the difference between Hell and Heaven.

When the great veterans' hospital was established at Tuskegee, white Alabamans immediately demanded full control of it, and of its necessarily large income. They even offered to change their Jim Crow laws so that they could install white nurses with black "nursemaids"! Now, the tradition at Tuskegee has been to yield to the white South and to accept separation along traditional lines as both necessary and proper. A suggestion to the late Booker T. Washington once stopped the Tuskegee teachers from playing tennis for a while because their white neighbors did not like to see Negroes thus disporting themselves. Nevertheless, Mr. Washington was a very shrewd man and while he yielded on points which he thought unessential he managed to extract always a certain *quid pro quo*.

His successor, Dr. Moton, is a man of much simpler and more straightforward type and for a while the white Southerners regarded him as putty under their fine Italian hands—and the American Negro was disposed to agree with them. For instance, once they patently fooled Moton. His wife was put out of a Pullman car in Alabama. One of the local white trustees offered to attend to the publicity flowing

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out of the event and he made Moton say in the papers that he did not believe that colored people should ride in Pullman cars! This was telegraphed all over the land. What could Moton do? If he told the world that the trustee had misrepresented him he must leave Tuskegee. He did nothing, and the wrath of black America descended bitterly upon his head.

Again, President Wilson sent Mr. Moton abroad to tell the colored soldiers to behave themselves when they came home. Now, at just that time the colored soldiers in France were furious with resentment at their treatment by the whites. They said that their officers were more eager to Jim Crow them than to fight the Germans, and spent more time and trouble at it. They told a tale of cruelty and humiliation that has few parallels. The message, then, that Moton brought was not the message that Negro soldiers wanted to hear, and again the wrath of black America descended on his head.

In the case of the Tuskegee hospital everybody expected Mr. Moton to yield, and what was the wrath and disgust of white Alabama when he refused! Even when he was threatened with mob violence he simply nodded patiently and told them that they would have to go ahead. He did not yield and he could not yield. He called the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to his aid and all black America stood firm.

Thereupon white Alabama tried other tactics. It appealed to the white North. The real trouble, it intimated, was that Negroes capable of running an institution of that sort were not to be found—that the "best" Negroes and "best" whites were getting on very nicely in the South, and "Why wave the bloody shirt?" It argued that contemptible Northern Negro radicals were stirring up all the trouble. But this did not work, for the Negroes had become conscious of their political power and were disposed to wield it. President Harding had but lately surrendered to the Lily Whites, with the result that instead of increasing the Republican vote he caused certain important Republican congressmen, such as C. Bascom Slemp, to lose their seats. Therefore, Mr. Harding now promised to see that colored physicians were put in charge of the hospital. Nothing was left for white Tuskegee to do but to appeal to mob law, and so it staged a Ku Klux parade. But this device, while very picturesque, was really trenching on difficult ground. How far could the village of Tuskegee defy the United States? Discreet white Southerners and Northern friends of the South suggested that this could not go very far. The net result was that Mr. Coolidge, as a new election approached, appointed Major Ward in place of the last white man.

IV

The same problem faces the Negro in another form in his schools. Since the great crusade of Reconstruction, when Northern white men and women of the finest type went South to teach the eager freedmen, there has been a tradition of white and Negro teachers working together in the higher Negro schools. The South has again and again attacked the system by law and by social wrath, but still this contact of white and black America long remained the finest cultural contact between diverse races that the world afforded. America may never know, in the pother of race hate, how much she owes to the fact that up to the present no liberally trained Negro has walked into the world who had not in his youth held the hand of a white teacher and friend.

But change has come. The romance of the crusader has faded and the courage of the martyr. The white South, by steady and unyielding pressure, is demanding of all white folk down there conformity to Southern ideas about the Negro. To this demand has been joined the financial pressure of the philanthropic North and especially of such agencies as the General Education Board, on which the white

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South has strong representation and the Negro no voice. It has gradually become a recognized rule of philanthropy that no Negro higher school can survive unless it pleases the white South. This domination is maintained through white Southerners on the boards of trustees, through the teaching force, and especially by pressure on white Northern presidents and teachers.

The results can be seen at Atlanta, Hampton and Fisk. Atlanta University is an institution where white and colored teachers are pretty well mixed and where the alumni are strongly represented on the board of trustees, where teachers and students eat together in the same dining-room and live under conditions of perfect social equality. This institution is hated by the white South, and the influence of the white South is so strong with philanthropists and philanthropic organizations that Atlanta University is starving today. Despite its great record, it has not half the income it needs; its teachers are wretchedly underpaid; its equipment is painfully inadequate.

Hampton, on the other hand, is the pet of philanthropy and of the white South. Three active local Southern trustees have a large influence with its principal and on its policy. Turn now to Fisk. Fisk is historically the great Negro university. It gave the world the Negro folk-song. Several of its former professors, such as Spence, Chase and Morgan, were great scholars; its first president, Erastus Cravath, was a great American by any standard. Its graduates cover the nation and lead the black world. But Fisk is fallen. As was once said of Brown, "Yesterday we had a president, today we have a million dollars." The president of Fisk started to raise an endowment. He knew that the way to do it was to win for his methods and opinions the imprimatur of white Tennessee. He was successful, and today Fisk is the best endowed Negro college in America, just as Hampton is the best endowed Negro school.

But the Negro, far from being satisfied, is bitter with resentment, for the irreducible demand of the white South in Negro schools is the teaching and practice of submission to insult—insult of Negroes to make them know their place. This the South insists upon. To it the present white teachers are continually yielding. There is no doubt of the fact. Talk as we will of the new "inter-racial" Southern spirit, the white South today stands alone in the civilized world in demanding as a condition of daily intercourse with fellow human beings that they submit to personal humiliation.

Let me illustrate: Robert Moton, of whom I just spoke, is a notable American. He has an honorary LL.D. from Oberlin; he is the most distinguished living graduate of Hampton, and a member of its board of trustees. A short time ago he visited Hampton. He entered the dining-room where he used to board. He sat down at the table to greet an old fellow-worker —not to eat. Immediately a Southern white woman, teaching at Hampton, arose and ostentatiously left the table and the dining-room. She is still teaching at Hampton.

There is at Hampton a colored woman teacher who has the Phi Beta Kappa key from Oberlin. A meeting of the chapter in Virginia was called at Williamsburg. Her name was deliberately omitted from the list of persons invited by the authorities of Hampton; and when the white teachers learned this by accident and in protest refused to go, the principal, Dr. Gregg, and the dean of women, a Southern white woman, went to represent Hampton.

Similar things are happening at Fisk. Fisk has had Southern white teachers who have declined even to greet their colored colleagues on the campus. Gradually the colored professors are being forced out and no new ones appointed. Not a single dean or head of a department today is colored. In order to forward his campaign to raise fifty thousand dollars of endowment in the white South, President McKenzie made use of the celebrated Fisk music.

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The South loves the Negro folk-song and Fisk can sing it. But the white South will not come to Fisk to hear Fisk sing. Fisk must come to it and come on its knees. Just as the South refuses to my wife and daughter, as to white prostitutes, the title of Mrs. and Miss, just so it demands that Negroes entering its homes or clubs enter by the kitchen door.

Last year the president of Fisk took the girls' glee club, composed of young women from the best Negro families of America, downtown to the Grotto, a former raths-keller. He sent them into the kitchen entrance and had them sing to white men in a smoke-filled room. Later he took them out to a fashionable Southern girls' finishing-school, and again sent them into the kitchen door and had them sing to these supercilious young ladies. When the male glee club departed for England the president arranged a concert in town with the colored members of his faculty Jim Crowed, the colored audience Jim Crowed, and separate windows for whites and Negroes to buy tickets!

With all this there grow up between students and teachers in such institutions as Hampton and Fisk all sorts of distrust and suspicion. The South still wants these schools to train servants and docile cheap labor, and the white teachers obediently discourage the ambitious. There is no talk of hitching wagons to stars at Fisk and Hampton.

Even in the North this attitude of the South is reflected. At Lincoln University in Pennsylvania the faculty consists of a body of white professors with white and colored instructors and colored male students. No black man has ever been appointed a professor at Lincoln and the black alumni are without voice or influence on the board of trustees. Many of the white teachers have been conscientious and thorough, but can the Negro race accept without protest an institution which draws the color line in its own faculty? At Howard University, with colored and white teachers, colored and white trustees and a white president, we have perpetual turmoil over the president's attitude toward colored folk and his treatment of colored professors.

V

The alumni of these institutions have long hesitated. If they complain, if they assert their power of boycott, what will follow? Will a change from one white president to another mean anything? In most cases it will not. What, then, will a change to a colored president mean? First, it will mean a wholly colored faculty, for what white person will dare to brave public opinion by serving under a Negro superior? It will mean, in many cases, a more or less complete withdrawal of white philanthropy—and the higher education, in both white and black America, is mainly dependent on the rich.

These things the Negro must face, and of them all the loss of social contacts on a high plane is the most serious. If black colleges are forced by illiberal and insulting policies to demand complete colored control they will cut the strongest spiritual tie between the white and black races in America. This cultural contact of white and colored teachers with each other and of students with a mixed faculty has undoubtedly been one of the greatest sources of racial peace in the United States. To end it would be not only unfortunate; it would be calamitous. But if social contact can be had only at the cost of such racial degradation as has been described, then the Negro race is almost forced to ask for its own teachers and to support its own colleges and universities—or to demand State aid for Jim Crow higher training. This is exactly what has happened in Pennsylvania.

Here, again, there has been a developing situation. Formerly, to turn over a school to colored teachers meant the retrogression of the school, and colored people knew it and resisted it. But they and their white friends did not always know the real

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reason. This reason was that a distinctly inferior type of man, who happened to be colored, was put in place of the former white man, and asked to conduct the school on a reduced appropriation with almost no guidance and advice from without. In nearly every State normal school of the South there have been from time to time, and in many cases there still remain, colored politicians and lick-spittles of a low type who have made learning a sham.

But this is changing. A new type of colored man is coming in and while he is finding small welcome and meagre coöperation in the State schools, in some of the private schools, such as Morehouse at Atlanta and Johnson Smith at Charlotte, he is getting splendid coöperation. Morehouse changed from a white president to a colored president, but the church which owned the school took a man of scholarship and character and unusual executive ability, it gave him increased appropriations, and he is building one of the finest institutions in the whole South, white or black. In it the colored people see a colored institution with a colored faculty where their sons are getting sympathetic attention and first-class training, and they are beginning to yearn for more schools of that kind.

VI

What will be the end of all this? Remember that the advance of the black American in the past twenty-five years has been, despite himself and unnoted by his friends, mainly along separatist lines. There has been increasing separation, with separate institutions, better leadership in these institutions, a larger group economy by which colored people serve themselves through their own stores, insurance societies and professional service, a tremendous and sometimes an almost fanatic increase of race pride. White people do not sense this. They see increasing race segregation and they are content and happy. The Negro too is content and happy. He is beating the white folks at their own game. He is gaining power. Larger and larger numbers are escaping all contact with the whites. What will be the end? Can we not see it plainly looming? Insult, separation, race pride, hate, war: there is the nasty horrible world-old thing creeping on us.

Impossible? Of course it is impossible for twelve million men to fight a hundred million—but can they not hate the harder for their very impotence? Whether they migrate, die or live, can they not add the red flame of their bitter hurt to all that mounting bill of deviltry which the dark world holds against the white? No—there's no hurry; it will not happen in our day. No. But it will happen. "A day unto the Lord is as a thousand years," and even the blind can see in the segregation of the American Negro a rebirth of racial concentration, of group friction, of reciprocal hate and despising, of world war.

Where are the pacifists? Where are the real people who fight war by the common-sense method of doing away with the things that cause war, instead of waiting until war and insanity and murder are here and then prancing to jail with a yell and a fine flourish? Why are the pacifists silent in these vast preliminaries of battle? Have they forgotten the fields of France, strewn with dead youth? Have they not seen the world staggering in rebirth, bereft of the flower of its manhood, and led by old men and cowards? If they have seen all this, what are they doing about it today and here, in America?

Nothing. Nothing. The damned fools do not even know what's going on!

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WALT WHITMAN ON HIMSELF

[From the Camden Diary of Horace Traubel[1]]

January 22, 1889.

WHITMAN said: "Did you ever notice in phlegmatic people that when stirred they are the fieriest of all? That when they let go all hell's in it; hell and damnation; the horriblest flames of perdition? Haven't you noticed it? Take me, for example. You don't often see me mad; I don't dare get mad; I get so damned mad when I get mad that it shakes me up too much—leaves ugly results; so I hold myself in sternly; have to; yes, must."

January 23

"I get humors—they come over me—when I resent being discussed at all, whether for good or bad; almost resent the good more than the bad; such emotional revolts; against you all, against myself; against words—God damn them, words; even the words I myself utter; wondering if anything was ever done worth while except in the final silences!"

January 24

Whitman showed me a letter just received from Allen Thorndyke Rice, editor of the *North American Review*, asking for a contribution to a symposium on the influence of novels on life. "He is very explicit," W. said, "the letter is quite long for such a thing; he is friendly to me; I should acknowledge it in some way; but as to writing about the novelists, novels, English, American, any other—God help me; I can't see my way to it." "Have you answered the note?" I asked. "No; I want to—mean to; Rice is serious; I take him so; but what he proposes is rather out of my line." I said: "Nonsense!" This stirred W. up. "Why do you say that? Nonsense? Why nonsense?" I said: "I didn't know you *had* a line; you speak of your line; what *is* your line? Ain't novels as much your line as history or anything else that's human as well as literary?" W. replied a bit testily: "You always come at me like a lawyer, shaking your fist in my face. If I say it's not in my line, then it's not in my line; that's the end of it; that settles it; do you hear? That settles it!" Once in a while he gets a little that way. I fired back at him: "Walt, you're guilty; you wouldn't get mad if you weren't guilty." He still held his own. "Perhaps I would; perhaps I wouldn't. Not my line; that's my say. Let's stop right there." This made me stubborn too. "Walt," I said, "what in hell's the matter with you? I never knew you to fly off on so little provocation." This got him. He quieted down at once. "It is a damned trifle, to be sure," he said; and he added: "Let's call it off." A minute later he said calmly: "Sure enough, why shouldn't I write about novels, too, if I am of the mind to?"

January 25

I spoke of the medieval illuminated books. Didn't they appeal to him? He said: "Yes, and no again. They are pathetic to me. They stand for someone's life—the labor of a whole life, all in one little book

[1] These extracts are from the fourth volume of Mr. Traubel's diary, hitherto unpublished. The first three volumes were published by Mitchell Kennerley; New York, 1905-08-14. Mr. Traubel died in 1919 and the rest of his notes have remained unpublished. He was Whitman's constant companion and literary executor.

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which you can hold in your hand, like the exquisite coverings I have seen brought from the East. Yes, I can sense them, but they are exclusive; they are made by slaves for masters. I find myself always looking for something different—for simple things made by simple people for simple people."

January 25

W. said to me tonight: "Always tell me the bad things people say of me." I asked: "Why?" He laughed. "If you don't someone else will. It's astonishing how much more anxious people are that I should hear the bad than I should hear the good things." "What induced you to say that, Walt?" "I got two anonymous letters in my mail today." "Where are they now?" He smiled, pointing to the stove. "Gone up in smoke!"

January 29

"No," said W., "Harvard never wanted me; I am not quite the sort. I need toning down or up or something to get me in presentable form for the ceremonials of seats of learning. You must understand that I never blame anybody or any organization or any university for discovering my cloven hoof. I am like the diplomatists who are *persona non grata;* I can't be tolerated by the kings, lords, lackeys, of culture, in the verbal courts of the mighty. I am mostly outlawed—and no wonder!"

January 30

"I pride myself on being a real humorist underneath everything else. There are some people who look upon 'Leaves of Grass' as a funny book. My brother George has often asked me with a wink in his eye: 'I say, Walt, what's the game you're up to, anyway?' So I may go down into history, if I go at all, as a merrymaker wearing the cap and bells rather than as a prophet or what the Germans call a *Philosoph.*" He seemed to get a lot of comfort out of this. Harned said: "After all you may end up as a comedian." "I might easily end up worse," said W. . . .

Whitman uses a mammoth pen holder, but today he showed me his big pen squeezed into a little holder. "Get me a new holder," he said. "I've lost mine in the mess here. I like the mammoth pens; they are easy to write with." He said it makes a great difference what sort of a pen he has. "I am sensitive—I especially hate the little bits of pens—the dwarf, ladylike pens! I don't seem to be able to do anything full-sized with them; they interfere with my ideas—break my spirit."

January 31

I asked W.: "Walt, don't you sometimes put that early American neglect business a bit too strong?" He said: "No; I don't think so; do you?" I said: "You were face to face with your enemies here; in England you were only face to face with your friends. Wouldn't that make a difference? confuse the situation somewhat?" W. said: "That's a new point of view; maybe. There was hell to pay here." I said: "Suppose you had made your fight in England or Germany; wouldn't there have been hell to pay there too?" He was very quiet. "You're driving me hard along an unusual tack; I never put it to myself that way." I said again: "After all, you had only a few friends in England; a few in Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Denmark, France; so far as you know, only a hundred or two. Didn't you have a hundred or two here?" He was very calm over my questions, but said: "You've certainly aroused in me surprising reflections. I have no doubt the immediacy of the apparition here may have made an extreme contrast. The general fact still remains; I was not welcomed; I was tabooed; the main thing I met with was opposition." I acknowledged that this was true, but I said: "Wasn't the main thing you met with on the other side also opposition? Symonds, Dowden, Rossetti, the others, were exceptional and few." He was not inclined to quarrel over my protest. "You've given me quite a meal to chew over."

I asked W. about his talk of American

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prosperity. "Don't you think you were too optimistic?" He wanted to know how. I said: "Was the prosperity you spoke of general or special? Wasn't it rather a class than a universal prosperity?" W. said at once: "If I had known then what I know now, I should have modified my emphases; I should have made a few distinctions that I didn't apprehend then, but fully realize now."

February 2

W. sitting ruminatively in his chair by the window. Cordial. Disposed to talk. Asked me about the weather. Had it changed? "I thought," he said, "that either the weather had grown mild or I had." Then: "I have been resenting the fact that I am denied seeing the new moon. I have been reading an account of it, and of Mars and Jupiter and Venus. I never used to miss them—often spent my evenings on the river here; the beautiful evenings; the great stars; the little stars; the calmness, the silence! I would sometimes try my eyes on the most distant visible stars—the familiar stars." He shook his head. "Nothing is more indicative of the closet existence I lead than my isolation from outdoors; that's the worst aspect of my confinement." And he added: "I don't seem to be a hospital person; I rebel against the idea of being nursed, cared for. But it's of no avail; here I am, tied up to the wharf, rotting in the sun." I said: "Walt, you should be ashamed to talk such stuff. You say, 'By God, you shall not go down,' to other people; why don't you say it to yourself?" He laughed gently. "Licked again!" he said.

February 2

I quoted something Emerson or Longfellow is reported as having said to Clough: "That was built of the blood of authors," pointing out the Ticknor and Fields building in Boston. W. said: "That's striking. Moreover, it's about the truth. Still, a fellow hardly feels like pushing the accusation too far. There may be, must be, exceptions. I am always tenderly disposed towards the exceptions." Would he say of the McKay[2] house in Philadelphia what was said of T. and F.'s? "No; Dave is not worse or better. He's one like the rest, fair to middling of his kind. I like him. But of course his house is built of the blood of authors. How could it be otherwise?" I said: "Walt, you must see that all property is built upon the blood of somebody; there would be no sense in particularizing with publishers." W. nodded. "Exactly; that's what I meant in what I said of Dave. I say you are right. All the vast fortunes, all fortunes, all accumulations, are built upon injustice somewhere. I don't see just where it is—you have looked into it more profoundly than I have—but I acquiesce in your general supposition." I said: "Do you call it a supposition, Walt?" "I do. What do you call it?" "I call it an axiom." W. hesitated an instant before responding. "Have it an axiom, then, if you will. I say axiom, too."

February 5

W.'s ways are regular. He says: "I keep myself down. I don't worry the strength out of my body. My one word is conservation." After I leave him in the evening, after our talk, he reads some; "often an hour"; then he is helped to bed. Throughout the day he simply, as he says, "dawdles" the time away. "But I am mostly up, except when I am under the weather." He added: "I have to subject all my rebellious moods to the necessities of my corporeal self." When I asked him a question concerning his cold he said: "I am as I was. I have not so far suffered as I had apprehended. Still, I can't tell. These things, all things, go so slow with me. As I told you long ago, everything in me proceeds by degrees—a sort of calm, steady, undeviating procrastination. Things which come to a head in some people at once require time in me. So I am not certain about the cold." I said: "You're not courting it, are you?" "God knows, I don't want it! I keep cheerful—was born

[2]David McKay was Whitman's publisher.

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with cheerfulness. I am sure I've got enough of it to last to the finish." He spoke calmly of "kicking the bucket," a frequent phrase. He discusses his death without despair. "Death is like being invited out to a good dinner," he said.

February 9

Whitman said: "I've been thinking of the eminent German critic Rolleston spoke about who said 'Leaves of Grass' was not poetry. I was wondering what he would say if Rolleston replied: 'Maybe not—but what is it then?' Even 'Leaves of Grass' might get benefit of clergy—benefit of professors, critics—by a liberal construction of the traditions. But I suppose it would have to be damn liberal! 'Leaves of Grass' does not defy *all* the traditions, but it does defy some of the main offenders!" W. again said: "I know that all is for law, yet I also say, 'To hell with all laws!'" I put in: "No man can be lawful who's not first of all lawless." W. nodded. "That's the point precisely; yet when you say this to people they think you're a fool or a knave or both." He reverted to the idea again after a little silence. "What you say about law applies especially to style."

February 15

McKay told me today of a Whitman letter which sold in New York for sixty dollars—a letter in which Whitman speaks of having set type on the first edition of "Leaves of Grass." First W. said he couldn't remember such a letter. Then he said: "I have the faintest, fadingest, dimmest suspicion of such an inquiry and response; still, I can't be sure of it now; too much has come between for me to go far back into such minutiae." He spoke of that first edition—the quarto. "They are very rare. I have only one copy—a single copy, not bound. I don't know where it is. I mean for you to have it when it reappears." I asked: "Are you dead sure it's here?" W. said: "As sure as that I am. The edition was one thousand. We got several hundred of them out in paper covers. I have one of them—the one destined for you. Years ago I made every effort to get some copies—scoured high and low, but with no result. Some once turned up in London—a few. I wish I had half a dozen. Where can they have gone?" Destroyed? "No; I don't explain it that way. Put by in various places, no doubt. Books have their own way of disappearing without being visibly dispatched." I said: "According to your letter to Emerson, you sold all the first edition; according to your stories to me, you sold practically none at all." He said: "How do you make that out?" I replied: "You told Emerson that they 'readily sold.' Do you say to me now that they 'readily sold'?" "No—I do not." "Well, why did you say it to Emerson?" "At that time I thought the books were selling; a lot of them were consigned, right and left. But there were no sales; they came back." I laughed rather heartily. W. asked me why. I said: "I was wondering whether you were not bluffing Emerson." "You mean bragging? Well, maybe there was something of that sort in it." I said: "I can't forget, either, that in that same letter you call Emerson 'master.' Now you repudiate the word. What did you mean by it then?" He answered: "They were salad days. I had many undeveloped angles at that time. I don't imagine I was guiltless; someone had to speak for me; no one would; I spoke for myself." I said: "You didn't need to play Emerson; he was on your side without it." W. said in a fiery voice: "Who the hell talked about playing anybody?" I said: "You haven't made out a very good case for 'master' and 'readily sold.' I believe what you say because you say it, but it hardly sounds plausible to me." "Do you mean to say I'm a liar?" "No; I only mean to say I'd like to know the real reason for 'readily sold' and 'master'." He ended the quiz half petulantly, half jocularly: "Maybe if you look long enough in the right place you'll find what you're looking for."

February 16

Whitman said: "Here I am today, a liv-

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ing witness to failure—the taboo of all the Russell Lowells of creation, the laughing stock of the damned as well as of the saved!"—and after a slight pause, merrily again: "Yes, and, as some said who came to see me years ago, proud that I am!"

March 16

W. complained of his condition. "I don't know what it is—the weather, some meteoric influence, what—but I feel like the devil; my head is all stuffed up, swims, is loggy; the last three or four days have sorely tried me." But he added: "Fortunately, I sleep well—four or five hours; that is a great help. The fellow's in luck who can be sure of his sleep, and I sleep well. It takes a couple of hours to get there, often, but I get there. The proof is this: I sleep a night through, hear nothing, am not disturbed—then learn in two or three days that there was a mischief of a row and noise in the street that same night and yet I was not aroused."

Dr. Bucke felt W.'s pulse. Found it better than the other day. Color good, he said: also general condition. The trouble is not, as W. puts it, with indigestion, but with elimination. Bucke advised him to "take baths at least once in two or three days with frequent changes of woolens and rubbings from Ed. The skin is a great factor for us to study. For the next month or two devote yourself to that and see if you are not a good deal better." W. said: "I will consider it—put it with my memoranda."

March 20

"Had I 'Leaves of Grass' to write over again, knowing what I know now, I do not think I should in any way touch or abate the sexual portions, but in the other matter, the good and evil business, I should be more definite, more emphatic, than ever. Yet I don't know; perhaps it is good I am *not* to write the book again. No doubt all is best just as it is. 'Leaves of Grass,' anyhow, does not teach anything absolutely. It teaches more by edging up, hinting, coming near, than by definite statement, appeal."

March 21

W. writing a note to Harper and Brothers, who have asked permission to print "My Captain" in their Fifth Reader. W.'s answer affirmative. Did not refer to the pay offered. Said to me: "It's 'My Captain' again; always 'My Captain!' The school readers have got along as far as that! My God! when will they listen to me for whole and good? When John Swinton was here, he said: 'Walt, I'm sorry you ever wrote that damned poem!' I said to him: 'I am, too, John, but there's no help for it now; let's resign ourselves to the inevitable!'"

March 22

"The kings, lords, princes, seem eligible to collect about them all sorts of monstrosities, curios, even in the human shape. It is a disease. It goes with their being what they are. The whole lady-gentleman-lackey-courtier business is sickish, outrageous, disgusting. I spit it all out—the last vestige of it; counts, emperors, cardinals! They are the syphilitic rot of our civilization!"

March 26

"It is queer how the whole world is crazy with the notion that one book, one ism—Methodism, Presbyterianism, what not—is to save things; that the whole solar system hangs by one thread! Yet this is necessary, I suppose. Narrow, despicable, hateful as it is to me, it is yet part of the story, the tail of the cat is long. Much as I despise some of those tendencies, I would not go across the room to change the course of the stream—not a step. In due time, under the right conditions, it will fix its own bed anew as it has in the past. No hand of yours or mine is needed to force it. Force? I would not coerce it a pin's weight!"

March 26

"I have many visitors—very diverse people. Some are angels, some are—well, not angels. Some bore me, take the stuffin' out of me; others buoy me up—leave more than they take away. A man came the

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other day—a lame man; he had a bad hip joint. We talked some of it. When he left he said: 'Now that I have seen you I can forgive you your poetry'." W. chuckled. "Wasn't that rich? I warmed up to him at once." Again: "A woman broke in on me years ago, one day when I was alone. I was down stairs, at the window, where I used to sit so much. She came in innocently enough, talked for a while innocently enough, then suddenly broke loose on 'Children of Adam,' on me, giving us hell from a to z. I was surprised—almost scared, to tell you the truth." I asked: "Well, how did it end? What was the outcome of it?" He said: "She accused me of a deliberate desire to ruin boys, girls, people, by my flagrant philosophy—went on in that strain." "Did you answer her?" "Not by a word—I never said a word." "How did it end up?" W. said: "My silence seemed to astonish her. 'Haven't you a single thing to say in your own defense?' she finally asked me. I said: 'Madam, I need no defense; I only need to be understood.' That mystified her. She said: 'No one would suppose, Walt Whitman, from looking at you that you are the sort of a man your books show you to be.' She didn't intend that for a compliment, but I enjoyed it as such. Finding she could make no impression, that I was not inclined to debate with her, she withdrew. I said quietly: 'Come again'."

March 28

"I miss a lot through not knowing German—but that might be said of not knowing other languages, also. The German, however, the Dutch, the northern, lethargic languages, the Scandinavian (Norwegian, Swedish,) somehow appeal directly to me—hit me where I'm heaviest, solidest." Here he laughed. "I don't think I've stated that very clearly, but you know what I mean. I am not a scintillator; I am not a fireworks man. I take better to quietude, to the inertia of large bodies. The German gives me the ground under my feet. That may be a prejudice, based upon nothing; still, that's the way I feel about it." Then he added: "The German literature, even in translation, is somehow my own; I am at home with it—readily adjust myself to its spirit."

April 1

Talked of Washington. "Oh Horace, they were great, great years during the war—tumultuous years! Washington was the hotbed of intrigue. We were borne on and on. We would often ask, to *what?* wondering over the probabilities—what would finally come; full of dubious moods, upset by fears. The Government itself was rocking with treason—honeycombed with villainy; the departments full of Secession; a sort of snickering venom on the one hand; infidelity, I may call it, on the other hand. The atmosphere was saturated with distrust; it radiated Confederatism. The expert clerks in the departments, the fellows along in the higher grades, the heads, the more necessary men, were most of them Southerners, or with proclivities that way. These clerks were not removed. In fact, there was no desire to remove them; there was more cohesiveness (it is as much so today) among the clerks there in the departments than people knew or were willing to allow. Then, Lincoln was keen, circumspect, realized the dangers, pursued a conservative policy; temporized, as we would call it today; never did anything to aggravate feeling—to add to the already great enough acrimony."

We must "try to imagine the psychical experience" of those who "threw themselves into that conflict of emotional forces." W. said: "I was one of them." He said it was "in the Whitman breed" to take "these emotional entities hard." "My father was so before me; my brother Jeff is the same—dear Jeff!" What were they in politics? "All Republicans, Jeff, my brother George, all of us. We were originally Democrats, but when the time came we went over with a vengeance. It was no rôle, no play, for us; we were at once what the church would call—what

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orthodox Democrats would call—deep-dyed heretics." I asked: "And at what time was it your father died?" "1855." "Just your entrance year?" "Yes." "Then he didn't live to see any of your great work?" "No—and I don't suppose it would have made much difference if he had." "But," I pursued, "have none of your folks an understanding of it?" "I hardly think so—surely not; they sort of accept me—do it as a matter of course—but with a feeling as though not knowing why or what I am; a feeling, a wish, that I might be more respectable, train more in accustomed lines—let myself be stitched in with the cluster of celebrities. Even today they look on me, I am sure, as untamed, stubborn, too much bent on my own ways—a curio of a sort." He did not "expect of any of them anything in the way of enthusiasm or even reasonable acceptance." I asked: "Then there's not one who can be regarded as being in touch with what you have written?" "Not one, from my dear mother down—not one of them. On the contrary, they are dead set against my book and what it stands for—or what they think it stands for. George could never overlook the 'Children of Adam' poems; he has, of course, never understood them. I doubt if he ever really read them, though he says he did. He thinks them of 'the bawdy-house order,' as he has said to me. What mystifies him is the fact that I wrote the poems; he finds it impossible to realize them as mine. He doesn't believe evil of me—yet the poems seem to him to be evil poems. It's quite a puzzle, and he has told me more than once that he absolutely gives it up."

April 6

A visitor entered, books in hand. W. greeted him. He was a Harvard boy. Spoke as if he came down on no other mission but this. W. waved him to a seat on the sofa, then quietly talked with him for fifteen minutes. W. asked him how many students there were in the college. "You have a good deal to study. Do you find that it gets you anywhere?" and after the reply of the visitor: "Yes, I see; gets you ready to get there!" W. confessed the most curious lack of curiosity about Harvard. Asked some questions that he cared nothing about to keep the ball rolling. He said: "I always get Harvard and Yale mixed in my mind."

April 7

I said: "Baseball is the hurrah game of the republic!" He was hilarious. "That's beautiful; the hurrah game! Well—it's *our* game; that's the chief fact in connection with it; it's America's game. It has the snap, go, fling, of the American atmosphere—belongs as much to our institutions, fits into them as significantly, as our constitutions, laws; is just as important in the sum total of our historic life."

April 8

I turned to some things he had given me. The little old envelope. He watched me. He had written these words on the outside: "Mother's last lines." I took out the little sheet and read what was on it in trembling letters. I could not say anything. I put it back, holding it irresolutely in my hand: "Yes, I wished you to take it; it is safer in your hands than in mine." He was very grave, I still said nothing. "I was afraid you would ask me something about it," he said chokingly. I kissed him good night and left. This was his mother's message:

> farewell my beloved sons farewell i have lived beyond all comfort in this world don't mourn for me my beloved sons and daughters farewell my dear beloved Walter.

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CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN AND H. L. MENCKEN

The Triumph of Illusion.—As many of the great battles of the world are won by a blind following of illusion as by a realistic facing of facts. The illusion of Joan of Arc's sainthood drew the French to victory over the English in the Fifteenth Century as the illusion of democracy drew the American colonists to triumph over the English in the Eighteenth. The first Crusaders, sweeping in a trail of white glory toward the East, were carried along on the invincible shoulders of divine illusion, and it was only when the purple illusion of Cleopatra's love deserted him that Mark Antony met defeat at arms: under the warm spell of that illusion he defeated both Brutus and Cassius at Philippi. It was the illusion that Thomas Jonathan Jackson was like a stone wall that led his soldiers in gray to stand like rocks and bounce back to threefold defeat the men in blue who, without a similar illusion to support them, followed McClellan at Bull Run and Banks at Winchester and Cedar Mountain.

What Hath God Wrought!—In one of the Eastern bituminous coal-fields, on the slope of the Appalachian Mountains, a strike of miners has been in progress for three years. Ordinarily, such a struggle is marked by a great deal of human suffering, affectingly described in the *New Republic*. According to the precedents, all the strikers in the present case should be dead or in jail by now, and their wives and children should be homeless and in the last stages of starvation. But an agent lately returned from the scene tells me that no such horrors, nor any other, are actually on view. Instead, the strikers are well fed and easy in manner, their wives are arrayed in the latest habiliments recommended by *Vogue*, and their children are fat, merry and learning to be sinful.

By what process has this miracle been achieved? By the simplest process imaginable. By the process, in brief, of amending the Constitution of the United States. It is the Eighteenth Amendment that is responsible—the Amendment and the Volstead Act. The strikers, instead of starting to starve the day they struck, or throwing themselves with blood-curdling hosannas upon the bayonets and artillery of the mine-guards—instead of resorting to such pre-Volsteadian follies, and so filling the *New Republic* with hot and sanguinary stuff, they retired in a peaceable manner to the high hills adjacent to the mines, constructed a series of large stills in the woods, and proceeded forthwith to the manufacture of a meritorious grade of white mule.

Today they are not only eating regularly; they are getting rich. For they had the sagacity, from the very start, to enlist the mine-guards, their hereditary enemies, on their side. These guards now patrol the mountain trails for miles around, and keep a sharp lookout for Prohibition enforcement officers. When one is sighted he is laid for, seized, given a beating, and put aboard a train for home. If he returns, one of his ears is cut off. If he returns a second time he is executed painlessly, and his carcass thrown to the wild hogs of the mountain side. For months running, so my agent says, not a single Prohibition officer has ventured into those wilds. The honest miners refuse absolutely to pay graft. They are thus enabled to sell their product at a fair price. Once a week they load a tank car marked "Gasoline! Dangerous!" and start

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it for Washington. Four days later it comes back empty, and the sum of $8,250 is passed to their credit on the books of an eminent Washington trust company.

Thus a community long dedicated to hard and cruel labor, with intervals of the most abject misery, is now prosperous and happy. The fact is to be set to the honor of the Hon. Mr. Volstead, otherwise an ass. Moreover, the benefits that he has brought to that remote mountain side also radiate elsewhere. The inhabitants, like the rest of us, have to burn coal in Winter. Formerly they stole it from the mine company. Now they buy it in an adjoining valley, and so make work steadier for the miners there. More important still, they keep Washington supplied with a pure brand of forty-rod at a moderate price. There is enough to go round, and it is within the means of all. The processes of government are thus lubricated. The men who make and administer the laws are happier and more efficient. Every American citizen, even unto the remotest hamlets, is the gainer. The downfall of the Republic, by a small but appreciable interval, is postponed.

Per Contra.—I cannot entirely agree with those critics who inveigh against propaganda in art and who maintain that propaganda, having no place in art, ruins art in its presence. Great art, they contend, proves nothing, should seek to prove nothing, may prove nothing. Many of the world's masterpieces confound such critics. "Hamlet" proves that it is futile for man to fight destiny, as "Macbeth" proves that evil thought and wrongdoing can profit no man. "The Mikado" is veiled propaganda against certain British weaknesses and peccadillos, as are also "Iolanthe," "Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance." Wagner wrote "Der Fliegende Holländer" to prove that musical criticism as it was practiced in Dresden at the time was ridiculous: the opera is propaganda against all standpat criticism. Beethoven's Ninth was composed to prove that his old teacher, Albrechtsberger, was something of a hanswurst. It proved it: it still proves it. Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote," so he himself said, "to break down the vogue and authority of books of chivalry and to render abhorred of men the false and absurd stories contained in books of chivalry." There is social and political propaganda in Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," as there are political plea and argument in Shaw's finest play, "Caesar and Cleopatra." What is the wonderful ceiling in the Sistine Chapel but Michelangelo's successful attempt to prove that sculptural drawing may, in decoration, be the superior of painting?

Human Progress.—During the six months ending June 30 there were but five lynchings in the South—the lowest record in forty years. How is one to account for the fact? I point to two obvious influences: that of the Ku Klux Klan and that of the radio. Both have served to relieve the dreadful tedium of life in the late Confederacy, and so the *Chandala* have not had to resort to homicide for entertainment. The Klan has worked against the old wholesale butchery in two ways. In the first place, it has taken formal charge of all lynchings, and so introduced order into them, and even a sort of jurisprudence. It will not countenance hanging or burning a blackamoor unless there is some plausible evidence of his guilt; it prohibits the old system of doing one to death in mere naughtiness. In the second place, it gives the hinds of the backwoods so much other entertainment, with its ceaseless processions, tarrings and featherings, raids upon bootleggers and loose women, ceremonious visits to Baptist tabernacles, and so on, that they have been cured of their ancient boredom, and are thus less inclined than they used to be to dispose of it by orgy.

The radio has worked in much the same way. In the remotest fastnesses of Georgia, Arkansas and Mississippi the peasants are now in nightly contact with the great

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currents of human thought. They hear speeches by Dr. Coolidge, William Jennings Bryan and the most subtle thinkers in the Chautauqua movement. They may tune in on stock quotations, baseball scores, or bedtime stories. Brass bands play for them, and they are soothed and mellowed by lectures on the cement industry and mental magnetism. There is thus no reason why they should swarm out into the night, pursue an Aframerican with dogs, and waste ten gallons of gasoline burning him. In the old days they were driven to it by sheer desperation. Life, at times, became insupportable without a show. But now they have a continuous show, and it is cheap, astounding and infinitely varied.

I believe that the legalization of dancing among the Methodists will work to the same benign end. Until a few months ago any Methodist who pranced with his girl was condemned to hell by his pastor, and the death-beds of those who defied the mandate were made horrible by their yells. But then the Methodist General Conference suddenly lifted the ban, and now any member of the communion is free to cavort all he pleases, so long as he does it in a reasonably decorous manner. This revolutionary change in policy is not yet generally known in the South, where news travels slowly, but soon or late it is bound to penetrate to the remotest swamps and hills. When it does so, the rustics will have another way to entertain themselves, and the adjacent Moors will be even safer than now. More, the Baptists will have to follow suit, else they will lose all their members to the church of Wesley. In the end, with the radio sparking, the Klan performing its public evolutions, and the sound of jig music filling the air, the Confederate States will be full of happiness, and a lynching will become as rare as it was in Sodom and Gomorrah, or as it is today in Paris, Biarritz or Union Hill, N. J.

Years ago, I anticipated the transformation now taking place. That is to say, I proposed setting up brass bands in all the Southern country towns, and introducing bullfighting into Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. It was my contention that every bull that was killed would save a Christian Ethiop. I now formally withdraw my proposal as no longer apposite. Its purposes have been met by the radio, the Klan meeting and the dance. The Methodists, I hear, think of following their surrender to Terpsichore with a surrender to Thespis. If they do, then the Southern blacks will become almost as free, safe and happy as they were under slavery. For in all human history there has never been a lynching in a town visited regularly by competent burlesque troupes.

The Englishman and the American.—There is always this difference, I find, between them. I have known many Americans who would not mind living in England, but I have never yet found an Englishman who said he would care to live in the United States.

A Phase of American Criticism.—The peruser of the art of criticism as it is currently practiced in the daily and weekly gazettes of the États Unis becomes steadily conscious of the fact that there has arisen a body of *clichés* with which that criticism answers those persons whose work and ideas do not happen to meet with its approval. There was a time, in the history of even this daily and weekly criticism, when its adverse criticism was based upon at least a measure of understanding of the point of view it championed and upon a sufficient familiarity with the other side of the question to make its adverse comment at once comprehensible and fair. Today, however, there is small disposition to box the other man's viewpoint with any degree of intelligence or honesty. A study of such criticism reveals neither this intelligence nor honesty; it reveals, further, neither a tonic ridicule nor a sharp and devastating irony; it reveals, further still, neither the faculty for a good healthy horse-laugh nor a whacking and explosive slapstick. It tries to kill off its opponent

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by childish and inane means. It employs the tactics of the kindergarten.

Thus, when it finds itself at a loss as to sound and destructive criticism, it invariably falls back upon such recriminatory stencils as "So-and-so reminds one of a small boy drawing caricatures with a piece of chalk on the schoolhouse fence" or "One cannot expect a man like So-and-so to understand the principles by which the rest of us are guided." The word tradition similarly looms large in the kind of criticism of which I am speaking. Whenever one of these critics doesn't accurately know what is wrong with an opponent's point of view, save that it seems to be wrong to him, he takes refuge in blaming it either upon the other man's traditions or lack of them. Again, we hear endless whiffle about "bad boys"—a bad boy, apparently, being anyone who doesn't believe exactly what the commentator concerned believes, and about "disrespectful attitude toward his elders," as if respect for age were an article in the doctrine of sound criticism. More and more, in this daily and weekly criticism, a man's ideas and performances are criticized less from the viewpoint of their honest worth and importance than from their adherence to or departure from the punctilio of the place and moment. Manners are rated above merit. A suave and poiseful nincompoop is regarded as the superior of a rough and forceful intelligence. The battle is not one of sound sense or effective seltzer-siphons; the battle is one in which the critic seeks to confound and put to rout his opponent with provincial rubber-stamps.

Historical Note.—The first law against *lèse-majesté* heard of in Rome was proclaimed not by an emperor, but by Saturninus, a democratic tribune. Its aim was not to protect the throne against the populace but to protect the populace against the aristocracy.

Observation CMXXIII.—The apparent romanticism of women is chiefly only appearance. They seem to take love more seriously than men, but that they really do so does not follow. Many of the romantic gestures that they make are no more than proofs of their hard realism. They are so realistic that they see clearly that realism is an impossible philosophy in this world—that its practice would make life unbearable. So they swathe it in make-believe. Men have much less sense. They try to grapple with reality—and come ignominiously to grief. The temple that shelters Truth is guarded by many dragons, and they have long teeth. Worse, it is guarded by *Katzenjammer.*

The Comedy of Sex.—In the current oppressively ubiquitous cackling of sex one finds the intelligentsia inclining more and more to the view that sex, far from being the sour-visaged tragedy that it is commonly supposed to be, is really of the essence of pure comedy. While this point of view is, of course, anything but new—having been the established philosophy of all bachelors and Turks over the age of twelve since the beginning of the Eleventh Century—it seems to me that, for all its major authenticity, it is not without its soupçon of a hole. Sex is a comedy, true enough; it borders, indeed, upon farce; but, like a comedy or a farce, it is played upon something approximating a theatre stage. The parties to the performance, the actors, are most often entirely serious about it, as are the actors of comedy and farce ever. The humor of sex is enjoyed not by the actors directly concerned in it, but by the onlookers, the audience. The bridegroom is not a comedian in his own eyes; he is a comedian in the eyes of his audience. The bride herself is wistful and a bit wet of eye; the wheezes are reserved for the mob around the punchbowl.

Paraphrasing Horace Walpole, sex is a tragedy to him who feels and a comedy to him who thinks. In the grip of sex, no man has ever thought. Sex, to the participant in its theoretical excitements, is thus ever purely emotional and hence removed, at

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least for the time being, from the domain of comedy. It may be funny in retrospect, but so too in retrospect are three-fourths of the tragedies of the world.

Plot and Character.—That character is always more important than plot in literature and drama is proved by the fact that we usually remember character in proportion as we forget plot. One remembers Huckleberry Finn; but what was the plot of "Huckleberry Finn"? One remembers Uncle Tom; but what was the plot of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? One remembers Ben Hur; but what was the plot of "Ben Hur"? And so, too, with Nicholas Nickleby, David Copperfield, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, King Lear, Tom Jones, Fanny Hill, Madame Bovary, Thérèse Raquin, Lord Jim, and a hundred others. The general trends of theme one may recall, but the plots have vanished from memory. Only the characters remain.

Note in the Margin of a Treatise on Psychology.—As I stoop to lace my shoe you hit me over the coccyx with a length of hickory (*Carya laciniosa*). I conclude instantly that you are a jackass. This is the whole process of human thought in little. This is free will.

Historical Note.—No woman can be too beautiful and be a lady.

The Champion.—Of the forty-eight sovereign States of this imperial federation, which is the worst? In what one of them is a civilized man most uncomfortable? Over half the votes, if the question were put to a vote, would probably be divided between California and Georgia. Each, in its way, is almost unspeakable. Georgia, of course, has never been civilized, save in a small area along the tidewater. Even in the earliest days of the Republic, it was regarded as barbaric by its neighbors. But California, at one time, promised to develop a charming and enlightened civilization. There was a touch of tropical balm in its air, and a touch of Latin and even oriental color in its ideas. Like Louisiana, it seemed likely to resist Americanization for many years; perhaps forever. But now California, the old California, is simply extinct. What remains is an Alsatia of retired Ford agents and crazy fat women—a paradise of Rotary and the New Thought. Its laws are the most extravagant and idiotic ever heard of in Christendom. Its public officers, and particularly its judges, are famous all over the world for their imbecilities. When one hears of it at all, one hears that some citizen has been jailed for reading the Constitution of the United States, or that some new swami in a yellow bedtick has got all the realtors' wives of Los Angeles by the ears. When one hears of it further, it is only to learn that some distinguished movie wench in Hollywood has murdered another lover. The State is run by its Chambers of Commerce, which is to say, by the worst variety of resident Babbits. No man of any dignity seems to have any part in its public life. Not an idea ever comes out of it—that is, not an idea beyond the grasp of a Kiwanis Club secretary, a Christian Science sorcerer, or a grand wizard of the American Legion. Twice, of late, it has offered the country candidates for the presidency. One was the Hon. Hiram Johnson and the other was the Hon. William Gibbs McAdoo! Only Vermont can beat that record.

The minority of civilized Californians—who recently, by the way, sent out a call from Los Angeles for succor, as if they were beset by wolves!—commonly lay the blame for this degeneration of a once proud commonwealth upon the horde of morons that has flowed in from Iowa, Nebraska and the other cow-States, seeking relief from the bitter climate of the steppes. The California realtors have been luring in these hinds for a generation past, and they now swarm in all the Southern towns, especially Los Angeles. They come in with their savings, are swindled and sent home, and so make room for more. While

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they remain and have any part of their money left, they patronize the swamis, buy oil stock, gape at the movie gals, and pack the Methodist churches. Unquestionably, the influence of such vacuums has tended to degrade the general tone of California life; what was once a Spanish *fiesta* is now merely an upper Mississippi valley street-carnival. But it is not to be forgotten that the Native Sons have gone down the chute with the newcomers—that there is little more sign of intellectual vigor in the old stock than there is in the new stock. A few intransigents hold out against the tide of 100 per cent Americanism, but only a few. The rest bawl against the Reds as loudly as any Iowa steer-stuffer.

The truth is that it is unjust to blame Iowa for the decay of California, for Iowa itself is now moving up, not down. And so is Nebraska. A few years ago both States were as sterile, intellectually, as Guatemala, but both are showing signs of progress today, and in another generation or two, as the Prohibition lunacy passes and the pall of Methodism begins to lift, they will probably burst into very vigorous activity. Some excellent stock is in them; it is very little contaminated by what is called Anglo-Saxon blood. Iowa, even today, is decidedly more civilized than California. It is producing more ideas, and, more important still, it is carrying on a much less violent war *against* ideas. I doubt whether any man who read the Constitution in Davenport or Des Moines would be jailed for it, as Upton Sinclair (or one of his friends) was in Pasadena. The American Legion might protest, but the police would probably do nothing, for the learned judges of the State would not entertain the charge.

Thus California remains something of a mystery. The whole United States, of course, has been going down hill since the beginning of the century, but why should one State go so much faster than the others? Is the climate to blame? Hardly. The climate of San Francisco is thoroughly un-Californian, and yet San Francisco is almost as dead as Los Angeles. It was there, indeed, that that California masterpiece, the Mooney case, was staged; it was there that the cops made three efforts to convict poor Fatty Arbuckle of murder in the first degree; it was there that the late Dr. Abrams launched a quackery that went Mother Eddy one better. San Francisco, once the home of Mark Twain and Bret Harte, is now ravaged by Baptist dervishes and Prohibition enforcement officers. But if the climate is not to blame, then what is? Why should a great State, lovely physically and of romantic history, so violently renounce all sense and decency? What has got into it? God alone knows!

The case of Georgia is simpler. It happens to be the chief battle ground between the poor white trash who have been in control of the whole South since the Civil War and the small but growing minority of civilized rebels. That battle is going on all over the South, but in Georgia it is especially bitter, for there the poor white trash are very strongly entrenched, and desperately determined to beat their antagonists. They have many advantages. They control the Legislature, they have the support of most of the newspapers, and they have produced a number of leaders of great boldness. Hence the Ku Klux Klan. Hence the prohibition of Darwinism. Hence the tax of $1,000 a performance on grand opera. But Georgia, though it is thus in the depths, is not hopeless. There are civilized Georgians, and they are by no means inactive. Today they carry on their fight against apparently hopeless odds, but if they keep their resolution they may win tomorrow. At all events, they keep on fighting, bravely and even gayly. But in California, as I have said, the civilized minority is in despair. In Los Angeles, indeed, it has gone so far that it has thrown up its hands and cast itself upon the Christian charity of the rest of the country.

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GOVERNMENT BY YOKEL

BY ORVILLE A. WELSH

One man, one vote: it seems to be one of the fundamental axioms of the American system of government. But it is certainly not followed in practice. The United States Senate, as everyone knows, is not directly and proportionately representative. The barren State of Nevada, with but 77,407 population in 1920, has just as many Senators as the State of New York, with 10,385,227. One vote in Nevada, when it comes to making treaties, selecting Cabinets, amending the Constitution and framing the laws that all of us must obey, is thus worth 134 in New York. So when it comes to electing a President. "Each State," says the Constitution, "shall appoint . . . a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress." New York has 45, or one for every 230,782 of population; Nevada has three, or one for every 25,802.

So, too, in the States themselves. In nearly all of them, where there are any cities at all, the cities suffer to the advantage of the rural districts. It takes two, or five, or ten city votes in the Legislatures to equal one country vote. All this we inherit from the rotten-borough system that flourished in England at the time the State and federal Constitutions were framed. Before the Reform Bill of 1832 it was actually possible for less than a hundred men to select a majority of the House of Commons. Towns that had decayed to a few houses returned two members to Parliament, while big cities that had sprung up from nothing had no representation at all. In England most of these inequalities are now abolished, but in America they still linger. We began our national life with the idea of representation by governmental units, rather than by population, firmly implanted. Manhood suffrage, in those days, was yet unheard of; the Fathers, indeed, were anything but democrats. Their aim was to remove government as far as possible from the *hoi polloi*. Thus in New England the basis of legislative representation was made the town, regardless of size; in the Middle Colonies, the county; in South Carolina, the parish.

In New York State the first constitution provided that no county should have more than a third of the membership of the Senate, and no two counties adjoining or separated only by public waters more than a half. In addition every county was guaranteed one member of the Assembly, except one—Hamilton. This restriction still stands. As a result, although New York City has a considerable majority of the State's population, it is in a minority in both branches of the Legislature. As the metropolis is liberal in sentiment and Democratic in politics, the Republican party in New York has fallen almost completely into the grip of the hidebound, Puritanical, city-baiting rural element up-State, which controls the Legislature, or at least the Assembly, no matter how badly it is defeated in the gubernatorial election. Alfred E. Smith was elected Governor in 1922 by almost 400,000 plurality, carrying even up-State New York, but the Republicans kept a small majority in the Assembly—enough to block most administration measures. Such proposals as an executive budget, the short ballot and a gubernatorial term of four years instead of two were

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frowned on by Speaker H. E. Machold of Watertown as "socialistic," although indorsed by such un-Socialistic city Republicans as Elihu Root and George W. Wickersham.

The fine flower of rural New Yorker legislation bloomed during the administration of Governor Nathan L. Miller, a country Republican, who edged into office in 1920 on the Harding landslide, although, running against Governor Smith, he got a million votes less than Harding. Some of the achievements of the Miller administration were the imposition of a State movie censorship, the emasculation of the State primary law, the passage of the Lusk loyalty bills regimenting school-teachers (repealed by the next Legislature), the passage of a State Prohibition enforcement act (repealed by the next Legislature), and the taking away of control of public service corporations from the cities. The famous ejection of four duly elected Socialist members from the Assembly was the work of a previous Republican Assembly representing a rural minority, as was also the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment.

II

Rhode Island is, of course, the extreme example of this sort of thing. A riot in the Senate chamber put the State on the first pages of the newspapers last Spring. Years ago, Dorr's Rebellion put it into the school histories. That was an uprising against a property qualification for voters. Yet Rhode Island still has a property qualification for local offices! Dorr's Rebellion resulted in the compromise State constitution of 1842; it has not been amended since. It provides, among other things, that each town shall have one member of the Senate and one only. One such town is Providence, with 237,595 population. Another is West Greenwich, with 367. Eleven cities, with a total population of 501,362, are outvoted by thirteen rural towns, with a gross population of 17,807.

The 1842 constitution provides a property qualification for voting for city councilmen; consequently the industrial cities, which elect Democratic mayors by manhood suffrage, have Republican councils elected by voters who have paid taxes on at least $137 worth of property. Deadlocks are constant. Of the eleven cities cited above, with a total population of 501,362, eight return Democratic Senators. The thirteen towns, which include four with a total population of but 3,024, return eleven Republicans. Hence, the Republicans control the Senate in perpetuity by means of these rotten boroughs. But Governor William S. Flynn, a Democrat, was elected in 1922 by a majority of 5,460 over his Republican, Socialist and Labor opponents, and by a plurality of 7,211 over the Republican.

Next door to Rhode Island is Connecticut, with a proportion of urban dwellers to rustics of about two to one. But here, too, there is a government by town units—at least in the lower house of the Legislature. More than twenty years ago, George A. McLean, then running for Governor, declared his belief that "people, not cow pastures" should be the governing power. He was elected, and succeeded in getting a Constitutional Convention called, which, however, concerned itself only with the senatorial apportionment. Each Connecticut town still has two members of the House—Union, with 257 souls, equally with New Haven, which has 162,537. The Anti-Daylight Saving Act, under which anyone who displays a timepiece in public which is an hour ahead of Standard Time is subject to fine and imprisonment, is Connecticut's extreme example of legislation by yokels.

Massachusetts abolished its rotten boroughs only a few years back. It has only 202,108 rural dwellers out of a total population of 3,650,248. Here, however, there still lingers an excellent example of the jealousy with which smaller towns always view the metropolis. Virtually all police powers in Boston remain in the hands of the State, which incidentally was the reason Governor Calvin Coolidge got

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his chance to attract nation-wide attention during the famous police strike. The Boston Police Commission is a State body. But Massachusetts, since its Constitutional Convention, has the initiative and referendum, and the city voters have used it to defeat a motion-picture censorship and a Prohibition enforcement act. Whatever its wisdom, it is at least fair.

New Hampshire is the only State retaining the constitutional convention as the only device for making amendments to the State constitution. To such a convention every town, regardless of size, sends one delegate. So every proposal to reduce the numerical strength of the House of Representatives, except on a plan that does all the reducing in the cities, has been beaten. The New Hampshire House of Representatives, with 417 members, is the largest of any State, and until recently outnumbered even Congress. Membership in the Senate is based on wealth, and its size is limited by the constitution to twenty-four members. The districts are now so laid out that the Republicans are virtually sure of control. The Democrats once tried a gerrymander themselves, but at the next election rural resentment brought back the Republicans. As in Rhode Island, the Senate slaughters most of the welfare legislation passed by the popular branch. The Governor, Fred H. Brown, and the House are now Democratic.

In Vermont representation in the Assembly is on a town basis, as in Connecticut. In 1910, ten little towns with 3.6 per cent of the State's population were equal in voting strength to ten big towns with 27.3 per cent. Towns with half the total population had only 15.8 per cent of the assemblymen.

III

So much for New England. In New Jersey the yokels of the pine barrens control by virtue of the constitutional provision that each county shall have one Senator, and one only. One of these counties is Cape May, with 19,460 population; another is Essex, with 652,089. Twelve rural counties, with 586,975 population, outvote nine urban counties, with 2,568,255. One of the results of this rustic control is the failure to repeal the antiquated blue laws of the State, which bar even the running of trains on Sunday, but which, of course, are not enforced, except spasmodically.

In Delaware, the city of Wilmington, with 50 per cent of the population, has only a 13.5 per cent representation in the General Assembly. The same inequality extends to the party conventions. The 1922 Legislature passed an Anti-Daylight Saving Act, refused overwhelmingly to increase Wilmington's representation at the State capital, and defeated all city home-rule measures. A voter in the seventh senatorial district (rural) has thirteen times the voting power of his cousin in the second district (Wilmington).

In Maryland, Baltimore has more than half the State's population. The total number of city dwellers in the State is 869,422 out of 1,449,610. Yet Baltimore has but a 28.57 per cent voting representation on joint ballot in the Assembly. The city pays most of the State taxes, but receives only about two-fifths of the road and school funds.

In Pennsylvania, which is 70 per cent urban, each county has at least one member of the House. The five smallest counties, with an average population of 7,944 each, or a total of .45 of 1 per cent of the whole, cast 2.4 per cent of the vote in the House of Representatives. Here again the farmers' pet, a law prohibiting daylight saving, was passed at the 1923 session.

Ohio, which is 63.8 per cent urban, suffers severely from the refusal of the politically dominant rural groups to permit tax reforms for the relief of the cities. As a result the Ohio cities are chronically broke, and Toledo last Summer, facing a deficit of half a million dollars, was forced to lay off all its municipal employés, from Mayor Bernard F. Brough down. The municipal hospital and the city forestry bureau were among the departments closed.

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Police, firemen and members of the staff of Toledo University had to go unpaid. Each county in Ohio has at least one member of the House. The rural members several years ago formed a solid and effective *bloc* which called itself the Farmers' Alliance and was called by its opponents the Corn-Stalk Brigade. The Ohio cities, in theory, have a very large measure of home rule, but they are unable to make use of it because of their lack of funds. The Corn-Stalk Brigade refuses to give them any relief.

In Michigan, one district in Wayne County, which has 300,000 population, sends only one member to the House, but pays more taxes than the entire upper peninsula of fifteen counties, which sends eleven members. The so-called moiety clause in the constitution, which provides that a county having a moiety or more than half of the population necessary to elect one Representative shall nevertheless elect that Representative is the cause of much bitterness in the cities. The urban population of about 60 per cent has only 45 per cent representation. Wayne County, which includes Detroit, has about a third of the State's residents, but gets only five of the thirty-two Senate seats and only fourteen of the 100 House seats. There has been no reapportionment since 1903, due to the failure of the Legislature to act, although the constitution makes a reapportionment mandatory every ten years. Detroit is turning now to the initiative and referendum, under which its votes will carry weight.

In Illinois it is a political axiom that one vote on the farm equals five in Chicago. Cook County, which includes Chicago, has more than half the population of the State, but only 37 per cent of the voting strength in each branch of the Legislature. There has been no reapportionment in twenty-four years, although ten years is the period named by the constitution. The city of Chicago is held to a bonded indebtedness so low as to block municipal improvements. The Legislature must approve every city loan in the form of bonds.

In Missouri, three cities, St. Louis, Kansas City and St. Joseph, have 34.5 per cent of the population, but only 26.4 per cent of the Senate votes and 20 per cent of the votes in the House. But this does not tell the whole story. The constitution of 1875, still in force, made St. Louis a separate sub-division of the State, establishing its boundaries forever. The city has expanded tremendously since then, and many of the adjacent towns want to be annexed, but bills to get around the constitutional provision have always been defeated by rural legislators. The police departments of the three cities are governed by commissioners appointed by the Governor, but the municipal councils must pay for them. A few years ago the St. Louis council refused to make the appropriation, and the Supreme Court sentenced its members to jail for contempt until they should comply. The appropriation was then voted. There has been no change in legislative representation since 1901, although the constitution provides for a reapportionment after each national census. St. Louis has one representative for each 40,678 inhabitants; Hickory County in the Ozarks has one for 7,033 inhabitants.

Omaha, the only large city in Nebraska, has long been a victim of rural control. Douglas County, which includes Omaha, has one-fifth of the State population, but it has only one-sixth of the State's senators and one-eighth of the representatives. Only three years ago did Omaha obtain any degree of home rule. Prior to that time the Legislature fixed the number and the pay of the city's policemen and firemen, and the State ran the police and fire departments through a board appointed by the Governor. The rustic Legislature imposed an eight-hour police shift on Omaha. The State still keeps jurisdiction over the street railway and telephone system.

IV

Proceeding to the Pacific Coast and the State of Washington, one finds that coun-

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ties with less than a third of the population control both houses of the Legislature. There has been no reapportionment since 1901. The situation now existing was foreseen by the constitution makers in 1889, when the State entered the Union, and they provided that not only should there be a reapportionment after each federal census, but that a State census should be taken between times, and that apportionment for both the House and the Senate should be made anew every five years. But because of the expense involved, no State census ever has been taken, and the results of the federal censuses since 1900 have been disregarded.

In 1911 it was taken for granted that there would be a reapportionment. But that year there came to the capital at Olympia from Jefferson county, one of the smallest in the State, two members of the House, E. A. Sims and L. D. McArdle. That county boasts but one town, Port Townsend, in the early days of the Territory a rival of Seattle, but now far behind it. It once was said that Port Townsend was settled by Siwashes and sailors, and that the Siwashes died and the sailors sailed away. Nevertheless, Sims and McArdle, organizing what became known as the Cow County Combine and lining up the rural members of the House against any reduction in the representation of any county, blocked the reapportionment, and similar combinations of yokels have operated effectively ever since.

In 1920, King county, containing Seattle, cast 113,065 votes. It has seventeen members of the House, or less than one to 6,500 voters. Skamania county, with 810 votes, and Wahkiakum county, with 873, have one member each, and Jefferson county, with 1,977, has two. Spokane county, casting 44,194 votes, and Pierce county, with 44,027, have ten members of the House each, or one for each 4,400 voters. A comparison between individual districts is even more striking. The forty-second district in Seattle, with more than 100,000 population and casting over 35,000 votes in 1920, has but two representatives —the same number as Jefferson county with its 1,977 votes.

The efforts of Seattle and Tacoma to operate municipal light plants have been greatly hampered by rural legislators representing rotten boroughs. As in Ohio and Michigan, the cities' only recourse has been to the initiative and referendum. Fourteen times since its adoption in Washington acts of the bucolic Legislature have been stopped from going into effect until submitted to the voters. Thirteen of these bills were defeated, generally by overwhelming vote, at the general election, with one vote for every man. Now the cities are starting to use the initiative, instead of wasting time with the Legislature.

Swinging to the South, one finds fewer rotten boroughs, no doubt because the Southern States are still largely rural. The cities of Texas, for example, house but a small percentage of the total population. Oklahoma, which entered the Union in 1907, established its legislative apportionment on a straight population basis. Its cities have a very large measure of home rule, under their own charters. In Mississippi, although no disproportion exists between the representation of the country districts and that of the towns, the tendency of the rural majority has been to place the greater burden of taxation upon the business enterprises of the larger communities. This was illustrated at the last session of the Legislature when, with a $2,000,000 deficit facing the new administration, an income tax law was passed almost identical with the federal income tax before its revision. The argument that fetched the rustics was that the tax would be collected almost wholly from business men in the cities.

In Georgia, through a system of misrepresentation based on the county unit plan, the cities have been hamstrung for years, and there is no hope in sight. The rural minority rules in Georgia. There are three classes of counties—with one, two or three votes in the lower house of the State As-

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sembly. Fulton county, with 232,606 population, has three representatives, while the very small counties, with 6,000 and less, have one each. Eight urban counties, with a total population of 635,326, have twenty-four representatives, and eight rural counties, with a population of 57,617, have eight. Thus the husbandman in the backwoods has five times the voting power of the city man.

Within the group of eight larger counties, two of the smallest, each with less than 40,000 population, have the same representation as Fulton, with over 232,000. Fulton county pays a seventh of the State's taxes, but has only three members of the 412 in the House of Representatives. It is one of three counties in one senatorial district out of forty-one. So it has a part interest in one out of forty-one Senators. Atlanta, which extends into two counties, Fulton and DeKalb, has groaned under the rural legislative yoke for years. It has been unable to build a new Union Station because the consent of the Legislature is necessary and withheld. Poolrooms are taxed heavily in Atlanta and almost nothing in the rural counties. The three-cent gasoline tax in Georgia is supposed to be for good roads. One cent goes to the State for highway work, one cent is divided among the 160 counties, and the remaining cent is allotted to other purposes. The cent divided among the counties is apportioned on a basis of post road mileage. Wayne county pays in $6,000 and gets back $24,000; Fulton pays in $800,000 and gets back $14,000.

North Carolina municipalities are the tow-headed step-children of an overwhelmingly rural commonwealth, tolerated of necessity, encouraged most sparingly, and belabored at will. So a Raleigh newspaper man describes them. By a complex provision of the constitution, the fifty counties in which the rural element most largely predominates are each arbitrarily allowed one representative for each unit of population approximating 13,600. But the fifty counties in which the towns are located get only one representative for each 26,945 of population. The Senate representation is similarly disproportionate. At the moment a $65,000,000 highway construction program is being paid for by motor vehicle taxes and a gasoline tax, chiefly raised in the cities. But the roads, of course, are being built in the country. Under the law the State pays for the roadway through any town of 3,000 population or under, but the cities must pay for all roads within their borders, though because of their wider streets it costs them $40,000 a mile. The withdrawal from the cities, under the State Revenue and Machinery Act, of the power to license automobiles for revenue is in line with a general tendency to restrict them ever more closely in their taxing powers.

V

There has been left to the last the most controversial subject of all—Prohibition—but it cannot be omitted in a discussion of rustic domination over the cities. Prohibition was at the bottom of the long deadlock in the late Democratic National Convention between the urban States lined up behind Governor Alfred E. Smith and the rural South and West marshaled for William Gibbs McAdoo. Governor Smith's support, of roughly a third of the convention delegates, came from the largely urban States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, while, aside from what he got from Wisconsin and Minnesota, all his scattering votes, such as one from Butte, Montana, and one from Jacksonville, Florida, also represented urban centers. In addition, Delaware and Maryland, though voting for favorite sons, were allied with the Smith group. With the exception of that of Connecticut and Rhode Island, which never ratified the Eighteenth Amendment, this vote represented, to a great degree, the resentment of the urban wets against the ratification of the amendment by the rural-controlled Legislatures of their States.

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Massachusetts, under the referendum, has, since the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, defeated a State enforcement law and approved a beer bill, unconstitutional as it was held to be and despite its veto by Governor Coolidge. New York, following the second election of Governor Smith on a platform urging modification of the Volstead Act, and although the Republicans still controlled the Assembly, sent a legislative memorial for beer and wines to Congress and repealed the Mullan-Gage State enforcement act. New Jersey sent the wet Governor Edward I. Edwards to the Senate in place of the dry Senator Joseph S. Frelinghuysen, and elected the wet George S. Silzer as Governor. Maryland re-elected the wet Governor, Albert C. Ritchie—the first time a Maryland Governor had ever been re-elected. Pennsylvania, through the Republican primary, defeated Governor Gifford Pinchot, the foremost champion of Prohibition in the East, as a delegate-at-large to the Cleveland convention by about 225,000 plurality. Ohio, in referendum, repudiated the action of its Legislature in ratifying the Eighteenth Amendment, but the repudiation was held void by the United States Supreme Court. Illinois, in referendum, passed a beer bill by a vote of more than two to one, notwithstanding its admitted ineffectiveness and unconstitutionality.

But all these gestures count for little. The city voters, when they get a chance in a referendum, can do little more than express their dissent; in the Legislature of practically every State of the Union the yokels are in control absolutely, and the cities cannot hope to prevail against them save by a sort of accident. Nor is there any constitutional way, in most States, to break their hold. If they are ever dethroned, it must be by their own consent—and they show no sign of consenting. Meanwhile, the greatest free democracy in the world labors under a legislative system that would be regarded with amazement and horror in every civilized country in Europe, and the people of the cities must submit to the constant looting of their purses and restriction of their liberties by hinds who seldom think of them save to wish them evil.

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Criticism

ON LITERARY GROUPS

By Maxwell Bodenheim

When you compare the literary situation in Chicago with the one in New York you will see but a single contrast—there are four or five literary gangs in the former city and one hundred in the latter. The crowd that squats in the dining-room of the Aloquonquin Hotel would not find any difficulty in mingling with the one that sits at Schlogl's, a Chicago tavern. In both places the conversation is identical. A young critic has seen a flawlessly pretty girl, photographed or in the flesh, and is dizzily raving about her; another gentleman is inquiring about the address of a damp, furtive, illicit business-man who can be relied upon not to poison him; a third is proposing a game of chance with the pasteboards; some one starts a little raillery about so-and-so's success or failure with the girls; another chap berates certain palpably stupid authors and so relieves his conscience of the fact that he has handled them more kindly in print; a young newspaper man makes a catty thrust at a radical writer and pretends not to hear his adversary's retort; some second-rate novelists are trotted forth and receive tolerant comments; one or two first-rate novelists are treated more harshly because they offend more prejudices; everybody laughs at a smoking-room joke about a woman; and everyone talks about his own work in a spirit of flippant and slightly self-depreciating candor, as if he were hoping to disarm a possible attack by striking the first blow himself.

If you sat in Schlogl's tavern on a Saturday noon and listened to the talk at the round-table you would wonder what had happened to that distinctive spirit of the Middle-West which you had so often read about, and you would look in vain for the peculiarities supposed to be possessed by the Chicago Group of writers. Harry Hansen and Keith Preston would show you the same liberal-conservative, judicious, and sometimes poorly informed viewpoints held by at least nine-tenths of the Eastern critics; Carl Sandburg would give you the half-socialistic, half-Whitmanesque, sledge-hammer opinions voiced by dozens of New Yorkers who lack his creative ability; Ben Hecht would speak brilliantly, wittily, and satirically, but no more so than four or five writers known to New York gatherings; Gene Markey, the caricaturist of literary figures, would give you the taciturn but genial worldly-wisdoms of a well-dressed, well-fed man-about-town (there is always one envied Beau Brummel at every literary party in the two cities); Dr. Morris Fishbein would reveal all of the rigid virtues and limitations shown by physician-scientists in New York; three or four obscure young "poets"—John Drury, Philardee Davis, and John Gunther—would sit with abashed, subservient delight in the condescension of their more celebrated brethren, just like the same sort of young worshippers at literary tables in the East; Lew Sarret, the favorite of Evanston and Miss Harriet Monroe, would offer you the rough, obvious humor and earthliness of a forest-ranger poet, but brown-skinned, back-to-nature figures are not absent from Gotham salons; and several business men would be seen, mingling with the writers and trying to forget the index file and adding machine, but these same repentant masqueraders can be observed, too,

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in New York studios and dining-rooms. If Edgar Lee Masters and Sherwood Anderson were present at the Schlogl table, you would see personalities not common to the East, but these "Chicago" writers have one familiar trait—they hate to live in the city with which they are falsely associated!

The twin myths of a Chicago Group of writers and a Mid-Western spirit in American literature have sprung from that passion for geographical classification which goes the rounds in present-day criticism. Its most recent turn has given us the uproar about the Iowa School—Roger Sergel, Ruth Suckow, John Fredericks, and their like. These people actually have as much connection with the spirit and soil of Iowa as a sunrise has with an alley on the lower East Side of New York. They are independent, individual, thoughtful men and women who might have risen in any American locality, and whose literary development was not fostered in the slightest by any uniqueness or strength in the State they arose in. Why should they have "Iowa" interminably fastened upon them? And why should men living in Chicago (or men who once lived there) never escape the name of that city?

The trouble is that American critics are always hunting for two amusing phantoms —"an awakening" of some kind and "a spirit" attached to a region and voiced by its writers. These critics like to think of literature in national and local terms because it quickens the innate laziness of their minds and revives their enormous pride at the fact that they have remained immovable on one part of the earth. They do not regard literature as a world-wide phenomenon because this would not glorify their place of residence, but would, on the other hand, cause them to brush aside their immediate environments and countries and deal with larger and more difficult questions. It would also compel them to treat writers as individual recalcitrants instead of conveniently lumping them together under the heading of one city or region. (Only in rare cases, indeed, such as those of Whitman and Mark Twain, is there even any broad justification for the label "American.") When you mention Ben Hecht and Carl Sandburg—who are as different in aim and style as midnight and dawn—and claim that Chicago is responsible for both of them, you are exalting the city and giving these creators an imaginary kinship which saves you the trouble of more closely examining and explaining their differences. In this same respect, "an awakening" is also an excellent aid. When you assert that the Middle Western States have given birth to a literary movement which has expressed their spirit and trend and flavor, you are giving these States a deep uniqueness and a beautiful purpose which could not be found on their actual streets and country lanes. In this way your national pride and enthusiasm can be spared the pain of realizing that Ben Hecht is a Russian Jew, that Carl Sandburg is a Scandinavian, that Robert Frost is more English than American, that Eugene O'Neill is an indisputable Irishman, and that these men have in reality little to do with the "wind-swept prairies" and the "narrow, busy streets" of this country.

Yet, you could dig down even deeper, beyond the easy assertion that American writers are in their essence the products of European countries, and find differences and resemblances of a definitely and more broadly æsthetic and philosophical nature —matters which are attached to no particular country but spring from the insane urge which has always separated the artist from the competent artisan. However, critics who never peer beyond the house and city in which they dwell can hardly be expected to achieve such final penetrations. It is well known, for instance, that Chicago is a huge, sprawling, half-sophisticated collection of villages, gold-coasts, and foreign sections, with nothing to distinguish it except a stockyard fragrance, several grimy railroads, quantities of smoke and dirt, the open and unashamed sale of beer. But the writers who happen

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to live in that city, or once lived there, clinging to their bread and butter, do not show in their work the essence of these aforementioned objects and odors. They reside in a world of their own making and superimposed upon their immediate scene; they are in almost all cases not different from the New York display of novices, mediocrities, and creators; and they have no more connection with Chicago than writers such as Willa Sibert Cather, Evelyn Scott, and Edna St. Vincent Millay have with Broadway and Greenwich Village.

Politics

THE ADVANTAGE OF SENATOR LA FOLLETTE

By Alexander Harvey

Nothing exemplifies more completely the present decay of classical studies in our land than the prevalence of a general mystification on the subject of Senator La Follette. He would have been intelligible instantly to a Greek of the age of Pericles, although he might not have been so influential politically, for he would not have remained the one man in public life at Athens with a capacity to authenticate his tragedy.

Tragedy, in the world of the ancient Greeks, was the supreme fact in life. Tragedy was a privilege. To be the center of a tragedy—the heroic, pathetic figure in it—was the privilege of a favored few. Tragedy, whether in public or in private, overwhelmed noble souls alone. These all paid for their preëminence through the medium of their suffering. This suffering was not occasioned by the misdeeds of the sufferer, unless the sufferer became a figure on the second plane and a mere instrument in the hands of others and thus unable to authenticate his tragedy. Suffering for the sake of others and suffering for the guilt of others comprised the tragedy which alone could be authenticated. Now, a capacity for the authentication of one's tragedy on this lofty ethical plane—whether that tragedy were domestic or political—was to the ancient Greek a sign of the highest genius. It won his homage.

Senator La Follette is such a tragic figure on the political plane in the eyes of those who give him their votes. Therefore, he is a politician in the grand Greek sense rather than a statesman in the practical American sense. The suffering of La Follette has been occasioned—using terms in their classical Greek sense—by a heroic struggle with monsters. These monsters are dominant on the American economic plane as it is contemplated from the standpoint of Senator La Follette. In the course of his struggles with these monsters, La Follette has won the sympathy of every spectator—using the word sympathy in its æsthetic Greek implications. Those who jeer La Follette are rendered odious by that very circumstance.

The creation of a mood like this in such a place as Wisconsin affords some faint idea of the uniqueness of Senator La Follette's genius, quite apart from the advantage he must in consequence enjoy in the struggle of this year for the presidency. One cannot imagine President Coolidge authenticating any tragedy in our politics even were he temperamentally equipped to make tragedy the mood of his campaign. As for Mr. John W. Davis, he seems a trifle too "graduated," in the eclectic college sense of the term, to comprehend tragedy as a political fact. He is the type that street-railway conductors like to have for a superintendent—that is, "a mighty fine man." The temptation to lament that he is without a touch of reality in the ancient Greek sense is well-nigh irresistible, but we must remember that as an American college man, Mr. Davis was "graduated" with next to no ideas of Greek tragedy whatever and with only the vaguest notion of what an ancient Greek meant by reality.

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No one need wonder, accordingly, if Senator La Follette remains inexplicable to people who mean to vote for Mr. Davis or for Mr. Coolidge. Senator La Follette could not be explained in terms of any political idea assimilable by men not steeped intellectually in the atmosphere of Greek tragedy. Not that La Follette must be seen, as the old-fashioned advertisers said, to be appreciated. He must be felt to be appreciated. That is why all the abuse to which he has been subjected remains irrelevant. He is too tragical a victim of his own cause, speaking in the ancient Greek sense, for any excoriation. He is a thoroughly miserable man—expressing the idea still in terms of ancient Greek experience—and it is fairly certain that he communicates his misery to his followers. This is what an Athenian politician would have done.

Hence La Follette is a temperament, a contagious temperament, a sustained mood. He has to be felt, to repeat, like an atmosphere, and because he has the genius to create the atmosphere in which he can be felt, he is susceptible of explanation only in terms of ancient tragedy.

Like all men of but one or two ideas, La Follette conveys, when he talks, a sense of boredom. Yet he masters his propositions. He is indefatigable in research. No head was ever better furnished with more finely fathered facts. The interpretation of those facts may be a matter of dispute. La Follette inevitably chooses the tragical interpretation of them. It is in such interpretations that he manifests the very trait so much admired by the ancient Greeks—the capacity to deliver a message, to spout what the French call a tirade. An ancient Greek message, a modern French tirade and a speech by Senator La Follette when he is most characteristic are one and the same thing. No one has described that thing better than Françisque Sarcey in his elucidation of a tirade of Coquelin's: "The eye, the nose and the voice—the voice especially—are his most powerful means of action. He launches his tirades all in one breath, with full lungs, without troubling himself too much over the shading of details, in large masses, and he possesses himself only the more strongly of the public." Exactly as the ancient Greeks would have said of La Follette, listening to one of his tirades, that he can authenticate his tragedy, the modern French would remark that he can climb his Calvary, and Londoners that he is a sensibility.

The point might be illustrated by a comparison of his dominant mood with that of President Coolidge. This statesman is capable of what to an ancient Greek must have seemed intimacy. By intimacy—a trait demanded of anyone who hoped to succeed politically—an ancient Greek did not imply familiarity. He meant a capacity to disclose one's soul, to make oneself intelligible, understood. President Coolidge has contrived to do this. He is reticent, indeed, disposed to hold back; quiet, undramatic. Such traits may not really be those of the man at all, yet they seem so completely his and they are founded upon a character seemingly so genuine that one has of President Coolidge a definite sense of knowing all about him, even if one has never seen him. This is what the ancient Greeks understood by intimacy. It seems as if anybody could be intimate in this sense but it is not so.

Because this kind of intimacy is so hard to attain and so little understood, many an experienced statesman has suffered himself to be ruined by the writers of character sketches. Seasoned politicians know that character sketches are dangerous, especially if they be written by those who know them well. The man who knows us well is the last to be trusted with a character sketch, even if that character sketch is to be edited by a competent journalist. Odd as it may seem to the inexperienced, the best character sketches are written after the subject is dead by persons who never saw him. No character sketch of Cæsar written by those who knew him could have been better than that of Froude, and nobody ever portrayed Madame Roland as vividly as Lamartine, who never

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saw her. For that matter, nobody ever wrote a character sketch of the late Woodrow Wilson that did not intensify the mystery of the man to all who did not know him. The explanation is that the late Woodrow Wilson lacked intimacy in the ancient Greek sense of the term, although he may have been sufficiently intimate in the modern American sense when he was in company he liked.

It may be urged that the intimacy with the American people established by President Coolidge in the classical sense will triumph over the tragedy of Senator La Follette, however authenticated, and over the unreality of Mr. Davis, seeing that this unreality is only ancient Greek and that Mr. Davis does exist. The contention ignores the ancient Greek theory that a genius capable of authenticating his tragedy established himself by that circumstance as dominant in his sphere. If the ancient Greeks were right—that is, if Senator La Follette should get an unusually large vote—it must become apparent that there is no such gulf as has been assumed between the ancient and the modern mind. There will ensue a revival of classical studies among those who mean to succeed in American politics.

Sociology

BIRTH CONTROL: AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM

By Morris Fishbein

In his presidential address before the American Medical Association last June, Dr. William Allen Pusey devoted himself to the subject of the limitation of population, and brought to the support of an argument for birth control most of the familiar facts about the impossibility of supporting the population of the future on the land of the present. "If no effort is made at birth control," said Doctor Pusey, "nature will take charge of the situation by eliminating those less able to resist." Continuing his argument, he cited the contention of the economists that those people inherit the earth who multiply most rapidly, and that fecundity increases inversely according to the individual's position in the social scale. It seemed to him, as it has seemed to others, that this means the downfall of modern Christian civilization, with the triumph of the misery and degradation of Asia. "I particularly desire," he concluded, "that the mistaken impression should not go out that I mean to say that medicine now has any satisfactory program for birth control. It has not."

In the tomes of the ardent economists, biologists, sociologists and philosophers who favor birth control the eager reader will also search futilely for any practical program, or, indeed, for any practical method. His disappointment will not, moreover, depend entirely on the fact that our government, either wisely or unwisely, has made unlawful the dissemination of such knowledge as is available. The fact is that none of the students of the problem, not even the physicians, have ever perfected any method of birth control that is physiologically, psychologically and biologically sound in both principle and practice. Not, of course, that devices for the prevention of conception do not exist; it is well known that they do, and that they are easily available to almost any purchaser in any drug-store in America. The difficulty lies primarily in the imperfection of the devices themselves, and in the peculiar psychology of that lower stratum of society which the birth-control enthusiasts insist must be brought to the light, lest its descendants inherit the earth.

Every practical psychologist knows that such folk are not at all interested in the welfare of the United States as it may be one hundred years from now. The desire to plan for posterity—and that posterity not of the next succeeding generation, but of four generations ahead—connotes a high

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order of intelligence and public spirit. The impulse to sacrifice the pleasure of the moment for the profit of a far-removed future is within the moral scope, and always will be, of very few men, and perhaps of an even smaller number of women.

But more important than this lack of altruistic imagination is the lack of any sure device for birth control. Of all those at present available, the most ancient and most certain of all is that of simple continence. The chaste man or woman, obviously, never has a child. It is the contention of many religious and prudish persons that this continence is the only aid to the limitation of offspring that is approved by moral law. It is, on the other hand, the belief of most modern psychologists, and especially of the Freudians, that absolute continence in the presence of continuous temptation, such as must inevitably appear in the case of marriage between two persons who have for each other a profound affection, produces effects on the mental life and the daily behavior that are not conducive to a peaceful and healthful existence. Continence is hardly likely, therefore, to appeal to the more intelligent members of the community. And it is only by the more intelligent members of the community that one may expect it to be practiced at all! The visible result of its impracticability among less reflective persons is apparent in the very fecundity which Doctor Pusey deplored. Even recognizing the fact that the long and piteous documents from working women printed in Mrs. Margaret Sanger's *Birth Control Review* are especially selected because they are long and piteous, they may be considered nevertheless as evidence that continence does not work among the poor.

As everyone knows, there are short periods in the life of a woman, recurring regularly, in which the likelihood of conception is less than at other times. These are, however, so indeterminate, and the modifying factors are so many, that those who have attempted to rely on them to limit their offspring have been invariably surprised at their failure. All the remaining methods now in use are mechanical and chemical. Do they work? Recently the best authorities available in Great Britain conducted a symposium on the subject. It was the general verdict that all were unsatisfactory, although a majority agreed that a commonly known device, invented some centuries ago by an Italian named Fallopius, was better than the rest. The percentage of efficiency of the latter varies from ten to somewhere about ninety per cent; none of them is perfect. Moreover, some of them may produce irritations of the tissues and grave consequences, including cancer. Little need be said here of their psychological effects.

One of the difficulties of arriving at a satisfactory formula for killing any sort of organism within the human body lies in the fact that any solution that is sufficiently strong to kill it is also sufficiently strong to irritate and destroy the living body cells. So with all the chemical substances thus far proposed for destroying or inhibiting the activity of either the ovum of the female or the sperm of the male. Practically all such substances are subject to the charge that they are too weak to be efficient, or so strong as to be distinctly injurious to the tissues, especially if used frequently. On such devices there is never any agreement. Each of the chief advocates of birth control has some method which he or she considers the ideal. But the fact that Mrs. Sanger, Mrs. Stopes, Miss Rout and Miss Bocker do not agree should be sufficient evidence in itself that the ideal has not been reached.

Little is said by such propagandists about the psychological aspect of birth control, but this is obviously a matter of the greatest importance. The psychological factor, indeed, is largely responsible, not only for the frequent failure of all the common devices when applied under even the best of conditions, but also for the reluctance to utilize them, imperfect as they are, in the lower ranks of society. It would be possible here, if this were a pop-

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ular, rather than a scientific, consideration of the subject, to picture a nocturnal scene between a male of the lower stratum, somewhat stimulated by alcohol, and the feminine partner of his misery, weary after a day at the washtub or scrubbing the halls of an apartment house. The mental states of the two, it must be plain, are hardly such as to lead them to pause for a consideration of their own difficulties, much less of the economic problems of the Twenty-first Century. The stimulated emotions of the male, coupled with the fatigued inhibitions of the female, are little likely to encourage a recourse to complex mechanisms in the name of humanity.

Medical science is not yet satisfied with the achievements of its investigators in this field. Research workers are still seeking methods which are scientifically safe and psychologically satisfactory. The two devices to which most attention is being given at this time involve the use of the *x*-rays and of the biologic process involved in the creation of immunity. It has been shown that exposure of the ovary in the female or of the testis in the male to a sufficient dosage of *x*-rays results in atrophy or deterioration of the tissues, and so causes permanent sterility. But the human tissues vary so greatly in resistance and the dosage of *x*-rays sufficient to produce the required effect without also producing other and much more harmful effects is so difficult to calculate, that the method is not as yet practical.

The other method has been the outgrowth of experiments by such investigators as Guyer, Dittler, Metchnikoff and McCartney. A proper understanding of it involves a knowledge of the biologic mechanism within the human body which results in the production of immunity to disease. It is known that a person who is infected with certain diseases develops resistance to future infection with those diseases by the creation within his body of antagonistic substances. In the same way, the injection into the body of certain chemical substances causes it to build up a defense against them. It therefore occurred to the investigators named to find out whether or not the female organism might be immunized against the sperm cell of the male. They were supported in their belief that it might be so immunized by observations which seemed to indicate that the female tended in time, under the ordinary process of exposure, to develop immunity to the male sperm. It is known, for instance, that the liability to become pregnant is much greater during the early years of marriage than in the later years. It is known also that there is little tendency to become pregnant among prostitutes, and that this fact is not altogether the result of the chronic venereal infections to which this class is subject. Finally, it was observed that there was a subnormal tendency to pregnancy in periods following unusually frequent exposure.

The investigators prepared extracts and other preparations of the sperm cells of various animals, such as rabbits, albino rats and chickens. These were injected into females and careful observations were made to determine whether or not they had any effect on fecundity. It was found that a definite effect did appear. Female albino rats injected with the sperm of the male remained sterile for a period of from two to twenty-two weeks beyond the normal gestation time, although their normal sexual cycle and behavior seemed to be in no way altered. These experiments were carefully controlled by injecting an equal number of rats with salt solution or other innocuous material.

Obviously, if science is able to develop some such method as this, which will permit the production of sterility in individuals of the lower stratum with their own consent, which will be renewable after a definite period, and which will not depend for its effectiveness on any mental or physical action of the persons concerned at the time of sexual activity, a feasible method of birth control will have been found. But certainly we cannot be said, as yet, to have reached any such method.

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THE SENTIMENTALIST

BY BEN HECHT

My friend Jacobi is an unhappy fool. He is short and squat; has a fat stomach and thin legs; is bald-headed, unmarried and, I think, virtuous. Our friendship, to me at least, is a mystery. The man has absolutely no sense. In fact, he has almost a genius for ignorance and bad taste.

Were I able to say to myself that I merely tolerate this creature it would not be so bad. There is a certain bizarre charm to fools, just as there is something charming about a child's drawing of a house with a lopsided chimney spouting smoke. But the fact is that I seek Jacobi out. I telephone him three times a week and insist that he have dinner with me. If he pleads another engagement I grow voluble and profane. After dinner we go either to the theatre or to my rooms.

Jacobi ruins any theatrical performance. Is the play a piece of drivel and are the actors a pack of rheumatic elocutionists? Then he is overcome with enthusiasm. He applauds rapturously and holds forth in the lobby between acts on the excellence of the play and the subtlety of the performers. He is equally impossible at a good show. For instance, I recall that, after crowing blissfully through an idiotic drama called "You and I," he was, a week later, bored and irritated by Eugene O'Neill's very intelligent play, "Anna Christie."

It is not a matter of "knowing what he likes" or of inferior æsthetic standards with Jacobi. He has no conception of what he likes and is completely lacking in æsthetic standards of any kind. His enthusiasms and aversions are based wholly upon guesses. The man has not the remotest objective sense. The thing in itself, whether it be a book, a play, a person, or an event, means nothing to him.

Not being inhuman, there are, of course, prejudices in him: habit impulses, daydreams and memories—all of which might ordinarily invest him with a commonplace but consistent attitude toward the great world and its little people. But with Jacobi the ambition to be taken for an intellectual has entirely obliterated his true character. He could easily realize his ambition did he allow the literary and radical magazines he devours to mold his tastes. But no! Beneath the creature's dribbling words is an abortive egoism. Not only does he want to be taken for an intellectual, but he desires also to be hailed as a sharply individualistic critic of life and letters.

The result is that he is continually guessing at the merits and beauties of what he beholds. He will, for no reason at all so far as himself or anyone else can determine, pronounce a book a masterpiece, or a painting a marvel of execution, or an actress a supreme performer. It is a pure guess. But once having guessed, he reinforces his decision with violent words, proofs, arguments, and a hodge-podge of remarks so inconsistent and incredible that they emerge from stupidity into lunacy.

All this, of course, is of no consequence. Jacobi's cultural asininity might still leave him tolerable. His efforts to improvise a highly individualized æsthetic are too transparent and absurd to provoke anger. In fact, his chatter about literature and art often soothes me. Listening to him, I grow philosophical, and wonder how many

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of my own pronouncements upon such matters are based on caprice and guesswork, and congratulate myself on having a more convincing vocabulary with which to impose my whims on others.

What is unbearable about Jacobi is his sentimentality. I have bored myself with diagnosing and motivating this quality of his until I have no longer any mental defenses against it. I mean that his sentimentality is no longer something I can study and experiment with. After four years of friendship, my mind ceases to work in the man's presence. All I can do is listen to him and suffer.

Jacobi has been in the United States eleven years. He came from some God-forsaken place on the German-Russian border called Katowitz. I call the place God-forsaken chiefly out of contempt for Jacobi's opinions. To him this town—I use his words—is the garden spot of the earth. In Katowitz the women are all beautiful, the men are all noble and kindly; life goes on with an innocence and exaltation not to be found anywhere else in the world. I have looked up Katowitz in an atlas and discover that it is in the centre of a coal-mining region. Inquiry likewise reveals that it is a hot-bed of petty politics, full of belligerent Poles, Germans and Russians, and perniciously given to mass-meetings and revolutions.

But Jacobi smiles sadly at what he terms my malice when I interrupt him with any of these facts. So I have given up interrupting him. He talks, when we go to my rooms, of the old days. What is life? he asks, staring with a sigh at his cigarette. What is it? It is nothing but greed and more greed. Look at what he has become himself. The head of an insurance company's branch office! Not a bad position, I point out. But Jacobi laughs bitterly. He is a *bourgeois*, a cog in a great and soulless machine.

When he makes this confession Jacobi seems on the edge of tears. A wry smile turns his lips, and his heavy black eyes are pits of melancholy. Look at him, he says, grown fat and old and his days empty of pleasure. I need not think, because he sometimes laughs and appears to enjoy himself in the theatre or among friends, that his heart is anything but dead. "Youth, ah youth!" says Jacobi. When he was young and lived in that place, Katowitz—life was different then. In what way was life different? Well, there were trees. Spring came. There was an old mill and a river. There were long roads leading into the forest. One lived instead of being ground to death in the wheels of this soulless machine.

When Jacobi talks in this manner I immediately suspect him of never having seen a river or a forest, let alone having walked down long roads. After he leaves and I am alone I think, "The man is a fool, nothing else. His rapturous past is a daydream with which he coddles his present insufficiency and boredom. Why the devil do I bother myself with the creature?"

But, morbid as it may sound, I grow lonely for Jacobi after an absence of a week. Yes, I actually desire to hear him talk. I mail him a book to read, knowing that he will harass me for a month with ignorant and tasteless comments on it. I have figured out that it is my understanding of the man that makes me his friend. I feel more personal, that is, more intimate, with him than with many others whom I like infinitely more. Perhaps my desire for his presence is based on the fact that without exerting myself at all I feel like an intellectual giant while listening to him.

II

One evening I informed Jacobi that I was acquainted with two of the dancers in a musical piece that had just opened. It might be diverting, I suggested, to take them out after the performance. Jacobi, of course, demurred. He had no use for painted women. What were they? Were they human beings with the joy of living in their souls? No, they were nothing but

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marionettes. To sit with them in a restaurant and listen to their giggling and stupid talk would be a waste of time. More than that, it would actually sadden him. It would remind him of his youth when, idiot that he insists he was, he romped the wildwood hand in hand with peasant nymphs in Katowitz.

Jacobi sighing with his fat stomach and spindly legs, rolling his heavy eyes and mopping his bald head, Jacobi bemoaning the sylvan pleasures of his youth, struck me as more of a fool than I had ever thought him before. Yet, perversely, I insisted that he accompany me. What possible pleasure could lie in shanghaiing him for a joyride I don't know to this day. The man's idea of asserting himself as a "character" consisted usually of growing morose and querulous in the presence of other people's enjoyment. Nevertheless, I insisted.

We would call for the girls after the performance and drive out into the country. It was a charming Summer evening. We would stop at some road-house, eat, drink and dance. And life would seem colorful and eventful for the few hours. I pleaded with Jacobi that I had been working hard and needed the relaxation and he relented.

I will admit that the girls were somewhat of a shock. I hadn't seen them for two years. They emerged from the theatre wearing identical clothes—silk sunbonnets with large ribbons hanging below their chins, and a sort of theatrical version of gingham dresses. Two gingham dresses absolutely alike. As we got into the automobile they upbraided me for not having come to see them in the show, and explained that they now did a sister act which was wonderful and which a number of talented New York critics had pronounced the fastest and neatest act of its kind on the stage this season.

Jacobi was silent. He refused belligerently to help make conversation, but sat morose and reproachful on the back seat. The girls chattered on and I wondered how human voices could change so much in two years. They talked through their noses, laughed stridently at each other's sallies, and professed to be dying for a drink. Two years ago they had been a pair of quiet, ambitious little beauties, eager to know what books were worth reading. I recalled that they even used to apologize for the crudities of their theatre friends. Obviously, the theatre is a difficult handicap to charm and innocence, and I could not help feeling that Jacobi, listening to our guests, must think them a pair of hussies.

We obtained a bottle of gin on the outskirts of the town and the girls drank with gusto. I was too depressed to join them, and pressed my share of the drink on Jacobi. He accepted politely. After a few miles we stopped and got another bottle. This, too, Jacobi helped empty. After a half hour he was drunk.

He was sitting stiffly in the back seat. His companion had her arm around him, but, finding this position tiresome, she stretched out against the side of the car and lifted her feet into Jacobi's lap. Jacobi was looking sadly at the moon, at the dark and whispering night, at the great shadow of field that lay beyond the road. He was looking at these things and thinking of Katowitzian idylls. It was obvious. I knew only too well my friend's expression for his haunting nostalgia.

I stopped the car in front of a road-house—a tumble-down looking place scorned by the majority of nocturnal merrymakers. Trees surrounded it. Its lighted windows revealed a comparatively empty interior. The depleted jazz orchestra made a blatant assault on the soft night. We would go in here, if only to get another bottle of gin. Securing this from the eager proprietor, I felt that further sobriety on my part would make the evening totally impossible—for me. I returned to the car somewhat livened and there was Jacobi—morose and immobile and fatuously drunk.

No. He would not go into the place with us. The night was what he wanted. The silent, innocent night. He looked pityingly at his companion. His eyes, as they

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turned to me, seemed to say, Is she human? Look at her! Painted! Artificial! Drunk! *You* may enjoy yourself with such a person. But not I. Not I who have known the glamor of nights in Katowitz; who have tasted of life unspoiled, uncorrupted.

Perhaps I was a bit oversensitive on the subject. But the drunken dignity of my friend enraged me. He seemed ten times more a fool than it was possible for a man to be as he sat hugging his spurious grief to his bosom and staring with proud indifference at the girl's feet in his lap. Without further coaxing, I guided our guests into the road-house, leaving Jacobi in the car.

We ate, drank, danced and laughed. We made friends with the lonely musicians and induced the proprietor to tell us the story of his life. The girls went through their sister act for my edification. The night moved on. The trees outside the window grew fragrant with dawn. The musicians packed up and retired. A racket of birds arose in the yard. During all our merrymaking I kept thinking of that imbecile Jacobi. I explained him to the girls, deriding him until they howled. They were continually urging that we make a sortie on him and kidnap him, that we drag this mournful clown into the road-house and make him dance, that we play a dozen different practical jokes on him.

But all this I refused. I kept my reasons to myself. I was full of envy of Jacobi. I pictured him sitting alone in the night, enjoying the spectacle of the dark countryside, watching the dawn roll in from the horizon, sitting in this fashion with a dream in his heart, false or true, of his youth. And I envied him. The girls were blatant and uninteresting. . . .

We came out of the place at last. The scene outside was quite pastoral. Apple trees in the dawn, birds twittering on the fences, a pump at the side of the tumbledown road-house. But no Jacobi. I called his name aloud. There was no answer. Obviously, the fool had fallen asleep somewhere. We started a search, the girls whooping and careening over fences and shrieking drunkenly for my friend. The thing struck me as grotesque. I was dizzy and aching for sleep and ready to leave Jacobi lying wherever he was. But the girls refused to give up their play. Prancing up and down the country road and yelling "Jacobi! Jacobi!" at the top of their voices —this they considered a species of high and delicious adventure.

III

After an hour of this sort of wearisome excitement I heard an ear-splitting whoop from one of the girls. It was followed by the cry, "Here he is! Here he is!"

Her friend and I hurried toward the sound. Yes, there was Jacobi. A curious sadness overcame me as I saw him and as I watched the girls, doubling over with laughter, point to him between delirious shouts. . . . I felt that something ironic and tragic had happened. I remembered Jacobi as we had left him, morose and dreaming in the back seat. And I could picture him standing up and getting out of the machine when he was alone; raising his head to the night and drawing a deep breath of the country air. I could see him wandering off in the dark—a Conrad in quest of Katowitz, murmuring to himself how like the night sky of his youth this darkness was, how like the scenes of his boyhood this country-smelling field seemed. I could see him stumbling along, half drunk, with his fatuous and sentimental smile, and finally, after walking in a large circle, sinking to rest on the earth.

Here he lay, his face holding in sleep the soulful and reminiscent grimace with which he saluted always the memory of his past. Here he lay, dreaming he was back again in Katowitz, asleep beside the old mill, the river mumbling under him.

I stepped forward angrily to wake Jacobi. A swarm of flies was buzzing over him, but his short, squat body curled in a childish posture. . . . He lay smiling and oblivious on the floor of an outhouse!

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DEVASTATED REGIONS

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

A KEEN day in Spring. The wind, whipping over the hills, occasionally obscures the sun with ragged clouds; and near the brow of a hill which flanks a narrow valley a little party of week-end guests are sprawling amid books and conversation; while apart from them, on the crest of the hill, a Critic and his Friend are outlined against the sky, stalking back and forth like solemn cranes.

At first, one senses nothing but the loveliness of the Spring day: the smell of the plowed earth, and the noise of little runnels of water, and the damp green of the grass. A sharp edge of trees marks the adjacent pasture, and in the middle distance the white slats of a farmhouse gleam through the faint haze. All this is a mockery. Gradually one discovers that the trees on the opposite hill are white corpses, that the buildings around the farmhouse are palpably ruined, that the nearer trees are blasted and broken, and that the stone walls which once properly bounded the pasture now gape in a dozen places.

FRIEND—I had no idea that any part of New Jersey was as wild and hilly as this. One thinks of the State usually as a flat stretch of truck gardens and salt swamps, and of degenerate beaches covered with boardwalks and hotels—or else a black slum like that we motored through from Hoboken to Paterson. This isn't more than fifty miles from New York, and yet it belongs to another world.

CRITIC—Seven years ago your enthusiasm would have been justified: that is when I got hold of this farm. But if I want to keep the wildness and the isolation I shall have to buy up the whole hillside in each direction. The truth is, we are not more than two miles from Slippery Lake. Did you notice an obscene line of bungalows on each side of the State road as we came through? It's moving in our direction. Cock-roaches! Phonographs! Radio loud-speakers and human ones!

FRIEND (*Sympathetically*)—Waste paper and broken bottles! Endless sardine tins! Discarded tires!

CRITIC—Autos dribbling along the road on Sunday, like stinking black molasses. Carbon monoxide. Headaches. Noise. All this is what the poor devils who have bought their little cemetery plots around the lake call enjoying God's pure air and getting back to nature. Yah!

FRIEND—Wherever you go, it's pretty much the same thing. The village I'm in, you know, is eighty miles from the city; but one of the farms has already been turned into a boarding-house, and the family that runs it is so down and out that they can take only the meanest and most dejected sort of boarders. I feel like a snob when I say it—but these people don't know how to behave in the country: they carry their cockney manners with them wherever they go. I was born on a farm, and it makes me ache every time I see a bit of wall being torn down, or a tree ruined. Not that I blame these Summer visitors: they feel that for once the policeman isn't looking, and that they had better enjoy their freedom before he turns up again.

CRITIC—That's the difficulty, isn't it? Heaven knows you can't blame people for wanting to get out of the city, at any price. Three quarters of a century ago the countryside was so near at hand that even near New York, with its 500,000 people, Whitman could loaf naked on the beaches

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or Bryant could go on long tramps through the woods on the upper part of the island, above Fifty-ninth Street. Nowadays it is almost impossible to leave the city, no matter what trouble one takes: Coney Island is Fourteenth Street, only more so: Atlantic City is Broadway, only more so; and Slippery Lake is like any other metropolitan slum—only the sanitary regulations aren't so strict. No matter where you go the story is the same. Twenty years ago Ogunquit, for example, was as beautiful as Newport was *sixty* years ago: at one end were cliffs and moorland, at the other a wide, infinite beach which seemed to be the pedestal of the sky. Ten years ago the fishermen began to parcel out their land into blocks of real estate; and last year I found that the cliffs had been completely spoiled by a litter of smug suburban houses: indeed, it's just a matter of time, if this keeps up, before the beach will be ruined too. Wherever we go, we foul our own nest.

Friend—It works both ways: we have made the city and the country equally intolerable: neither is suited to permanent human habitation. I like my neighbors in Minionville; and the countryside itself is unspoiled; but the human atmosphere has the smell of a dank country parlor. A hundred years ago there was plenty of life in my region: it was an excellent wheat-growing section before the Erie Canal was built; it had an academy for girls which was famous up to the Civil War, and it boasted a little group of minor literary men who were in correspondence with Emerson, Melville, and Thoreau. Today a few big dairy farms are all that keep the folks going; the inhabitants who have remained manage to scrape along in the crudest fashion. Outside of two Irish Catholic families, who occasionally play the accordion and dance out in the open on a Sunday afternoon, I swear that my wife and I are the only happy people in the region. Everybody is sick; sick and empty; and they all secretly envy the "bad woman" of the neighborhood, when she gets beaten up by the man who lives with her: even a sordid drama is better than their petty ailments.

Critic—Well, it's not quite so bad in this valley: the population has been thinned out so thoroughly that the survivors are moderately prosperous; and now that Slippery Lake is growing they are actually becoming prosperous. Nevertheless, the whole region has been running down hill these last hundred years. See those heaps at the bottom of the hill over there? They mark an abandoned iron mine. Sally Thompson's grandfather remembers the time when there were three hundred people in the village, most of them employed by the mine and the blast furnace, and when both the Baptist and the Congregationalist Churches were crowded every Sunday. Now there are about fifty people in the whole district this side of Slippery Lake, and only a few old women attend the churches. At the bottom of this hill is a millrace more than half a mile long; it's now covered with dead leaves and ferns, and there's been no water in it for a whole generation; but once upon a time it turned a sawmill. The man who owned this farm kept the mill going until nobody in the region needed the boards, and the hillside itself had been stripped of trees. By that time a good part of the topsoil had been swept away, and the result was a lot of scrub timber; and the soil got sour, and the birches and cedars began to creep in. As if to give an ironic crown to man's work, Nature a little while ago blighted all the chestnuts.

Friend—Dead trees, abandoned houses, forgotten mill-races, neglected streams—this has the atmosphere of an Eighteenth Century romantic novel. "On an October evening in the year 178— a solitary horseman might have been seen on a weedy road, spurring his steed towards his destination, so desirous was he to escape from the isolation, all too sublime, of his ruined surroundings."

Critic—The atmosphere may belong to the Eighteenth Century: but unfortunately it is the reality we have inherited.

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This was once a thriving valley; but today—!

FRIEND—We passed more than one mill along the South Branch of the Raritan; and they made me think of my boyhood back in Virginia. It's a long time since I'd seen a country mill in operation and I had imagined that they had been driven out by the big plants.

CRITIC—No: the curious thing is that the mill at Spilton Forge is fairly prosperous; although it's only chicken feed and prepared buckwheat flour that it turns out nowadays. Spilton Forge itself is an interesting village: it might be fun to walk over there tomorrow. As you can tell from the name, it was founded in the 'fifties, when the mines were still in operation, and it held its own because the Spilton Range Company got a reputation for its product, and the original family that owned the works still lives here and keeps it up. Without anyone's taking pains to make it so, the village is very decent, almost charming: most of the workers own their land and cultivate it in their spare time. Of course, their wages are less than they would be in Newark; on the other hand, their children have a chance of being healthy, and they are never altogether dependent upon the industry itself for the next day's bread and butter. There's plenty of electric power in the rivers and smaller streams, and if only there were a few more technological geniuses like Henry Ford around, these valleys would hum again. And with a bigger population it would pay the local farmer to cultivate his garden, instead of sacrificing all his soil to the cattle. As it is, most of my neighbors work like slaves during the Summer months to supply milk and eggs to the Summer colony—and the rest of the time they are so idle that they become members of the local branch of the Protestant inquisition and join the Klan—more from boredom than from conviction.

FRIEND—That's the trouble: our life today is essentially empty. By constantly paying attention to machinery, our metropolitan civilization manages to fill its emptiness with noise and motion and a sense of getting things done tremendously: the autos, the phonographs, the radios, the movies, the hundred mechanical things that we turn to out of sheer inertia—all these keep us from feeling how barren we have become. Out in the country, however, there is no escaping it: all the things that used to make country life tolerable are gone. Before the Civil War the women in my region used to spin and weave: they made hooked rugs and coverlets that were full of naïve vitality. To color them, they were forced to go out into the woods to gather the herbs and barks for the dyes; and the names of their designs are poems and histories in themselves—Scarlet Runner, Rain-in-Autumn, Bull Run. Today their taste is gone; and their arts are forgotten; or rather, they are remembered only by a handful of artists, in the pay of people who are creating a "Colonial" background for themselves. The farmers sell the old chairs that were scrapped in the garrets or lingered in the kitchens because they have learned their value as antiques; but they do so only in order to get the latest piece of polished lumber that Grand Rapids turns out. As for the intellectual level of these people—well, the illiterate men who used to discuss one of Emerson's lyceum lectures for six months are perhaps now educated enough to read Dr. Crane's latest hokum every day.

CRITIC (*Wryly*)—I daresay that there are a lot of things to be said on the other side; but it looks to me as if you and I were living in devastated regions. There is a sense in which we may even regard the inhabitants as shell-shocked! The stolid peasants and mountain woodmen of the Austrian Tyrol, where I was walking last Summer, are Michelangelos and Newtons by comparison: they carve, they build well, they keep their landscape immaculate; and they still have a life of their own, which doesn't live off the crumbs and drippings of the metropolis. In fact, they are as far superior to the American farmer in this re-

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gion as the city of Innsbruck is superior to Yonkers, which is about the same size!

FRIEND—Well, what's to be done about it?

CRITIC—Done? Nothing whatever. The processes we have been observing will go on until people can't stand it any more: and then there will be a hundred people thinking the way we do to one who does today, without our having said a word to persuade them. Do you suppose it is a temperamental accident that has made you and me, and perhaps twenty other people we could name in our own circle, go off to the country and contrive in some way or other to spend part of our time working with our hands—laying bricks or spading a garden? On the contrary, we went reluctantly, because every other avenue was closed. Well, the vague itch that creates wretched little slums like Slippery Lake is a symptom of the same thing; and after a hundred salves and panaceas have been tried people will perhaps discover that the only way of getting what they want consists in restoring our devastated regions—and, incidentally, in bringing back half the occupations and pastimes we have forfeited by our servile attendance on machinery.

FRIEND—That is a long way off, I am afraid.

CRITIC—So are the rest of the party: they have gone down to the house! Come: let us follow them.

(*They go; and a sentinel crow caws ironically overhead.*)

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HIGHWAY PERSONAGES

BY ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER

THE American bandit of 1924 lacks the light touch, the adroitness, the easy prowess, the courtliness and generosity and all the other romantic qualities that caused the exploits of his predecessors of an early day to become legends repeated at the fireside for generations. Whether this falling away from what John Ridd would call a certain loftiness of conduct is to be explained by the substitution of the automobile for the horse or is due simply to the "degradation of the democratic dogma" is a question productive of partisanship and may be left to another time. Whatever the cause, our present-day bandits and assassins seem to be mostly a dull folk whose doings, as recorded in the daily chronicle of crime, give no thrill to the diminishing number of persons who continue to follow the monotonous record. Like all but a half dozen or so of the general officers of the World War, our highwaymen attain no genuine fame. They go to the penitentiary or are hastened to the grave by a constabulatory bullet, unsung and unremembered. Years of moving picture education have failed to lift them from their low plane.

The exceptions are so few that one is driven to thinking of them as rare anomalies, like the chronic drunkards declared by an English medical writer to be survivors of an age when man was still adjusting himself to alcohol. An instance of such survivorship was furnished in 1924 by a Middle States robber who showed all the old-time spirit and humor. Entering an isolated rural home, he found the only occupant to be a sad-visaged woman. To his demand for money she answered that she had none; besides, she was in debt, and the authorities were about to seize her cow. Looking across the fields she continued, "There comes the constable now, through the woods." Inquiring the amount of her debt, the courteous robber gave her the twenty dollars necessary to satisfy it! The woman handed the bank-notes to the constable, and the requirements of the law having been complied with, the officer departed, the woman was left in possession of her cow, and the transaction was completed to the satisfaction of both. The party of the third part, the robber, kept his thoughts to himself. In due time he overtook the constable, recovered his twenty dollars, and by way of interest, reckoned by minutes, took from the agent of the law various other sums of money that had been collected from other unfortunates.

This bandit was living according to the high code of the celebrated highwaymen of the classical days, who took from tax collectors and the well-to-do and gave to the poor. Sandy Flash, in Bayard Taylor's excellent mystery novel, "The Story of Kennett," abided by that code. His audacity, courage, prowess and generosity were all suggested by the character and exploits of one Fitzpatrick, whose eminent and sensational career was run in the period immediately succeeding the Revolutionary War.

II

From the same section of the country, not improbably with Fitzpatrick's great deeds as his example, for they were recounted through the countryside, came Joseph

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Thompson Hare, whose pride made him see himself as the most successful and distinguished highwayman who had ever lived in America up to that time. Between the beginning and the end of his career at places less than a hundred miles apart, his operations extended from Louisiana through Tennessee, Mississippi, Kentucky, Florida, Virginia, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts and Canada. Near Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee River he was far more successful financially than Henry Ford has yet been in that neighborhood, for he and his two assistants took from four travelers enough pieces of gold to make Hare's share $7000. In the same vicinity, from another company of three on their way westward from St. Augustine and Charleston, there were obtained 300 doubloons (one doubloon = $15.50), 704 other gold pieces of different sizes, a quantity of gold in bars, and much other precious metal. Hare's share of this loot was about $12,000, all in gold. A few days later $2700 was taken from a Negro-trader. In three months the operations of the three robbers yielded them $38,000.

Proceeding to New Orleans, where he suffered losses in a gambling game which he said was called United Stabell, Hare obtained a passport from Governor Grandpré, and with his associates began to work the road between Baton Rouge and Pensacola. They had three good mounts, all broken to gun-fire by shooting off pistols close to their heads. Eighty miles from Pensacola they hit upon a cave which afterward served them as great headquarters. Presently five Spaniards en route for Baton Rouge were unfortunate enough to ride along; they were relieved of "forty weight" of gold and $28 in silver. Very considerately, these Spaniards were not robbed of their watches, and nothing was taken from their servants. Hare's narrative says that in two months' operations with the cave as a base, he and his aides collected $26,700. The following five months were spent pleasantly in Pensacola, attending the weekly balls, or giving, in return, dances to the local Spanish gentry. This genial participation in the social life of the town cost Hare and his two assistants $6000. On their return to Baton Rouge Governor Grandpré arrested the three in the belief that they were United States spies. With his customary resourcefulness Hare sent a messenger to Pensacola, and in due time the man returned with such satisfactory letters from the Spanish and French officers there that the prisoners were set free.

Funds were now running low, and so the three went by river boats to Natchez and thence to Nashville. Near the latter town they waylaid a man on his way to Georgia, taking from him $970. Hare then proceeded northward—and luck deserted him. In Franklin county, Virginia, where he had robbed a drover of his horse and $450, Hare was caught in bed when he thought all pursuit was over. He was sentenced to imprisonment for eight years. In the jail he experienced visions, and heard voices which he believed to have been sent by God. His chief consolation lay in his memory of the honorable way in which he had followed his profession, and especially in the fact that he had never resorted to murder or permitted his assistants to do so. In jail he sought to make his peace with God, and when he was released at the end of five years he worked steadily for half a year as a tailor in Baltimore.

But life there was dull and living poor, and so he migrated to Albany. There he convinced himself that it was no difficult thing to take a man's money without doing him physical injury—and that to rob a rich man would not be considered any great crime in Heaven. Therefore, with one companion, he started on the road again. The two crossed the mountains and went to Boston, where, at the Exchange Coffee House, they picked an acquaintance with two men on their way from New York to Canada. Together the four traveled through Vermont, Hare's new acquaintances riding in a gig drawn by two horses, tandem. To the gig was attached a

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heavy trunk, from which, north of the Canadian border, the owners were seen by Hare to take several bags of money. A few hours later he and his companion, with cocked pistols, rode to the side of the gig. The occupants were compelled to alight and coins to the value of $14,700, mostly guineas, were transferred from the trunk to the highwaymen. As was Hare's custom, the watches of the victims were not taken. The owners were kept in the woods until dark. The robbers then bade them a polite good-bye, and, riding rapidly northward for a short distance, turned and reëntered the United States.

The two spent some time at Balston Springs, whence Hare went alone to New York City. He had an eye for a good horse, and was so much pleased with the appearance and action of a pair of bays belonging to the Governor of the State that he stole them from the gubernatorial stable. He abandoned one soon afterward, but rode the other to the bridge over the Delaware at Trenton, covering sixty miles in four hours. Making his way, then, to Washington, he was forced to join the army to evade arrest for having sold a horse which another man had stolen. While in the army he conceived a plan to seize the President and deliver him to the British Admiral Cockburn, whose fleet at that time was engaged in harrowing the towns and shores of Chesapeake Bay. But this plan was never executed and soon afterward Hare deserted from the army and made Philadelphia, for a time, the base of his operations, his victims being cattle-drovers. Then he went to Boston, and then came back to New York and Princeton, always on the move. At Princeton he came to grief again, for, after robbing a merchant from North Carolina of $30,000, he was caught, sentenced to Somerville jail for five years, and pardoned only at the end of two years.

The climax of his career came soon after his release. This was in 1818, after he had followed the road for fourteen years. In that year, aided by several associates, at a spot a few miles south of the mouth of the Susquehanna River, he built a fence across the stage-road leading from Baltimore to Philadelphia. There the northbound coach carrying the United States mail was stopped, the occupants of the coach were bound, and the mail pouches rifled of $16,900. The night was spent in the adjacent woods, where the letters were opened. As morning approached, Lieutenant Ludlow, one of the passengers, was asked for the time. Being bound, he could not consult his watch. So one of the robbers took the lieutenant's time-piece from his pocket, noted the time and returned the watch punctiliously to its place. The stage-driver was given a tip of ten dollars. The highwaymen then hurried to Baltimore, where they recklessly displayed a large roll of bank-notes while making purchases in a store. They were at once arrested, tried and convicted, and in the Autumn Hare was hanged.

Under sentence of death, he wrote a narrative of his life, published in Philadelphia and New York in 1845, in "The Highwaymen and Pirates' Own Book." His account of the mail-coach robbery, down to the small details, is substantiated by the narratives of Lieutenant Ludlow and other passengers, printed in the newspapers immediately afterward. Hare's geography and use of local names are always correct. His pride in the extent and success of his operations, in his polite consideration for his victims, and in the fact that he never took life is mingled with warnings against emulating his felonious example. He dwells especially upon the impossibility, always dreamed of by highwaymen, of committing one master robbery and then retiring to a peaceful and honest life. That had been his own intention again and again, but he had always failed to execute it.

III

Down to the time of the World War, when crude and commonplace bandits with their stupid murders made the ancient art ab-

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horrent, the enterprises of half a dozen brothers, whose family name was Doan and whose exploits coincided with the period of the Revolutionary War, continued to be fireside tales in rural New Jersey and Pennsylvania. One tradition says that the Doan family came from the same place in England where dwelt the Doones of Blackmore's novel. Another asserts that the Pennsylvania Doans were remotely connected with the family from which sprang two bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. There is less reason to question a legend that they were once prosperous and respected rural folk, and loyalists during the Revolution, who were subjected to unbearable ostracism and insults from neighbors in sympathy with the Colonies. Of powerful physique and good appearance and expert horsemen, they also had enough of the faculty that makes the successful actor to enable them to assume whatever character best served their immediate purpose. With a running start one of them could jump over a low wagon. After the Pennsylvania Assembly had passed an act (signed by Frederick A. Muhlenberg, who afterwards was the first Speaker of the national House of Representatives), offering a reward of one hundred pounds for the arrest of the Doans, the capture of one of them was caused by his victory in a jumping contest at a tavern in Lancaster. A jump by a local champion was so far exceeded by the stranger present that the defeated man exclaimed: "You must be the devil himself or one of the Doans!" The stranger was thereupon seized by the crowd and taken to Philadelphia, and there he was subsequently hanged.

The British General Howe is credited with saying: "Those Doans are the most daring fellows that ever lived." Moses Doan had guided the British army at the battle of Long Island. Loyalty to King George, however, did not prevent one of the brothers from killing a British officer who had attacked an American woman. Pursued by the dead officer's troops, this Doan swam his horse across the Delaware river where it was nearly a mile wide and reached the Jersey shore in safety. Many ballads about the Doans were sung, the verses of one of them asking:

Who is so strong, so strong
As Moses, Moses Doan!
Whose arms so long, so long
As Moses, Moses Doan!

Who fights, who robs, so brave
As Moses, Moses Doan!
Your gold you cannot save
From Moses, Moses Doan!

He is the Briton's friend,
He is the freeman's foe,
And may, we pray, God send
To him a quiet death-blow.

An intoxicated countryman, who had invited a Doan to ride with him, fell asleep in his wagon as he sang this ballad. The Doan drove into a woods, robbed the sleeping man, and rode away.

Joseph Doan, in stature and facial appearance, is said to have borne so strong a resemblance to Lord Rawdon that when he went into Philadelphia after the British had evacuated the city a wealthy Tory mistook him for the British officer. This Tory warned the supposed Lord Rawdon that he would be recognized, and invited him and a companion, who posed as Colonel Agnew, to his home to dine and spend the night. Doan pretended that he was carrying a message from the British troops in the South to General Clinton in New York. Tory friends of the host were invited to meet the distinguished guests. The wine cellar was drawn upon with such hospitality that in the night the guests were able to rob the host's secretary and make off with five hundred dollars' worth of plate. A few days afterward the host received an unsigned bread-and-butter letter from a nearby county.

IV

Toward the close of the last century, from their lair in a low range of sterile, wooded hills called the Welsh Mountains, that overlook the most fertile of American counties, there operated a gang of thieves

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of no distinction bearing the commonplace name of Buzzard, a perversion of the French Huguenot Bossert. For the most part they were engaged in making descents by night upon the hen-houses of the prosperous farm lands at the base of the hills. Abe Buzzard, the head of the gang, possessed in exaggerated measure a peculiar pride in his native county of Lancaster, but this pride could hardly have sprung from the fact that in a long series of decennial censuses Lancaster had led all the counties of the United States in the value of its agricultural products. Nevertheless, he had it, and his method of making it manifest was highly individualistic and ingenious. He was often locked in the Lancaster jail and as often made his escape. The newspaper wits of the neighboring county of Chester, through a long series of years, saw in these frequent jail-breakings opportunities for impaling Lancaster officialdom in paragraphs that caused laughter in the one county and chagrin in the other. Abe Buzzard resented these aspersions upon his home county, and said "I'll show 'em!" Accordingly, he went to the vicinity of the county seat of Chester and ostentatiously committed a theft. Arrested and confined in jail as he had planned, he said: "I'll stay here until I'm tired of the place and then I'm going." Under his window his jailer placed a ferocious watch dog, but Buzzard was not dismayed. For a week or more he daily wrapped a portion of his meat ration in a fragment of his underclothing and threw it out to the dog, a plan which rapidly coupled in the dog's mind the scent of the man and the hour of dinner. So one night Buzzard broke his bars, descended to the ground, and walked away with the dog's entire approbation.

Buzzard's first use of his liberty was to steal a wagon-load of hay drawn by two horses. He drove to Philadelphia, and after selling the hay wrote to the Lancaster county newspapers telling how easy it had been to outwit the Chester county authorities. His pride was thus vindicated and it was now Lancaster county's turn to laugh!

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WELLS OF CORRECT THOUGHT

BY BRUCE GOULD

In the White House are many closets, and each is filled with horrendous skeletons. Quadrennially, they are rattled before the sick gaze of a great people. Every national campaign discloses the distressing fact that our next President is bound to be a scoundrel. There are, it appears, bypaths to Sixteenth Street, and practical men take short cuts. In brief, even Presidents are not all pure gold; they contain an alloy of base and craven humanity. We cannot find the kingdom of Heaven by treading in their footsteps.

Balm, however, remains in Gilead. Dr. Pangloss can still hold to his belief in this best of all possible worlds. Whatever failings their political enemies may ascribe to Presidents, their published words reveal them in all the virgin purity of Sir Galahad. They are, one and all, wells of correct thought. Their golden maxims, embalmed for all time in their state papers, are untarnished by superficial or hidden dross. The voter may follow in their spiritual footsteps without the slightest risk of spraining a moral. Of this I am convinced after an extensive research into the published writings of Presidents Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding and Coolidge. They have yielded me the presidential attitude on all the important and sacred things of life—Patriotism, Love, Religion, Politics, Women, Honesty, Idealism, God, and Money. My task was not easy. Great stacks of magazines, newspapers, and bound volumes are crammed with presidential wisdom. I had to travel many a long tunnel to unearth my treasures. The presidential mind, a philosophic one, is extremely verbose. It shies at direct statement.

Words, of course, are not necessarily a true index to acts. As between words and acts, a higher moral standard is demanded of the former. Bad actions can be glossed over with a wink, or a share of the profits. But words—or principles as they are called, when Presidents discharge them—stand naked before the world with every birthmark in evidence. Words, not deeds, count.

II

Fortunately, on all the major questions of life, I found every one of our Presidents to be as sound as a dollar. I found no single instance where a President had ever flirted with a coy but alluring paradox. Nowhere was there any evidence that a Prince of the People had ever betrayed his customers by forsaking the high road of platitude for the swamps of realism. Nowhere did I find lurking the canker of skepticism. When President Harding in his mighty way felled a great oak of an idea for the amaze and edification of the populace, you may take my word for it that nowhere in the giant trunk was there any sign of the dry rot of cynicism. He might, to credit rumor, have permitted himself the indulgence of selecting frivolous men to administer the laws, but his spoken words were always sane, conservative and right-minded.

Nevertheless, one of his predecessors, Dr. Cleveland, once plainly and unequivocally endorsed mirth. Accused, unjustly I feel, of lacking a sense of humor, he nailed the lie in his austere and trip-hammer fashion. "I will not," he said, "without

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decided protest, be accused of antagonizing or deprecating light-hearted mirth and jollity." Dr. Roosevelt also had his moments of being different. Once he actually ventured upon an epigram worthy of Oscar Wilde, to wit, "I have never demanded of knowledge anything except that it shall be useless." More utilitarian, however, was his general attitude. The "mere" critic annoyed him. How he would have cried out against John Quincy Adams! There is a story that Adams once stood for a long time regarding a portrait of the Father of his Country. Finally, he exclaimed, "To think that that old wooden-head will go down into history as a great man!" In 1910 Roosevelt vehemently admonished a group of frightened professors at the Sorbonne in this wise:

> A cynical habit of thought and speech, a readiness to criticize work which the critic himself never tries to perform, an intellectual aloofness which will not accept contact with life's realities—all these are marks, not, as the possessor would fain think, of superiority, but of weakness. . . . It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how a strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done better. . . . Among the free peoples who govern themselves there is but a small field of usefulness open for the men of cloistered life who shrink from contact with their fellows.

Dr. Coolidge has caught the torch from Roosevelt's hand. "Cynics do not create," he recently told the Boy Scouts.

None of our Presidents, it appears, has ever doubted that God directed his various acts. Cleveland was inclined to feel that sometimes, human like, he took credit where God alone was to be thanked. "In public life and effort," he said, "God has never failed to clearly make known to me the path of duty. And still, it is in human nature for one to hug the praise of his fellows and the affection of friends to his bosom as his earned possessions." Again: "The surest strength of nations comes from the support of God's almighty arm." On the other hand, he said that "the public man cannot go astray who follows the plain people, nor can the politician err who respects their impulses." The intellectual Coolidge, declaring that "it is hard to see how a great man could be an atheist," has stated his belief that "the strength of the nation is the piety of the nation." To him, "history is the manifestation in human affairs of a 'power not ourselves that makes for righteousness.'"

Roosevelt, too, believed that God worked through him. He thought, indeed, that he should be returned to office for a third term in order to carry out the Creator's intentions. He loathed "the kind of democracy which finds expression in such statements as 'the voice of the people is the voice of God.'" He lent his ear willingly to but one Voice, and that came from his private burning bush. Even Taft, a Unitarian, put supernatural guidance ahead of human reason. "Less important than religion," he said, "less indispensable, but still most helpful in the pursuit of morality and in its maintenance, is clear thinking, which gives a sense of proportion as to practical moral and social progress." Had it not been for his inherent conservatism, and his natural legal fear of sounding a revolutionary note, he might have put this clear thinking a notch or two higher.

"Government is a very simple thing, after all," said Dr. Harding. He believed that its highest function was "to serve business and to give it the fullest opportunity for righteous activity." It is just as well, perhaps, that he did not blame God for inspiring his presidential acts. He did feel, however, that the infant Republic had been better protected. He declared: "I must utter my belief in the divine inspiration of the founding Fathers." Probably because of his belief in the close relations between government and business, Harding held that "a general grant of amnesty to political prisoners is no more justified than a general grant of amnesty to yeggmen." Other Presidents, maintaining a similar bitter hostility toward political prisoners, may be interpreted as believing them so many infidels,

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tampering with God's manifest intentions.

The verbal elephantiasis which affected Harding, in contrast to the verbal atrophy of Coolidge, made him capable, alas, of contradicting his own statements within brief periods. "There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare," he declared in a moment of mellow enthusiasm, but later, to the Army War College he said: "It is perfectly futile to think there never may be another armed conflict." Harding liked long and mellifluous words, and preferably those that had no definite meaning. The plain citizen heard a trumpet blast urging him to some obscure but mighty duty; the intellectual, anaesthetic to the enchantment, smiled at the prodigious thunder which assailed his ears.

Wilson's God was a jealous God, to wit, himself. He believed that his own "opinions ultimately governed the world," and that he "represented a cause greater than the Senate and greater than the government." Some of his best ideas died with their boots on, and by his own hand. He said, "I have always been among those who believe that the greatest freedom of speech was the greatest safety,"—and maintained a Bastille for those who took him at his word. "There is no indispensable man," he once said. But he was talking in 1912, and referring, not to himself, but to Roosevelt, then running against him.

III

Women have occupied a great deal of the presidential attention in the past, and produced some profound and affecting aphorisms. Not once has a President been known to belittle the beauty, the spirit, or the intellect of the virtuous American female. Cleveland alone sounded a warning. It must be recalled, however, that he held out as a bachelor until his forty-eighth year. He believed that marriage was "the choicest blessing vouchsafed to man by the Giver of every good and perfect gift," but he was suspicious of women's progress and once described a good wife as "a woman who loves her husband and her country with no desire to run either."

What he would have said of the recent nomination of the Hon. Ma Ferguson for Governor in the great State of Texas is not difficult to imagine. He had a reputation for talking of ropes in the presence of those who knew they ought to be hanged. "Woman's allotted sphere is her home," he said. "I would have them happy and contented in following the divinely appointed path of true womanhood, though others may grope in the darkness of their own devices. Now and for all time to come the work and mission of women within the sphere to which God has adjusted them must constitute the immutable and unchangeable foundations of all that human enlightenment can build. Any discontent on the part of woman with her ordained lot, or a restless desire on her part to be and to do something not within the scope of her appointed ministrations, cannot appear otherwise than as perversions of a gift of God to the human race."

Several of our Presidents have appeared rather naïvely astounded and enchanted by the fact that there are females as well as males of the species. Dr. Coolidge apparently is somewhat less amazed at the miracle than most of his predecessors. Keeping cool with Coolidge is, indeed, not a mere catchword in this case. Roosevelt, McKinley and Cleveland thought the creation of women a strange and wonderful phenomenon, but not Coolidge. He reduces the entire matter to the solid ground of economic law. "Does not demand always create a supply?" he asks rhetorically. "The story of the creation is an illustration," he answers. Adam needed Eve. "Woman was not an afterthought!" So far as I know, no President has ever shown much taste for the beauties of romantic passion. They have concerned themselves chiefly with the ineffable joys to be found by the hearthstone—"one of

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the two shrines at which mankind has always worshiped," says Coolidge.

Senator Marcus A. Hanna said of McKinley: "An ideal home-body was William McKinley, and the American fireside was a shrine of worship with him." Roosevelt believed that "the most important, the most honorable and desirable task which can be set any woman is to be a good and wise mother." He attached the same importance to a man's earning "enough for the support of his wife and family." He frowned heavily on divorce, even as he thundered against birth control. "Easy divorce is now," he said, "as it ever has been, a bane to every nation, an incitement to married unhappiness and to immorality, an evil thing for men and a still more evil for women." He shied from Maxim Gorky, the Russian adulterer. "Gorky," he said, "in his domestic relations seems to represent with nice exactness the general continental European revolutionary attitude, which in domestic matters is a revolt against the ordinary decencies and moralities even more than against conventional hypocrisies and cruelties." Gorky also lacked his approval as an artist. "The Gorky class of realistic writers of poems and short stories is a class of beings," he said, "for whom I have no very great regard *per se*, but in addition he represents the very type of fool academic revolutionists which tends to bring to confusion and failure the great needed measures of social, political and industrial reform."

Roosevelt believed in fecundity and esteemed the multipara above the lady Ph.D. "The man or woman who deliberately forgoes those blessings,"—his reference was to children—"whether from viciousness, coldness, shallow-heartedness, self-indulgence, or merely failure to appreciate the difference between the all-important and the unimportant—why, such a creature merits contempt as hearty as any visited upon the soldier who runs away in battle." Roosevelt, so far as I know, never favored any but the present amiable feminine method of drafting single men into marriage. He did say, however, that "the man or woman who deliberately avoids marriage is in effect a criminal against the race and should be an object of contemptuous abhorrence by all healthy people." That a nation can applaud the wisdom of its Presidents without taking their counsel too seriously was shown by the fact that in 1920 a childless Republican was elected by the largest majority ever heard of. Unlike Roosevelt, Harding and Wilson seem to have been unconcerned by the disastrous fact that only a few million children are born in America every year. Taft admitted that "to us marriage, the home and the bringing of children under its loving and helpful influence, are the foundations of our society, the pillars of Christian civilization and progress." He added, however, that "women who can work have just as sacred a right to earn a living in the sweat of their brows as men." By cannily making the right to earn a living a "sacred" one, he saved himself from any tinge of red.

Cleveland passed his later days, after "he had lived in Washington," to use his own phrase, during the stirring times when many women were suffragettes, and all suffragettes were clubwomen. He viewed with alarm the American woman's desire to join clubs, and her desire to vote. His seismatic ear detected the first rumblings of the earthquake that has uprooted the old femininity and left the hussies what they are today. He feared to his soul's depths for women—as joiners of clubs. Membership in one club was in his eyes only the first false step. Wholesale membership, he believed, was sure to follow—and it was utter and irretrievable damnation—a sort of spiritual streetwalking. Tenderly, and with quaking spirit, he explained: "The woman is fortunate and well poised who having yielded to whatever allurements there may be in a single club membership, can implicitly rely upon her ability to resist persuasion to additional indulgence, and can fix the exact limits of

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her surrender to its infatuation. It is quite evident that she ought not to take the first step toward such membership before considering the matter with a breadth of view sufficient to take in all its indirect possibilities, as well as its immediate and palpable consequences. The best and safest club for a woman to patronize is her home. Let it here be distinctly understood that no sensible man has fears of injury to the country on account of such participation. It is its dangerous undermining effect on the characters of wives and mothers of our land that we fear." On this issue, Coolidge is probably at one with Cleveland. "So long as a people hold the home sacred," he said, "they will be in the possession of a strength of character which it will be impossible to destroy."

Our Presidents have not all enjoyed the same aesthetic delights, nor have they found relaxation in similar ways. It is not thought odd today that Dr. Cleveland indulged in fishing, although that frailty was the subject of much ribaldry in his day. Roosevelt, for his exercise, chinned himself daily by the ears of the newspapers. He willingly undertook any sport which guaranteed him the headlines. Let Senator Hanna tell us of McKinley's diversions: "He enjoyed jokes to the full measure, and was a pleasant tease. As for music, anything from a hurdy-gurdy to grand opera pleased him. His tastes were as catholic as a child's. He would keep his hands or feet beating time whenever there was music about him. I recall many Sunday evening home concerts. Everyone was singing, and he would call for 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' and 'Lead, Kindly Light.' The radiance on his face when he sang those old favorite hymns, as if his whole soul was in it, is to me a sacred memory picture of William McKinley."

President Coolidge must do something else beside walk, but if he does, the fact remains a state secret. President Wilson made vaudeville respectable. Harding elevated pitching horseshoes to the plane of a socratic diversion. As a young man he was a cornetist in the Marion Silver Cornet Band. No President since Roosevelt, who condemned the game, has dared to sneer at golf.

IV

Church and State are separated in this Republic, which as everyone knows, has always been free of religious prejudice, yet no President, as everyone also knows, has ever been of the Catholic faith. All have professed some variety of Protestant doctrine. Cleveland's father was a Congregational minister, and Wilson was the son of a Presbyterian divine. Cleveland believed that "there is a God, and His goodness to humanity may be made manifest in its own light, without the aid of difficult interpretation. Honesty, good faith, charity, patriotism and belief in God are among the things that can never, without defiance of divine purpose, be submerged by human progress or supplanted by any substitutes contrived by the wit of man. So also, love and affection were planted by the hand of God, and imbued by Him with eternal life." Taft is a Unitarian, and so subject to a certain amount of suspicion. However, when he was President he declared that "true religion and an underlying sense of responsibility to God are indispensable to the prevalence of real morality and the promotion of self-restraint and the exhibition of self-sacrifice by its individuals so as to make society possible and useful to mankind."

Harding's ideas of religion may be judged by the fact that he believed the greatest play produced in many years to be "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." His faith was that of the Rotarian and the Elk. "Service," he said, "is the supreme commitment. I would rejoice to acclaim the era of the Golden Rule, and crown it with the autocracy of service." He was a practical man. "The best of all idealism," he said, "is not an ecstasy, but the fulfillment in terms of deeds of all obligations of honor; the giving of an example rather than preaching, and, above all, doing

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well the task set before us to do." Roosevelt did not believe in the all-sufficiency of religion. "Sweetness and light are all very well," he said, "but if a man is impervious to argument you have to use stronger means." In much the same mood, Cleveland scorned the man equipped solely with impeccable motives. "Good intentions and fine sentiments will not meet the emergency," he said.

The strongest conviction of the importance of religion ever heard of among Presidents has been expressed by Dr. Coolidge, who is a true Puritan and has earnestly endorsed the Lord's Day Alliance and various similar organizations. "A religious motive, alone," he said, "can inspire the nation to bear its public and private burdens. All other plans are makeshifts; they pass away while those built upon spiritual thoughts are permanent." Coolidge believes that we "do not need more law, we need more religion." Furthermore, "it is in religious conviction alone that we may hope for any permanent solution of the differences between employer and employed, for a permanent social relationship which can be embodied in the law of the land, or any permanent plan for international harmony which can exist without armament." His words make the present ornament of the White House one of the most fundamental of the Fundamentalists. "Authority came into being with the Creator," he says. "It has the sanction of the Creator. It is righteous."

The bogeyman of Bolshevism sticks in Coolidge's mind. Cleveland, before him, said that the "communism of combined wealth and capital is not less dangerous than the communism of oppressed poverty and toil," yet he thought the elder Morgan "a great, patriotic banker." Wilson's expressed attitude to authority differs from that of Coolidge. "The history of liberty is the history of the limitations of governmental power, not of the increase of it," he said. But that he acted on his belief very few will insist. "Adherence to radical doctrines," says Coolidge, "means the ultimate breaking down of the old sturdy virtues of manhood and womanhood. . . . It is the duty of the public school teachers to teach patriotism." Parting company with Taft on the Negro question, he has said, "The great decisions in American history have always been right." Taft said: "In retrospect, we can see that it was a mistake to give the franchise to a mass of densely ignorant people, and that its extension ought to have been made to depend on education and property rights."

The Presidents have often spoken of each other. What Roosevelt said and thought of Taft received more than sufficient publicity to please even the Rough Rider. Wilson greatly admired Cleveland, and regarded him as a sort of natural genius. In 1897 he wrote of him: "He has been the sort of President the makers of the Constitution had vaguely in mind; more man than partisan; with an independent executive will of his own; exercising his powers like a chief magistrate rather than like a party leader." Cleveland himself spent much time watching the career of Roosevelt. In 1893 he vigorously opposed the appointment of Roosevelt as president of the Civil Service Commission. He told the Cabinet: "I want to tell you gentlemen now that you are making a mistake. I have known this young man Roosevelt since 1883, and I tell you that, without exception, he is the most ambitious man and the most consummate politician I have ever seen." At another time he said: "Roosevelt is the most perfectly equipped and the most effective politician thus far seen in the presidency. Jackson, Jefferson, Van Buren were not for a moment comparable with him in this respect." Little love was lost between Wilson and Taft, who said of his successor: "Mr. Wilson is a man who thinks much of his power and is jealous of any attempt to weaken it."

Wilson jealously regarded the power Roosevelt exerted over the American people during his reign, and resented

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Roosevelt's offer to lead a division to France. It has been aptly said that Wilson would have died a thousand deaths had Roosevelt preceded him to Europe, and robbed him of the effect of his entrance into Paris. Regarding McKinley's reputed knowledge of the people's thoughts, President Coolidge relates that Uncle Joe Cannon once declared that "McKinley's ear was so close to the ground that it was full of grasshoppers." Of Harding, President Coolidge once said: "At the last election the people entrusted their destinies to a wise and clear-visioned man from Ohio who in their service toils on from day to day, seeking nothing but the public welfare."

V

Not all the Presidents believed implicitly in the party system of government. Wilson, when he had gotten beyond good and evil, weaned himself from his party. But Coolidge has declared that "it is necessary to have party organization if we are to have effective and efficient government." He warns, however, that "ideal candidates for office . . . don't exist, and we have to make the best of what we have." Taft concurs in the opinion that "you cannot run a popular government without parties." Harding, clairvoyant, said, "There comes to Americans the profound assurance that our representative government is the highest expression and the surest guarantee of liberty and civilization." Cleveland remained a party man, chiefly because his party followed him. In reality, he far surpassed his party, which was greatly influenced by Bryan, "who has not the remotest notion of the fundamental principles of democracy," according to Cleveland. "It is our habit to affiliate with political parties," he said. "They stir a frenzy of hate which seeks cunningly to persuade our people that a crusade of envy and malice is no more than a zealous insistence upon their manhood rights." Referring to a voter's affiliations, he declared that "the party of his choice needs watching. Political parties have been known to encourage voters to hope for some measure of relief from economic abuses and yet to 'stand pat' on the day appointed for realization."

A proper, democratic contempt for wealth has characterized all our Presidents. "I am simply unable to understand the value placed by so many people upon great wealth," said Roosevelt. Taft declared that "the wickedness of those who by greed and corruption and oppression have amassed wealth, and the failure of those who even by right methods have become rich to appreciate the responsibility that good fortune places upon them, should be held up to contumely and condemnation." He added, however, this sound note of caution: "But so too should the reckless and wanton lawlessness and class hatred and the indiscriminate advocacy of doctrines that would ruin society and take away the hope of all progress." Coolidge approves the *status quo*. "In no land," he has said, "are there so many and such large aggregations of wealth as here; in no land do they perform larger service; in no land will the work of a day bring so large a reward in material and spiritual welfare." The increasing respect and desire for money distressed Cleveland. "In business and social circles," he said, "the pursuit of money has become breathless and rapacious; the deference to those who have won great fortunes has grown in many quarters to be so unquestioning and so obsequious as to amount to scandalous servility, while the envy of the rich among the struggling poor is more than ever bitter and menacing."

Thus the wavering and awestruck voter listens as the presidential oracle reveals the familiar burden of thought. Hats are skied and the country is saved again.

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NOTES ON THE VERNACULAR

BY LOUISE POUND

The Humorous "R"

THE history of the English *r* down the centuries, of its various developments, insertions, omissions, and transpositions, is one of the most interesting phases of the history of English sounds. Before the Norman Conquest, in some regions and in some positions, it was a type of gargled *r*, made in the back of the mouth. Since that period many varieties have been developed or handed down, from the trilled consonant of Chaucer's time to the various American *r*'s of our own period. These range from a light vowel-like *r* (which is lost before consonants and also finally, in some parts of New England and the South) to the "coronal" sound, made with the tip of the tongue turned back on the roof of the mouth, which appears in the Central West. It is this latter *r* which so annoys fastidious observers, such as cultured Britons touring the United States, and which is anathema to teachers of oral expression. On the whole, *r* is the most unstable of English consonants. It is often lost, often intrudes, and often shifts its position; and it has evoked more heated controversy than any other consonant.

The theme of the following brief discussion is the rôle played by it among humorists, for whom certain stock usages have arisen. The moment we encounter the added *r*'s of *purp* or *dorg* in our reading we know that we have to do with humor, and so with *school-marm*. The added consonants are supposed to be spoken, if the words are uttered, but, as a matter of fact, they are less often uttered than seen. The words are, indeed, largely visual forms; the humor is chiefly for the eye. The American humorist of the Civil War period, Artemus Ward (Charles Farrar Brown, 1834-1867) contributed a good deal toward giving currency to such added *r*'s. He liked to write *orfice*, *orf*, *orfullest*, *perlitical*, *pollerticks* and similar forms. Brown relied very largely for his jocular effects on such vagaries of writing. Like James Russell Lowell in "The Biglow Papers," he ran to ungrammatical forms and illiterate spellings, and his leading characters represented themselves as illiterates. We have gone far beyond his crude usages in our own time, especially since the days of O. Henry. A writer, seeking piquancy, may now deliberately re-spell in his own person, without pretense of illiteracy, as when columnists write "*chawmed*, I'm *suah*," *thanx*, or "when this *crool* war is over." As for O. Henry, when his characters go wrong with words there is always something beyond mere misspelling. Witness his "Crow Knob—a kind of *dernier resort* in the mountains," or "I'm not a pre-ordained disciple of *S. Q. Lapius*. I never took a course in a medical college," or "It's time for Spelling Reform to butt in and *disenvowel* it."

To return to *r*, we have been educated in these days to recognize its omission as well as its addition to be humorous. For example, from the standard forms *burst* and *curse* have arisen *bust* and *cuss*, with the past participles *busted* and *cussed*. These have proved to be so useful that it is now unlikely that we shall ever give them up. Long before the Norman Conquest the ancestors of the forms *speak* and *speech* arose by omission of *r* from forms in which it

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had been present. Had it persisted, as in the related German *sprachen*, *spreak* and *spreech* would now be our normal forms. Perhaps *busted* and *cussed* will some day seem as dignified as *speak* and *speech*. On the omission of the *r* in humorous forms, as well as its addition, Artemus Ward, with his large reliance on spellings for jocular effects, had much influence. His pages exhibit *nuss*, *nussin*, *scacely* for *scarcely*, and he writes "*putty* as an angel" where other humorists might have written *purty*. Josh Billings (Henry Wheeler Shaw, 1818-1885) and Petroleum V. Nasby (David Ross Locke, 1833-1888) venture *hoss* for *horse*, *fust* for *first*, *pusley* for *parsley*, *pussy* for *pursy*, and *puss* for *purse*; and every experienced reader detects at once from the omission of the *r* that the forms are intended to be funny.

In American humor, the added *r*'s of words like *marm*, *dorg*, *purp* are supposed to be spoken. In English humorous writing the story is otherwise. Weakened *r* after a vowel disappeared in the Eighteenth Century in England. Walker's Dictionary of 1775 admits its muteness. After the Eighteenth Century *-ar* popularly indicated the sound of the vowel in *father*, and written forms like *arnswer*, *marm*, *larf*, *harf*, *larst* and *blarst*, are to be read with the broad vowel but no uttered *r*. Similarly, says Alexander J. Ellis in his monumental work on English pronunciation, "when Dickens wrote Count *Smorl Tork*, he meant *Small Talk* and no ordinary reader would distinguish between them." Dickens's *Smorl Tork* appears in "The Pickwick Papers" and so do Brother *Mordlin* (maudlin) of the Ebenezer Temperance Association, and Sawyer, late *Knockemorf* (knock 'em off). British humorous writers place in the mouths of the uneducated many forms like *orter* (ought to), *warter*, *darter*, *gorn*, *orsepittle;* but these are not to be read with the *r* sounded.

When Britons wish to indicate *r*'s that are unmistakably sounded they have to double them. Here is a passage from Henry James' "The Question of Our Speech" showing how he was affected after his years in England by our Mid-Western *r*'s:

> The letter, I grant, gets terribly little rest among those great masses of our population who strike us, in the boundless West perhaps especially, as, under some strange impulse received toward consonantal recovery of balance, making it present even in words from which it is absent, bringing it in everywhere as with the small vulgar effect of a sort of morose grinding of the back teeth. There are, you see, sounds of a mysterious intrinsic meanness, and there are sounds of a mysterious intrinsic frankness and sweetness; and I think the recurrent note I have indicated—*fatherr*, and *motherr* and *otherr*, *waterr*, and *matterr* and *scatterr*, *harrd* and *barrd*, *parrt*, *starrt* and (dreadful to say) *arrt* (the repetition it is that drives home the ugliness)—are signal specimens of what becomes of a custom of utterance out of which the principle of taste has been dropped.

Final *r* has its significance also. When American humorists write *feller*, *otter* (ought to), *Mariar*, *Ednar*, *popper*, *mommer*, *holler* (from halloo), we know that we have to do with the facetious, even though the speakers may not be downright illiterates. *Winder* may also belong here; although there is a folk-etymological origin for the *-r* which might be taken into account. In the "Hudibras" of Samuel Butler (1663) occurs—

> Love is a burglarer, a felon
> That at the *windore-eie* does steal in.

But historically *window* means eye of the wind; the *-ow* is cognate with *eye* and no door is involved, as in Butler's extended form.

There is also a final added *r* in better usage in Britain and the United States which sometimes goes by the name of hiatus *r*. When New Englanders, be they social characters or academic, who like British ways say *idear*, or "see the future of *Americar* as in a *vistar*," or speak of *Louisar* Alcott, we are not to take their usage to be humorous, for it has considerable standing in these instances. Phonetically, there is little difference between the unlettered *feller* or *winder* and the cultured *idear;* but the added *r* has little standing in the one usage, while it has the authority of many reputable speakers in the other. This interesting hiatus *r* had its origin in

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the confusion arising through the practice of British speakers of dropping final *r* before a consonant and keeping it before a vowel, as in *Westminster* Abbey and *Westminste (r)*, or in "*better* and *bette (r)*." The word *better* has two forms in this phrase as it is spoken by most of those who drop their *r*'s—one retaining the sound before a vowel and the other dropping it. Out of the confusion thus arising many *r*'s came to be added after final vowels, where none was historically justified, as "a *Chinar* ornament" or "the great actress *Modjeskar*" or "Queen *Henriettar Mariar*."

The humor is unconscious, not a device of authors, in those who omit *r* in the telescoped *vetinery*, *itinery*, *labatory*, *contempory* and *deteriate*. An *r* is often dropped by unacademic speakers in weak syllables where there is repetition. In the *littery* of the columnists, as in references to the "*Littery* Review" or "us *litry* fellers," yet another usage is represented. These are mainly forms employed for flippancy.

The differences in the mode of handling *r*, in the phonetic shades of its formation, in what is happening to it, and in how it influences neighboring vowels, are bringing in their wake some of the chief divergences between British and American English. Not individual words here and there but whole tracts of words which are part of the essential fabric of the language are being affected by changes in the utterance of *r* or by its weakening and loss. In Britain an *o* before *r* is open, while in the United States it is prevailingly closer. Thus an American who omits final *r* might rhyme *bore* and *Noah*, but to Britons *bore* and *gnawer* would be more exact rhymes, or *more* and *maw*, *door* and *daw*. Keats rhymed *crosses* and *horses;* Kipling rhymed *court*, *wrought*, and *report;* and a recent British laureate rhymed *vase* and *Mars*. Across the Atlantic *vista* and *sister* make good rhymes to the ear, while on this side they bring the same type of smile that is brought to the faces of contemporary Britons by Whittier's well-remembered rhymes of *swarthy* and *Martha* and *pen* and *been*.

II

Novel Comparison of Adjectives

A love of the exaggerated use of terminational comparative forms seems to be shared by poets and humorists. We are accustomed to the formation of the comparatives of *patient* and *wretched* with *more* and *most;* yet Swinburne writes *patienter*, *wretcheder* and *splendider* without seeming conspicuous. Among humorists and dialect writers the terminational comparison of unexpected adjectives has come to be a staple device for producing humorous effect. For a first example, take the comparison of the present participle. There was novelty in the form for print when Dickens wrote *leakingest* or Walt Whitman *lovingest*, but such comparatives are now frequent. A casual examination of current magazine fiction brings to light, "the *fightingest* man I ever saw," "the *toppingest* morning of the year," "the *leakingest* old boat I was ever in," "the *high-steppingest* chorus girl of them all," and "the *kissingest* kid I ever knew." "'Treat 'Em Rough,' the latest and *laughingest* book by the author of 'Four Weeks in France,'" is from a publisher's advertisement. An automobile racer announced last year in advance of an international competition, "My car will be the *goingest* hack I ever had." William Hard, writing in a recent number of the *Nation*, pronounces Senator Burton K. Wheeler, the tail of the La Follette national ticket . . . "the *stingingest* of all this year's stinging tails."

To revert to Dickens, we find him placing *naturalest*, *seasonablest*, *crookedest* and *delightfulest* in the mouths of his comic characters. Lewis Carroll makes Alice in Wonderland use the form *curiouser*. These seem tame enough beside our present "the *orphantest* child in the asylum," "the *womanishest* of the lot," "the *lunatickest* of them all," "I feel *resteder* now," "the *outlandishest* hat," "the *spindliest* legs." A magazine story has its dialect characters

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say *consaiteder*, *unjustest*, and *modheratest*. A newspaper remarks of the passing of Fourth of July celebrations in the big cities that "the scene grows more pathetic and *patheticker*."

Sometimes words already superlative in meaning show a superlative termination: "She is the *onliest* girl I ever loved," "He is the *allrightest* man I know." Double comparative forms like *nicerer*, *betterer*, and *moreder*, are heard from children, but they are also often placed in these days in the mouths of grown-ups. In the way of double superlatives one finds examples like, "He did the *bestest* he could while his opponent did the *worstest*." The form *worser*, which was in good usage in the days of Elizabeth, is still to be found. Montague Glass, who wrote of Potash and Perlmutter, makes a character say, "Things go from bad to *worst*," and "He would got *worser* than a cold." Indeed the form *worse* merits treatment by itself. In the current facetious "not so *worse*," *worse* is moved from the comparative degree into the positive.

American dialect speech makes free usage of the superlative suffix *-most*. Here are to be recorded forms like *oldermost* and *bettermost*, which are superlatives built from comparatives, and *ablemost*, *farmost*, *and newmost*. Some similar British forms are *backermost*, *toppermost*, and *bottommost*. A recent whimsical usage from the titles of films is illustrated by the following examples, in which pronouns assume comparative forms for the first time in linguistic history: "She is a Wilmot, than which none are *whicher*," "She is a Van Alstyne, one of the *whomest* of the whom." The motto of the clergyman who exhorted his audience to "get on, get *(h)onor*, get *(h)onest*," was meant seriously. So were the pleonastic forms of "the *more outer* trenches of the enemy," in a newspaper article from the pen of a war correspondent, and the amusing "these formations are said to be *far more superior* than the Garden of the Gods," in an advertising circular.

III

American Indefinite Names

Do other races show the same love for indefinite names and the same resourcefulness in coining them that is shown by Americans? The typical American, at least the fairly youthful American, would apparently rather call something a *thingumbob*, or a *dingus*, or a *doodad* than speak out the exact name. It seems more attractive to him to employ some indefinite term in current vogue than to go to the trouble to utter the specific word. If he fails to recall the latter instantly, or if he does not know it, his employment of some whimsical indefinite substitute is nearly inevitable. This device is supposed to provide that informal or non-serious touch which we go to such lengths in these days to secure.

Following is a list of indefinite names recently collected in the Central West. It might easily be increased by a canvass of other regions, or by going through the volumes of *Dialect Notes*, the journal of the American Dialect Society, which endeavors to record deviations from standard English in all parts of the United States. One doubts whether the English Dialect Dictionary, that scholarly and valuable work compiled by Joseph and Mary Wright of Oxford, contains so long a list of such terms as a similar American dictionary would show if it existed. One suspects that a liking for coinages of this type is characteristically American. The topic of the relation of peculiarities or grotesqueries of language to race characteristics has been given little attention by philologists; yet our curious linguistic creations are usually interesting for their own sake, and they often have a certain social or psychological influence as well. The list of Central Western indefinite terms—many or most of which may be general over the United States—reads like this:—

Thingumbob, thingumabob, thingumajig, thingumajiggen, thingumadoodle, dingus, dingbat, doofunny,

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doojumfunny, doodad, doodaddle, doogood, dooflickus, dooflicker, doojohn, doojohnny, dooflinkus, doohickey, doobobbus, doobobble, doohinkey, doobiddy, doowhackey, gadget, whatyoumaycallit, fumadiddle, thinkumthankum, dinktum, jigger, fakus, kadigin, thumadoodle, optriculum, ringumajig, ringumajing, ringumajiggen, hoopendaddy, thumadoodle, dibbie.

IV

Abridged Writing

Artemus Ward employed a form of abridged writing, utilizing numerals, when he wrote "jest *be4* elecshun" and "*There4* I made bold to visit old Abe." Similar writings were popular with other humorists of his period. Petroleum V. Nasby wrote, "I wood reed *2* yoo the passij," and spoke of "sending a mishunary *2* Massychusits." Abridged writing is now frequently used as a device to catch the eye in advertising. A humorous or unconventional touch is designed, yet there is no pretense that the manipulated words come from illiterates. Some examples of the ingenious forms given to words or to commercial names in order to get public attention for them are these: "*XLent* Brand of Salmon," "*Xtra* Fine Twilled Tape," "Phone Us *B4 U* Buy," "*P-Cans* and *P-Nuts* for Sale," "*E. Z. Walker* Shoes," "Sherman *T* and Coffee House," "Call *Tel-U-Where* for our nearest distributor," "*Fits-U* Eyeglasses," "*U All Kno* After Dinner Mints," "Oysters R Now in Season," "*Uneeda* Biscuit," "*Uneedme* Chair Pad," "*U-Rub-It-In* Ointment." The trade slogan "Will *U C* Smith for Paper Hanging?" is used by a man named William C. Smith. To the same category belong signs like these:—"*R U* Interested in a Rummage Sale?" "*R U* Going to the Party at the Beach?"

A number of devices for simplified writing are current among children and young people. Since they concern language some of them deserve recording among notes on language, as well as in the collectanea of children's lore or folk-lore. The figure of a square preceding the word *deal* stands for a square deal. A letter *B* in the center of a square exhorts the reader to be on the square, and may either express a sentiment or fix a rendezvous. A *B* at the corner of a square is also easily interpreted. Capital letters are utilized in "He *XL*'s," or "the State of *X-S-E*" or "*10-S-E*" (Tennessee), and here may be noted sentiments at the end of letters like "Yours as *b4*," and "Yours *10derly*." A rhyme popular among youngsters reads:

Y Y U R	Too wise you are,
Y Y U B	Too wise you be,
I C U R	I see you are
Y Y 4 Me	Too wise for me.

A popular abridged writing for "I understand you undertake to overthrow my undertaking" is—

2
stand take throw taking
I U my

Musical notation is also made use of for abbreviated writing in popular lore, *e.g.*, "Just a little ♩ to you." Some well-known mottoes for musicians run "B2, ♯ but don't ♭," (Be square, be sharp, but don't be flat). Or "Always ♯, never ♭, always ♮," (Always be sharp, never be flat, always be natural).

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THE RAILROADS ON THE GRIDDLE

BY RICHARD HOADLEY TINGLEY

When the term, public utility, is encountered most people think only of such properties as gas plants, electric light and trolley companies, telephone and telegraph lines, and the like. The popular conception does not appear to include the greatest of all public utilities, the railroads. But the railroad industry, in fact, is not only the greatest of all public utilities; it is also the biggest kind of big business of any sort. In it is invested billions of the dollars of hundreds of thousands of men and women. I cannot say just how many dollars. I do not know. Nobody knows. It is a controverted point. But owning the two hundred and fifty odd thousand miles of main-line now operating in the United States there are approximately 875,000 stockholders, and they represent, with their families and dependents, close to 4,400,000 people. The par value of the stocks they hold is about $8,000,000,000, or 19 shares of $100 each to every owner. In the strong boxes of the life insurance companies there are $1,750,000,000 worth of railroad stocks and bonds, representing nearly 23 per cent of their total assets. So with the fire and marine insurance companies and the savings banks. A very large portion of the American people's money is thus invested, directly or indirectly, in railroad securities.

At the start, the scheme of government regulation was applied to the railroads because the men in control of them were palpably misbehaving themselves. The industry today is being spanked for its past misdeeds. There are many people who think that it has been spanked enough, and that better results might be had if it were let alone for a while. But there are plenty of others who keep on crying "Put 'em down! Keep 'em down!", apparently on the theory that the more they can be kept down, the less harm they can do. These people cannot forget the days of interlocking directorates, of stock manipulations and shady reorganizations, of unfair rebates, of corrupt alliances between railway officials and the Interests. But it would be about as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle as for a railroad official of today to do any of the naughty things he used to do so copiously. A multiplicity of regulations and regulators has taken care of that—but it has also made it almost impossible for a latter-day denaturized railroad manager to make his properties earn their keep. It is regulation that has brought about the abandonment of 2,234 more miles of main-line track since 1917 than were constructed in that period, and it is regulation that has brought down railroad earnings below the limit of safety—to 3¼ per cent in 1921, to 4 per cent in 1922, and to 5 per cent in 1923. Had the railroads been permitted to earn the 5¾ per cent prescribed (but not guaranteed) by the Transportation Act of 1920, the public—in whose interests the low rates of return were ostensibly instituted—would have been $500,000,000 better off in dividends in 1921, $350,000,000 in 1922, and $100,000,000 in 1923. Offsetting these losses—bringing them about—millions of men, of course, have gained in freight rate reductions. But how much? Enough to justify half bankrupting the railroads? Let us see. Let us assume that we are in Chicago and let us go for dinner to one of the popu-

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lar restaurants where one may get a decent meal for $1.25. We will start on a nice steak, say about a half a pound apiece. The freight on this meat from Iowa to Chicago in car-lots is about $0.0065 a pound. We will each contribute, therefore, for this portion of our dinner to the railroad.....$0.003275

For our bread we will each pay the railroad.....	0.000518
For our butter.....	0.000700
For our green peas.....	0.001725
For the salmon we shall eat....	0.002118
For the pepper and salt.....	0.000100
For our dessert of strawberries..	0.002800
For carrying our coffee and sugar	0.000937

This dinner, which has cost $1.25, has been brought to us by the railroads from various and distant points, and for doing it they have received exactly one and two-tenths cents. If the rates on all the things we have eaten were cut in half, we'd save exactly six-tenths of a cent!

The freight on a pound of ham from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to New York is a little less than three-quarters of a cent. On oatmeal, potatoes, eggs, sugar and some twenty-five other common articles of diet the railroads seldom collect more than a cent a pound. They carry a suit of clothes three hundred miles for six cents, and a pair of shoes for five cents. Cut these charges down 25 per cent, or even 50 per cent, and it would certainly not go far toward reducing the cost of living. But even a much smaller cut would spell utter ruin for the roads themselves.

II

It is a common saying that the railroads are subject to forty-nine masters—one in each of the forty-eight States, the public service commissions, and one in Washington, the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is really worse than that—in fact, twice as bad—for the Legislature of each State remains a master that is independent, in many respects, of the State commission, and Congress completes the list. Ninety-eight masters in all—each exercising authority over goings and comings, earnings and expenses! This multiplicity of control is what is responsible for the public's loss of from $150,000,000 to $500,000,000 a year in reduced dividends—and for the gain of a fraction of a cent, or a few cents (theoretically) on the commodities it buys.

The first regulators of the railroads were the State Legislatures from which they obtained their charters, their franchises, their right to live and furnish transportation. Those were the palmy days when the railroad managers misbehaved themselves —when they charged all the traffic would bear, and made secret agreements for rebates, and did other anti-social things. Such doings brought about the formation of railroad commissions in the different States, led by Massachusetts, and they began to prescribe rates and to take other regulatory measures. In the course of time each State had its commission—by whatever name called—and the result was a most confusing, uncoördinated, ridiculous and unfair multiplicity of laws and rate schedules, with each State trying to get the maximum of benefit from the roads passing through its domain, regardless of the rights of other States or of the well-being of the railroads themselves. There were schedules of interstate rates prescribed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and there were intrastate rates prescribed by the various State commissions. This confusion worse confounded could not go on, and so, in the end, the supervision of all rates was put into the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Since 1910 the railroads have had but one master to look to in so far as rate schedules are concerned—a hard and uncompromising master, perhaps, but nevertheless, an improvement over the old ones. The State commissioners, naturally, fought the change tooth and nail. They did not like to lose their prerogative, and they have never become wholly reconciled to the new order.

From the start the Interstate Commerce

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Commission was confronted by a serious difficulty. The courts had held that a railroad or other public utility was entitled to earn a "fair return" on a "reasonable investment," but a "fair return" is a matter of opinion, or, rather, a matter of the market for money. I might think two per cent a fair return for you to get on the money which I would like to have you invest in my railroad. You might, on the contrary, think it an unfair return, and decline to part with your money at so low a rate. It has gradually worked out that about five and three-quarters per cent is now considered a fair return for railroad money, and that percentage has found its way into the Transportation Act under which the railroads at present function. But five and three-quarters per cent of what? Of a "reasonable investment." Here was another stickler for the Interstate Commerce Commission. It didn't trust the estimates of capital investment made by the railroads themselves. Their stock, it was argued, was watered. They counted in the full value of things that they had actually got for nothing. So a complete physical valuation of all the railroads was ordered—and it has been in progress since 1913, at a cost of nearly $100,000,000, and is not yet finished. The Transportation Act of 1920 made it mandatory upon the Commission to come to some provisional estimate. It got busy at once, and hit upon $18,900,000,000, by what process no one knows. A wag in Washington said that the decision reminded him of the judge about whom Rabelais tells, who was called before the Parliament at Paris, charged with not having properly considered the arguments of counsel and the facts in deciding his cases. The judge said, in response to the charges:

> Gentlemen, this is entirely wrong. You will see that it is wrong when I tell you how I manage my cases. In the first place, I take the papers which the plaintiff has filed and I read every word they contain. I then take all the papers which the defendant has filed, and I read every word of them. I then prepare two pieces of paper, one of which is slightly longer than the other, and I place them in a receptacle from which the ends protrude. I then call my servant to draw. If he draws the short piece, I give judgment to the plaintiff; if the long piece, to the defendant.

But whether arrived at by the Rabelais method or otherwise, the railroads claim the total is too small by several billions of dollars. Some radical Senators argue on the contrary that it is several billions too large—but it stands, nevertheless, and it will continue to stand till the work of valuation is finished (if this ever happens), when it may be lowered or raised, or until Senator La Follette is elected President, in which event it will certainly be lowered.

III

As if to take out their spite on the railroads for the loss of their old rate-making prerogative, the State Legislatures and commissions are now continually at work passing laws regulating the operation of the railroads, often in fantastic and very onerous ways. Last year the Legislatures of forty-three of the forty-eight States were in session. In them no less than sixty thousand bills affecting the conduct of business were considered, and about fourteen thousand of these became laws. Out of these totals 2,274 bills directly affected the railroads, and 377 of them were passed and are now on the statute books. The year 1922 was an off year so far as legislative sessions were concerned; only eleven convened. But in the eleven 277 separate railroad bills were introduced, and 49 of them became laws. The Sixty-eighth Congress, also, was not idle. It considered no less than 223 railroad bills, most of which are still pending. Among these are important amendments to the Transportation Act under which the railroads now function. At practically all times the State commissions are in session, and the Interstate Commerce Commission never sleeps. It is this multiplicity of regulatory control—this regulation run riot—that whitens the hair of the railroad man.

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He sees a constant menace in the bills before Congress, and he sees another in the activities of the Interstate Commerce Commission—one of the most powerful bureaus ever created by a modern government—for it can make or break the properties under his care as it wills, and his protest will be of little avail. But worst of all, he is pestered by the State Legislatures, which constantly attempt to regulate matters which might better be left alone, or to the companies themselves to settle. Many bills are introduced which amount to downright absurdity; they are as absurd almost as that classic among traffic men—the question once asked from the bench by a certain State commissioner of a carrier witness: "What is the freight on a barrel west of the Mississippi?" Legislators, and particularly country legislators, take themselves very seriously, and why not, for is it not within their province to exercise almost unlimited power over the property, liberty and pursuit of happiness of their fellow-men? The more bills a bucolic legislator introduces, the better pleased he is with himself. In the words of the Catechism, "He has done his duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call him." And the more his bills tend to take the control of all things out of the hands of trained men and to place it in the hands of the state, *i.e.*, of political job-holders, the more of a hit will he make with his innocent constituents.

One would think the curvature of their tracks a matter best determined by the railroads themselves, but a legislator of Nebraska has proposed a law which would prohibit the use of any curvature sharper than two degrees. Two degrees, to be sure, is a very light, easy running curve, and hence meritorious—but there are plenty of first-rate trunk lines—the B. & O. and the D. L. & W., for instance—that are operating rapidly and successfully over much sharper curves—four degrees, eight degrees, and even higher.

In Arizona, California and Texas the Legislatures have sought to prohibit the use of telephones in train dispatching.

Wyoming has passed a law requiring the railroads to keep their rights-of-way clear of grasshoppers, and in Illinois it is forbidden that any railroad shall engage in the insurance business.

In Kentucky it is unlawful for a railroad to make its reports to conform with any fiscal year except that of the calendar year.

Daylight Saving is a bothersome problem to many legislators. In Massachusetts they were undecided as to its merits, and in 1922 a joint resolution was passed to investigate the matter. Later in the session a motion to repeal the Daylight Saving Act was lost—also a bill seeking to lengthen the period of Daylight Saving. But over the border in New Hampshire a different view is taken. Its people do not like the innovation and have adopted Eastern Standard time. The legislators of that State now seek to forbid, under a severe penalty, any railroad company operating in the Granite State to issue timetables conforming with the changed standard of any adjoining State.

In the interest of painters—probably prompted by the painters' unions—Indiana, Minnesota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania and Tennessee are trying to enact laws prohibiting the use of hand-spraying machines in painting railroad property.

The Legislature of Kentucky wants to be posted on the output of raw products in the State and would like to obtain the information at the expense of the railroads. Bills are now pending which call for elaborate and very costly monthly statements as to the quantity, quality and market value of all shipments of coal, coke, petroleum, asphalt, zinc, lead, iron, phosphate, mineral-water, carbon-black, salt, clay, limestone, etc.

Wisconsin is looking after the welfare of its chickens, and the Legislature there has passed a law prescribing the dimensions of the crates in which they may be shipped.

In Alabama sheriffs and editors are entitled to free railroad passes, but when the adjoining State of Georgia is reached, the

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editors must get out and walk or pay a fare. The sheriffs may continue their free ride. In Arizona the police may ride free. In Arkansas legislators are entitled to free passes. In Florida the pass system is quite general and is sanctioned by law. Minnesota used to have an anti-pass law, but repealed it in 1923. In Nebraska only certain persons engaged in religious and charitable work are exempt from the anti-pass law. Idaho opposes free passes to anyone in political office and has passed laws to that effect.

On entering Michigan from an adjoining State, the law requires that every locomotive must be equipped with automatic bell-ringers. In all other States any sort of bell seems to answer.

Locomotives operating in Wisconsin must be supplied with mechanically operated stoking-door openers and grate shakers. Other States believe such matters are best taken care of by the companies themselves.

In Missouri there is a severe penalty attached to the failure by a railroad to supply cars for live-stock within forty-eight hours after receiving notice to do so.

The Legislature of Florida has before it a measure prohibiting the catching of black bass and the transportation thereof by any railroad within the State.

Several States have legislation regulating the size and construction of freight-train cabooses. In Michigan, Missouri, Vermont and New Hampshire they must be equipped with two four-wheel trucks and steel under-frames.

Rhode Island, Idaho, West Virginia, North Carolina, Illinois, Montana and Pennsylvania have measures under consideration which seek to regulate the holiday, restday and Sunday work of railway employés.

In Nebraska a railroad company is required by law to furnish its mechanics with suitable tools with which to work!

A legislator of Massachusetts sought to regulate the use, placing and management of slot-machines on railroad premises. A majority of his colleagues, however, saw the absurdity of the scheme and turned his measure down.

Tennessee has an anti-tipping law applicable to the railroads. A member of the Senate lately tried to get it repealed, but other senators thought it good enough as it was.

In this enumeration I have touched only the high spots of legislative activity. All these interferences are like the buzzing of mosquitoes—very annoying and difficult to get rid of. In addition I should mention the incessant efforts of legislatures to regulate the size of train crews; the place and time of train stops; car-shed management; demurrage; wages; telegraph poles, where and how placed; advertising signs; sanitation; signals; workman's compensation; passenger and freight runs, and the length of trains. There is and will be no let-up. Next year—every year—it will be the same thing over again.

IV

Much the same story might be told of the other public utilities—gas, electric light, trolley and telephone companies. In the case of such properties, however, there is this difference: they are subject, usually, to but two masters, one State Legislature and one State commission, for few of them operate in more than one State. Differing from the average railroad official, who makes no secret of his feelings toward his masters, the typical official of such corporations, when asked, will tell you that regulation is a good thing, that corporate and public interests are better served under regulation than they could otherwise be, that non-regulation would spell disastrous competition. One must take these gentlemen at their word, but one cannot help recalling that their corporations are constantly at war with the commissions over rates and other things. Gas wars are perennial in the big cities; electric light companies are never satisfied with the rates they are compelled to take and often rush to the courts for redress; a record of the proceedings in

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telephone rate cases would fill volumes, and there isn't a traction company in the land that hasn't been fighting for the abolition of the nickel fare of the old days. These corporations have had varying success in their endeavors to better their state. The rising cost of everything they have to buy has made it necessary that they, too, raise the price of the service they sell. The traction companies have, perhaps, scored better than the others. There is hardly a line in the country that has not been permitted to add a few pennies to the nickel which used to pass current. New York offers the only notable exception.

When the subject of regulation is broached to the officials of such corporations one somehow gets the feeling that their praise of regulation is far more a matter of policy than of conviction. And why not? Is there any industry that rejoices in having the most minute details of its business—its income—its expenses—supervised and regulated by an outside agency which, nine times out of ten, has but little real knowledge of it? There remain, indeed, a great many people among those in whose special interest regulation is supposed to operate who cannot understand why, because a public service is a public utility, its earnings must be restricted to so small a return on the investment, while private enterprise has the sky for its limit! They recognize that the earnings of public service properties may be reasonably limited because of the special privileges they enjoy, but they fail to see why the spread should be so great—a spread amounting to the difference between 5 or 6 per cent and infinity.

In the State Legislatures and on the State commissions there may be found all sorts and conditions of men. Some have been selected for their ability to rant and foam against the Money Power; some because they were friends of the corporations; some on the promise to reduce rates; others because they could shake hands capably. A few Governors have done their best to put men of excellent type on their commissions, but if, as it seems, the average intelligence of the regulatory bodies and the average honesty of their members have been relatively high, it must be mainly because Providence looks out for children and republics. Many commissioners fail to grasp the fact that they have a dual duty to perform—to the corporation as well as to the public. Some learn only after they have had experience in office. In a western city, several years ago, a candidate was elected to the public service commission in protest against an increase in street railway fares, pledging himself to a reduction. But upon taking office and examining the situation, he became convinced that the rate should not only not be reduced but, in fact, should be further raised. The commission increased it. After dodging the resulting lynching parties, the commissioner gave out a statement that he would under no circumstances be a candidate for reelection, since the public would not give him credit for acting according to his best information and judgment, and that to base an election on a decision was to buy and sell decisions. The public, apparently not knowing on which side its bread was buttered, saved him the trouble of running again by putting the recall on him.

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THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Once again the theatre hitches up its garters, powders its nose, and saunters forth flirtatiously among the Corinthians and delicatessen dealers. Once again the charwomen brush part of the dust off the plush seats, remove the wads of chewing gum from underneath and make ready the house of Thespis for new customers. And once again the professional reviewer prepares himself for the old unbeseeming round occasionally—all too occasionally—illuminated by a shot of purple lightning.

For many years now the reviewer has been deserting dinner at the salad to be on time for some anticipated masterpiece only to arrive on time for the scene in which the tempestuous Zara de St. Julien cries out to young Irving Valentino, "This is my hour of madness—but it is the madness of joy! Listen—my villa nestles at the foot of the hill but a short distance from the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo as you turn towards the sea. It is overgrown with jasmine and roses. You will find it. Come to me there—tonight! We shall be all alone—you and I and the silent stars. You will come?" But yet the reviewer's breast, like the breasts of other men, is human, and in it hope springs eternal. Night in and night out, with the patient stoicism of an artist's model with the seven years' itch, he seeks the golden fleece, only too often to find that all that fleeces is not gold. For one line of beauty like that in O'Neill's "The Fountain" wherein it is observed of the dreaming Christopher Columbus, whom the others think mad, that his eyes are full of golden cities, or for one such line as that of Rostand's Roxanne, "I have loved but one man in my life—and I have lost him twice," the reviewer hears a hundred wherein the heroine's eyes are compared with the Mediterranean or in which the opera singer beloved of the unsophisticated young painter is thus vehemently denounced by the latter's friend: "I won't be still! Everyone knows who Carmen Zuloaga is—but you. Ask Jack Coogan—he knew the Spanish musician chap who found her singing under hotel windows years ago in Seville. And Jack knows just when she kicked him out and went off with that Russian grand duke and lived with him in Petersburg, until the Prince de Volailles set her up in Paris! Why, she's notorious all over Europe—she's ruined whole families—run through fortune after fortune—it was outside *her* door that that young English poet shot himself—the Emperor borrowed money from the Rothschilds just to buy her diamonds—the King of Naples . . . etc." And for one such instance of cultivated imagination as produces the scene of the changing lights in Chesterton's "Magic" or the episode of the stubborn symphony gradually finding its harmonic development through love in Fulda's "Friends of Our Youth" or the final satire of the statue scene in Birmingham's "General John Regan," the reviewer finds himself treated like a moron with countless minces wherein little crippled girls are miraculously cured through a belief in Swedenborgianism and in which the seducer of the governess turns out to be none other than the son of the clergyman.

But what can one rightfully expect? If the theatre reveals only a few pearls in the round of a year is it any more culpable than the library or the art gallery or the opera stage or the concert hall or one's Rhine wine bootlegger? To expect the theatre to vouchsafe one a steady flow of

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masterpieces is to expect every new novel to be an "Almayer's Folly," every new offering at the Metropolitan a "Coq d'Or," every new piano masseur a De Pachmann. "The drama," said Lessing, "is, unlike the other arts, often more captivating when it is thoroughly bad than when it is but partly good." (As a matter of fact, Lessing said nothing of the sort. I attribute the remark to him merely to give a greater measure of weight to a statement which, though entirely true, would not be regarded as quite so authentic were it not hitched to the august name of one importantly deceased.) There is, to the reviewer, something fetching about smelly drama. Mr. Ernest Newman might conceivably not be vastly enchanted by the Fadette Lady Orchestra's interpretation of Brahms' "Akademische Festovertüre," nor might Mr. John C. Van Dyke be overpowered by the Attic beauty of Bud Fisher's "Mutt and Jeff," but the dramatic critic who has been in harness for a considerable number of years and who can't still have the time of his life when the hero of an Augustus Thomas play stops in the act of kissing the heroine behind the ear to inform her on the Punic Wars, the later metrical recast in the epic meter of the antecedent Dharmasutras which constitute the Dharmashastras, and the initiative, the referendum and the recall—such a critic is ready for the ax. I speak, of course, not so much of the critic as critic, as mammal with a taste for the low. A bad painting may simply be a bad painting, and so fit only for the gallery of a rich American meat-packer, and a bad piece of music may simply be a bad piece of music, and so fit only for one of the better jazz bands, but a bad play acted by impossible hams is often the joy and delight of kings and emperors. Let a man of unimpeachable taste tell the truth and he will tell you that he has had ten times the pleasure at a No. 3 company's performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or a No. 4 company's performance of "East Lynne" that he has had at any No. 1 company's performance of the best play that the late Charles Klein ever wrote. I once composed an essay on the charm of bad acting. Some one should write an essay on the charm of bad plays. Such a play, for example, as "Survival of the Fittest" or "The Sacrifice" has thrice the refractory charm of plays fivefold superior. And when a bad play is bitten into by rotten actors—then we have a dish for the gods themselves. Alas, that good form in criticism forbids one's admitting it! For in the admission lies a goodly share of the peculiar pull and peculiar hypnosis of the theatre. It is the good plays that make critics good critics, but it is the bad plays that keep critics young.

I

Enter then, "Easy Street," a lemon of the first water. And enter simultaneously as richly Gothic an evening in the theatre as the reviewer has scrutinized since the Rev. Dr. Thomas Dixon trotted out in the same showhouse in West Thirty-ninth Street his study in the sociological metaphysics of the hoochie-coochie, by name "The Red Dawn." If anyone believes that in an exhibition as sour as this by Mr. R. T. Kettering there do not repose manifold elements of jocosity missing entirely from many an intentional comedy, he may be put down as one anæsthetic to obscene humor in its soupiest reaches.

This "Easy Street" ran for eighteen serious and profitable weeks in Chicago, which is no small part of the humor. The savants of the western metropolis viewed it as a profound dramatic treatise on marriage, one in quality of a piece with Pinero's "Mid-Channel," Hervieu's "Enigma" and "The Awakening," and Tchekhov's "Ivanov." In one breath they said that Leopold and Loeb were crazy and in the next that the scene in which the dead baby's little worsted shoes bring the husband lugubriously to forgive his wife was great stuff. They sat enthralled before the scene in which the evil-minded spouse is reformed by reading the Bible; they wept lustily over the scene in which the husband

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learns that the wife whom he has spurned is soon to be a mother; they roared heartily at such *mots* as "You remind me of a zero with the rim off"; and they took fondly to their bosoms such apothegms as "Smiles are the children of love." Having accomplished this much in what has been called the literary capital of the United States, the exhibit descended upon the eastern metropolis with its ears thrown back. But here, peculiarly enough, something went blah. For by the time the second act got under weigh, the guffaws of the assembled guests were so loud that Lee Shubert came down at a gallop from Forty-fourth Street to find out how in the world the Four Marx Brothers had got into the wrong theatre by mistake. The scene wherein the hero heatedly denounces the DeMille movies as having led many a married woman astray, a scene that had stirred the ruminations of Chicagoans to the very bowels, got only a ripe raspberry in Thirty-ninth Street. And the scene wherein the doggy Don Juan in the white spats offers manfully to wed the wife once the husband casts her off, a scene that moved Chicago no end, somehow produced nothing in New York but a recherché horse-laugh. It was, indeed, a night of nights. Dignified old gentlemen lost all control of themselves and let go as at a Paris bawdy house or a Democratic convention. Staid ladies were compelled to go to the nearby drug-stores between the acts for fresh supplies of nose powder. The very ushers embraced one another in glee. And the coon in the men's washroom, having sneaked up the stairs to sample the humors of the evening, had to be carried out on a stretcher.

The performance of the masterpiece by seven members of the American Federation of Labor was thoroughly in key with the demands of the occasion.

II

The trouble with "Dancing Mothers" is twofold. In the first place, it tells a story old to the theatre, and, in the second place, it tells this story that is old to the theatre in a manner that is old to the theatre. The authors, the Messrs. Selwyn and Goulding, have viewed life with all the shades down and the electric lights up. Their characters are not out of homes, but out of stage dressing-rooms: they achieve reality only in an occasional line of dialogue. Otherwise they are merely actors. They approach critical moments in their lives not in the variable and uncertain manner of persons in the real world but with the exactly clicking gestures and speeches of the theatre of Sidney Grundy and Henry Arthur Jones. From the swell-elegance of the butlers to the young daughter's addressing her father as "daddykins" and from the denunciatory "You are a beast!" to the scene wherein the flapper doesn't recognize her mother in the Lothario's chambers simply because the mother's back is turned, the play moves on the tracks that, these many years, have led from the Edwardian stage. As originally produced, the final curtain descended upon the reconciliation of the wayward daughter, the husband whose foot had slipped and the wife and mother who had taught them that what they could do she too could do. As presented in New York, the play ends with the wife's desertion of her household and with her setting sail for France and freedom. The latter ending, in view of the fact that the rest of the play has been left exactly as it was originally, accordingly fits the text about as well as a Dieudonné farce would fit the Chautauqua circuit. The woman that the authors have presented in their first three acts is not a woman who would desert her husband and daughter in Act IV, and the authors' attempt to give their play a kick by causing her arbitrarily to do so is much as if Uncle Tom were to be made to wipe off the burnt cork just before the final curtain and announce that he is a Ku Kluxer.

It seems to me that the playwrights erred in making drama of what once might have been drama but what, with the passing of theatrical time, has surely become comedy. The theme of "Dancing Mothers"—regards

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to Gloria Swanson, *et al*—has already so often been treated as comedy that, having laughed at it, one finds it difficult to take it seriously. Once we have laughed at a thing, it ceases in the future to be aught but food for laughter. I doubt that even a great genius could make us today take seriously the theme of "Charley's Aunt." I doubt that even a very great dramatist could make us today take seriously such an act as that in this "Dancing Mothers" wherein we are visited once again, in the quarters of the philandering bachelor, with the scene in which the husband enters unexpectedly and—*tense pause*—finds his wife.

By way of postscript, it is to be noted that the authors run Miss Zoë Akins a hard race for the dogginess *prix*. Polo, vintage champagne, modish allusions to spending the night at the Union Club (which, unfortunately, has no sleeping accommodations) and similar schnitz'ls of the *beau monde* are scattered lavishly through the manuscript to sting the bourgeoisie to an acute realization of its ignominious lowliness.

III

"The Best People," by the Messrs. Gray and Hopwood, is still another dance of shop-worn puppets: the fresh flapper, the erring son, the "society" father and mother, the silly-ass Englishman, the virtuous chorus girl, the chauffeur hero, the crotchety old uncle, the slangy show-girl, etc. It is the one hundred and eighty-first play about the unruly younger generation, the two hundred and sixty-ninth play in which the irate father starts out to bribe and unmask the girl his son is engaged to and learns that she is really a very decent sort, the three hundred and fifty-second play in which the aristocratic daughter is pulled off her high horse by a man of the people, the four hundred and seventy-fourth play in which the leading characters are flabbergasted to find that they are occupying neighboring private supper-rooms in the same midnight restaurant, the five hundred and thirteenth play in which the heroine rejects a title for the poor young American whom she truly loves, the six hundred and twenty-third play in which a son, the worse for liquor, coming upon his father in the company of an obvious woman, tempestuously accuses his father of doing the very thing of which his father has accused him, the seven hundred and forty-sixth play in which one of the curtains falls upon the ejaculation, "Well, I'll be damned!", the eight hundred and nineteenth play in which comedy is extracted from a scene in a café between an old beau and a flashy actorine, the nine hundred and seventy-sixth play in which a snobbish woman is confounded and put to rout by a simple and unaffected woman, and the ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-fifth play in which the daughter, called to accounts by her parents, retorts that she didn't ask to be born.

The exhibit, in short, is a frank sample of box-office pfui, without imagination, without quality, without merit of any kind. What occasional humor the manuscript reveals is of the small-time vaudeville species, and the drama throughout is out of the mousy pigeon-holes.

IV

After having chuckled and chortled for a couple of hours over Rudolf Lothar's "The Werewolf," I was humiliated to pick up the newspaper reviews of the piece the next day and to learn that what I had laughed so heartily at was very dull and boresome stuff. Unable to face out the ignominy, I was about to swallow a cocktail composed of crême de cocoa, bichloride of mercury and crushed mint when it occurred to me that I owed it to local civilization to live a little while longer and to attempt to illuminate the mystery.

Lothar's play is a Continental comedy of sex. Unlike twenty-four out of twenty-five such comedies that we get in America, whether native or adapted, it goes the limit. That is to say, it deals frankly and

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realistically with adultery instead of trying to persuade its audiences that every time a man and a woman are on the point of the sexual act they are forestalled by the ringing of the telephone or by a knock on the door or by a fat comedian who has been hiding under the bed. The majority of our American reviewers, who echo the prejudices of their readers—both naturally and because they do not wish to take chances offending what is called the home circulation—object to such a treatment of sex as Lothar's. They will laugh at and endorse sex treated farcically or in terms of comedy only when, as I have observed, it is opportunely interrupted by the telephone bell, the knock on the door, or the periodic and disturbing entrance of Marcel, the French waiter. This satisfies their sense of morality. No commandment is violated. But the moment a telephone doesn't ring or a knock doesn't come on the door to save the situation, their generic morality is offended and, however much they may laugh, they yet realize that they have a duty to perform for their readers. If there has ever been shown in New York a farce or a comedy in which adultery has been realized and which has received good notices from the boys on the papers, I do not know its name. The good notices are reserved for the "Fair and Warmers," the "Twin Beds," and other such pieces in which adultery is only toyed with. To get by the American reviewer, a sex farce or comedy must be merely a teaser.

Lothar's comedy, adroitly translated by Gladys Unger, seems to me to be as funny a risqué evening as I have encountered in the theatre in a number of years. While risqué, it is never vulgar, never cheap. Its basic idea is surely rich in comic, Boccaccioan juices. A psychic expert, present at a gay and tony houseparty in a sort of Joseph Urban Spain, is called upon by the ladies to summon out of the past the ghost of Don Juan. The ladies' piquant request is overheard by the young butler, who permits himself a soft, sardonic hiccup and withdraws. Night falls. And the fun begins. The direction of the play by Clifford Brooke has all the finish and smooth movement of a brewery wagon. A manuscript that should be made to whirl along as jauntily as a toe dancer is made to grunt and heave like something by Ernst Toller. The reviewers, I believe, have criticized the manuscript in terms of this poor direction of it. Lothar's play is light, quick, airy. Brooke has treated it as if it were "Rosmersholm." Miss Laura Hope Crews, as the palpitating Duchess of Capablanca, is admirable. Edwin Nicander, the Adolphe Menjou of the speaking stage, is droll as the gentleman who would take a leaf from the butler. Miss Marion Coakley at least provides a pretty girl for the flat rôle of the only damsel in the houseparty who, to put it euphemistically, doesn't see ghosts. Lennox Pawle and Leslie Howard are badly miscast.

It may be objected by some that, when I say that there has been no comedy of realized adultery which has drawn favorable reviews from our local hazlitts, I forget the excellent comedy, "Fata Morgana." I do not forget it. But the objectors should similarly not forget that "Fata Morgana" treats its realized adultery with a very liberal dose of sentiment. It holds up its laughter to wipe away a bit of a tear. It apologizes for its indiscretion, in the American mind, by being just a trifle tragic about it. It thus vouchsafes the American justification for his laughter and for his endorsement.

V

The aim of Mr. Jack Larric in writing "The Easy Mark" was to fashion a play built around a central character as authentically amusing as George Kelly's "The Show-Off"; his achievement has been the confection of a play built around a central character as authentically pishful as the hero of R. T. Kettering's "Easy Street." Kelly drew his Aubrey Piper from a world peopled by men; Larric draws his Sam Crane from a world peopled by imitators of Winchell Smith. What results is a ham

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character engaged in the working out of a ham plot. Aside from a situation that concludes the middle act and that for a fleeting moment flirts with a human emotion, the exhibit is just another laborious transcript from that period of the New York theatre, to quote Robert Benchley, when Mrs. Whiffen was still considered up-town. It is, in a word, stupid and amateurish material, and utterly dull. The acting is of a piece with the manuscript. Walter Huston who, when he appeared last season in "Mister Pitt," was enthusiastically greeted by the local brunetiéres as being almost as great an actor as Salvini or Harpo Marx, has the leading rôle and bestows upon it a perfectly incompetent performance. The rest of the troupe, with the possible exception of Joseph Dailey, who is fairly good in a small part, is equally incompetent and, being composed of members of the Actors' Equity Association in good standing, will doubtless strike again in the near future against Ames, Hopkins, Erlanger and the other managers who are ruining the American drama.

VI

The last war came as a God-send to a certain brand of playwright. Where, before, he had to use a measure of imagination and inventiveness in the manufacture of his plays, he now found that all he had to do to gain a theatrical hearing was to dress up a lot of Pinero or Henry Arthur Jones characters in British uniforms and drown out his weaker dialogue with an immense walloping of off-stage bass drums. In the early nineties the war play, as Shaw pointed out at the time, was either one in which everybody in both armies turned out to be spies of the other army or in which army commanders were always being superseded at critical moments by their daughters. The recent conflict changed the style. The war play that resulted was, generally speaking, either one that pictured war in terms of Gorki's "Night Refuge" and in which the drama consisted very largely of a liberal employment of the word guts, or one that pictured it as a kind of Café de la Paix, with all the characters, including the heroine and her pretty school chums, meeting conveniently in a French dugout in the second act and being rather jolly about it all. Mr. Harry Wall's "Havoc," which enjoyed a considerable success in London, falls under the former heading and the Messrs. Farrar's and Benét's "Nerves" to a considerable degree under the latter.

"Havoc" is, in essence, the conventional round-up of English problem play characters of the nineties outfitted in military trappings and transferred from Park Lane and Grosvenor Square to army huts and trenches in France. As a problem play, it follows the more or less stereotyped theme of the unsullied love of two men for the same woman and the consequent tragic disruption of their friendship. As a picture of war, it similarly follows the customary stencils with its sergeant-major with the unquenchable thirst, its young soldier (affectionately known as "the Babe"), who is ever irrepressibly merry and bright, its villain who sends his hated rival to certain death, the hated rival, of course, duly showing up at the end of the third act miraculously saved, the waiting for the enemy's attack at dawn, and so on. The heroine, like such London heroines ever, is dubbed "Vi"; the hero is "Dicky"; and there is mention of our old friends Travers, Cavendish, etc. The affair is third-rate stuff, obvious at all points. I can see nothing in it.

"Nerves," as I have hinted, appears to view the world war as having been fought largely to settle a Long Island love affair. It is a sort of "Brown of Harvard" with the Hun substituted for the Yale Crew. Naïvely written and with an ingénu outlook on life, it hardly offers material for a 50,000-word critical essay.

"What Price Glory?", still another war play, by the Messrs. Anderson and Stallings, has just been disclosed as I conclude this month's review. It is far and away the finest thing of its kind I have seen. I shall have much to say of it anon.

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

Heretics

ALTGELD OF ILLINOIS, by Waldo R. Browne. New York: *B. W. Huebsch.*
THE LAST OF THE HERETICS, by Algernon Sidney Crapsey. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

WHEN I was a boy, in the early nineties of the last century, the reigning hobgoblin of the United States was John P. Altgeld, Governor of Illinois. From this distance the ill-fame that played about him at that remote time seems almost fabulous. He was a sort of horrendous combination of Trotsky and Raisuli, Darwin and the German Crown Prince, Jesse James and Oscar Wilde, with overtones of Harry Thaw and the McNamara brothers. We have had, in these later years, no such communal devil. The La Follette of 1917 was a popular favorite compared to him; the Debs of the same time was a spoiled darling. What I gathered from my elders, in the awful years of adolescence, when my voice began to break and moss sprouted on my cheeks, was that Altgeld was a shameless advocate of rapine and assassination, an enemy alike to the Constitution and the Ten Commandments—in short, a bloody and insatiable anarchist. I was thus bred to fear him even more than I feared the anonymous scoundrels who had stolen Charlie Ross. When I dreamed after fried hard crabs, it was of catching him in some public place and cutting off his head, to the applause of multitudes.

The elders that I have mentioned were mainly business men, with a few *Gelehrten* thrown in. I learned later on, by hard experience, that the opinions of such gentlemen, particularly of public matters and public men, are not always sound. Nevertheless, I continued to have a bilious suspicion of the Hon. Mr. Altgeld, and it survived even the discovery, made much later, that men who had actually known him—for example, Theodore Dreiser—regarded him very highly. I remember very well how shocked I was when Dreiser made me privy to this fact. It made a dent, I suppose, in my old view, but it surely did not dispose of it altogether. I continued to believe that Altgeld, though perhaps not an anarchist, as alleged, was at least a blathering Socialist, and hence deserving of a few prophylactic kicks in the pantaloons. I was on the edge of forty-four years before I ever got at the truth. Then I found it in this book of Mr. Browne's—a volume that is dull but extremely illuminating. That truth may be put very simply. Altgeld was not an anarchist, nor even a Socialist: he was simply a sentimentalist. His error consisted in taking the college yells of democracy seriously.

I do not go into the evidence, but refer you to the book. It is very competently documented, and it leaves little room for doubt, despite Mr. Browne's obvious prejudice in favor of some of Altgeld's more dubious ideas, especially the idea of government ownership. On the main points his argument is quite beyond cavil. Did Altgeld pardon the Chicago anarchists? Then it was simply because they had been railroaded to jail on evidence that should have made the very judge on the bench guffaw—as men are still railroaded in California today. Did he protest against Cleveland's invasion of Chicago with Federal troops at the time of the Pullman strike? Then it was because he knew only too well how little they were needed—and what influences had cajoled old Grover into sending them. In brief,

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Altgeld was one of the first public men in America to protest by word and act against government by usurers and their bullies—the first open and avowed advocate of free speech and free assemblage since Jackson's time. A romantic fellow, and a firm believer in the virtues of the common people, he couldn't rid himself of the delusion that they would follow him here—that after the yell of rage there would come a resounding cheer. That belief gradually degenerated into a forlorn sort of hope, but I doubt that it ever disappeared altogether. The common people met it by turning Altgeld out of office, almost ignominiously. After they had got rid of him as Governor of Illinois, they even rejected him as mayor of Chicago. His experience taught him a lesson, but like that of the Aframerican on the gallows, it came too late.

What lesson is in his career for the rest of us? The lesson, it seems to me, that any man who devotes himself to justice and common decency, under democracy, is a very foolish fellow—that the generality of men have no genuine respect for these things, and are always suspicious of the man who upholds them. Their public relations, like their private relations, are marked by the qualities that distinguish the inferior man at all times and everywhere: cowardice, stupidity and cruelty. They are in favor of whoever is wielding the whip, even when their own hides must bear the blows. How easy it was to turn the morons of the American Legion upon their fellow-slaves! How heroically they will vote for Coolidge on November 4, or Davis—and so help to put down the Reds! Dog eats dog, world without end. In the Pullman strike at least half of the labor unions of the United States were against the strikers, as they were against the more recent steel strikers, and helped to beat them. Altgeld battled for the under dog all his life—and the under dog bit him in the end. A pathetic career, but not without its touches of sardonic comedy. Altgeld, in error at bottom, was often also in error on the surface, and not infrequently somewhat grotesquely. He succumbed to the free silver mania. He supported Bryan—nay more, he may be said to have discovered and made Bryan. It is fortunate for him that he is dead and in hell today, and so not forced to contemplate his handiwork. He was excessively romantic, but certainly no ignoramus. Imagine him listening to one of good Jennings' harangues on evolution! Such men, indeed, are always happier dead. This world, and especially this Republic, is no place for idealists.

Another proof of it is offered by the career of Dr. Crapsey, whose trial for heresy entertained the damned eighteen years ago. He is still alive at seventy-seven, and still full of steam. But I doubt that he is as sure as he used to be that common sense and common honesty pay. Many of the frauds who drove him out of the church, though they knew that he was right, are bishops today, and licensed to bind and loose. Others have been called by God, and sit upon His right hand. The church itself, as it has grown more sordid and swinish, has only grown more prosperous. In New York City its income approaches that of the bootleggers and it is almost as well regarded. Every new profiteer, even before he tries to horn into the Piping Rock Club, subscribes to its thirty-nine Articles. It is robbing the Church of Christ Scientist of all the rich Ashkenazim; they are having their sons immersed in its fonts and christened Llewellyn, Seymour and Lafcadio. Certainly it would be difficult to imagine a more gloriously going concern. The rising spires of its cathedrals begin to bulge the floor of heaven; its clergy are sleek, fat and well-oiled; its bishops come next in precedence after movie stars and members of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company. Lately it threw out another heretic—like Dr. Crapsey, one accused of putting the Sermon on the Mount above the conflicting genealogies of the Preacher. As for Crapsey himself, I was astonished to discover him still alive.

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His book is extremely amusing—the story of a martyr who has kept a sound digestion and prefers mufti to the white robe of his romantic office. Like Altgeld, he confesses to foreign and poisonous blood. The *Stammvater* of the American Crapseii was a fellow named Kropps, apparently a Hessian. But his great-great grandson, the father of the heretic, married the daughter of a United States Senator, and so there is some amelioration of the horror. Like Altgeld again, Crapsey went to the Civil War as a boy scarcely out of knee breeches. Altgeld was so poor that he gladly took the $100 offered by a 100% American who had been drafted and wanted a substitute; Crapsey volunteered gratis. Both succumbed to camp fevers and were discharged. Both then took to Service among the downtrodden, Altgeld in politics and the law, and Crapsey in one of the outlying hereditaments of Trinity parish. Both were safe so long as they appeared to be fraudulent; the moment they began to show a genuine belief in their doctrines they found themselves in difficulties. So Altgeld became the favorite hobgoblin of the Republic and Crapsey became the most notorious heretic.

Hornswoggling the Rabble.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN POLITICS. Anonymous. New York: *E. P. Dutton & Company.*

DIE KUNST DER MASSENBEEINFLUSSUNG IN DEN VEREINIGTEN STAATEN VON AMERIKA, by Friedrich Schönemann. Stuttgart: *Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt.*

THESE books are pioneers, and will be followed before long, I hope and believe, by a whole literature, scientific, useful and intensely interesting. The science (or art) that they will illuminate will be that of boob-bumping or rabble-rousing, of inoculating *Homo boobiens* with what he regards as ideas. It has been practiced in the world ever since the first lazy savage dropped his stone axe as too wearisome, and took to magic, or politics. It has been nowhere brought to a higher puissance and perfection than in this great Republic today. Nevertheless, it still lacks its reasoned principles, its text-books, its literature. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of Americans live by bamboozling their fellow citizens, as politicians, as clergymen, as chautauqua orators, as reformers, as psychic swindlers of a hundred sorts, and yet there is nowhere a book dealing realistically with the technic of bamboozlement. The apprentice must learn the art by rule of thumb, and then work out its principles for himself. Only too often, alas, he remains a mere empiric until the end of his days. After years of practice he blunders into some technical error that should be transparent enough to halt a first-year student. Thus we hear of clergymen losing their pulpits, of reformers sent to Sing Sing, of politicians retired to private life. What is needed is a body of sound craft doctrine, a chain of deductions from the immense experience of democratic man, an armamentarium of theories that will work. Until we have it on paper rabble-rousing will remain as unscientific as shooting dice. It should be, instead, as exact as pulling teeth.

As I have said, Dr. Schönemann and the anonymous author of "Behind the Scenes in Politics" are only pioneers; their researches do not carry them to a precise statement of principles. Rather they are concerned with amassing and organizing some of the existing materials. Dr. Schönemann, who was formerly an instructor at Harvard and now professes *Amerikakunde*, *i.e.*, the mystery of the American mind, at the University of Münster, devotes himself to studying the devices by which ideas, and particularly political ideas, are propagated in the United States. If his book were written in Old Church Slavic it would still be obvious that it was the work of a German, for all the careful diligence of the abhorrent Hun is in it. He is ready with a citation of chapter and verse to prove every statement that he makes; his foot-notes are innumerable and overwhelming; apparently he has collected enough materials to

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make a whole library of books. What emerges from his meticulous and merciless chronicle at last is a picture of Uncle Sam with a ring in his nose, and a thousand cords flowing from it, and a hearty band of swindlers yanking every cord. The thing has a profound and exhilarating humor. It reduces democracy, not only to absurdity, but also to obscenity. Now let some American tackle the same facts, and make a larger book, and try to beat Schönemann. Think of the materials that the war years produced! And of the great and crying need for just such a treatise, complete, realistic and judicious!

The anonymous one, in his first chapter, says what I have said, above and in the past: that the lack of an adequate text-book of political chicanery shames American scholarship. There are volumes which tell the aspirant how to become a detective, how to attain to mental mastery, how to wake the solar plexus, how to play mah jong and how to sell to Latin America, but there is not a single treatise upon the immemorial art of catching votes. The anonymous one himself, I believe, might undertake it to great profit. He has had experience, as his narrative shows, in three national campaigns and in various lesser contests, and he has gradually moved from the wild seas of Progressivism to the safe harbor of regularity. He speaks intimately of Roosevelt, of Taft, of Cox and of Harding, whom he greatly admired, if not as thinker, then at least as practical politician. Harding, he says, had a congenital and almost instinctive talent for doing the right thing—that is, in the face of a mob. He knew when it wanted blather and he knew when it wanted reserve. This knowledge lifted a small-town Elk to the frightful eminence of Washington and Jefferson, Taft and McKinley. It made him, in death, a martyr of democracy, and one with Lincoln. Obviously, a variety of wisdom that is not to be sniffed at. But it remains esoteric; no one has yet reduced it to plain words.

The anonymous one, in the course of his tome, reveals a few of its principles, particularly as they apply to national canvasses. It seems to me that he states them, in the main, very accurately, though I believe that he greatly underestimates the advantage of taking and holding the offensive: the mob, I am convinced, always tends to favor the aggressor. He issues a number of sagacious warnings. One is against making too many speeches: the candidate's supply of arresting ideas is bound to run out, and the plain people will assume that he has blown up. Another is against seeking the aid of orators who are too eminent: Hughes was completely overshadowed in 1916 when Roosevelt began to whoop for him. Yet another is against pumping up too many issues: that was what ruined the Progressives in the gay days of Perkins, Munsey and Amos Pinchot, and the Farmer-Labor outfit in 1920. These warnings are not merely academic. They are all supported by copious cases in point, many familiar enough, but others out of the secret archives of the author. His observations are unhackneyed, and his conclusions have a great persuasiveness. His book is unlike both the usual dull, dishonest autobiographies of politicians, and the usual puerile records of Washington correspondents. He has not only engaged in politics; he has also thought about politics, especially politics as a craft. I sincerely hope that he now spits upon his hands and composes the text-book that he mentions. It would have a high utility, and it would make capital reading.

Philosophers as Liars.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF "AS IF", by H. Vaihinger, translated by C. K. Ogden. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

THIS is a work that has had a great popular success in Germany, and is now gradually penetrating to foreign parts. It was first published in 1911 and is at present in its sixth edition; there is also a somewhat shorter *Volksausgabe*. Havelock Ellis, al-

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ways alert for intellectual novelties, wrote an article about it four or five years ago, and there is already a small but active body of Vaihingeristas in England.

Like his master, Kant, and most other German philosophical writers (let us not forget the brilliant exceptions, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche!), Vaihinger is an extremely dull author, much given to long and complex phrases and to laborious repetitions. Nor has his translator, Mr. Ogden, done anything to rescue him from the labyrinth in which he wanders. On the contrary, the English version of the book is often even more vexatious than the original German. I point to one dreadful example: the translation of *Vorstellungsgebilde* as *mental constructs*. Is *construct*, then, an English noun? I doubt it. The noun, I believe, is *structure*. But even *structure*, in this place, would be clumsy, for what Vaihinger oviously means is *image*. I cite a typical sentence: "Er wäre es auch, wenn die Vorstellungsgebilde unmittelbare Abbilder des Seins wären." Ogden turns this into: "This would hold true even if our mental constructs were direct reflections of reality." Why not make it: "It would be so even if our mental images were direct images of reality?"

But despite all this pedantic fustian there is a clear idea in the book, and it is this: that man is so constituted that he cannot carry on the business of thinking without making frequent use of assumptions that are untrue, and known to him to be so—that he needs fictions as well as facts. Vaihinger makes a clear distinction between fictions and hypotheses—a distinction too often neglected by other philosophers. A hypothesis may not be true, but it is at least something that someone believes may *become* true: it is an attempt to approach the truth by a plausible guess. But a fiction is admittedly *un*true, and its use is simply to get over an impassable place by throwing in logs and calling them solid rocks. In the jargon of the lawyers the former is a *praesumptio juris* and the latter a *fictio juris*. It is a *praesumptio juris* that when a man and his wife lose their lives together, as in a shipwreck, the wife dies first, as the weaker of the two. It may not be true in any given case, but it is at least probable in all cases, and so it is presumed to be true whenever the actual facts cannot be established. A legal fiction is quite different. It is an assumption that is admittedly not true: for example, that a glass of beer containing one half of one per cent plus one hundredth of one per cent of ethyl alcohol by volume is intoxicating.

In all fields of thought both hypotheses and fictions are constantly made use of. The former, as knowledge increases, often harden into laws, *i.e.*, statements of actual fact. The atomic theory has shown some signs of doing that of late, though Vaihinger, writing of it so recently as 1911, treated it as if it were almost a fiction. Darwin's theory of natural selection began as a hypothesis, changed into a law, and is now a hypothesis again, with some chance of ending as a fiction. Adam Smith's notion that man in society is moved only by self-interest began as a working hypothesis, was turned into a law by uncritical enthusiasts, and is now generally held to be a pure fiction. But a fiction never becomes a hypothesis, though it may be transiently mistaken for one. Its essence is that it is known to be untrue. Its use is that it bridges the gap between two truths. Man can think only in logical patterns, and when there is a vacant space he must fill it as best he may, or stop thinking altogether.

It is difficult to understand why all this should have kicked up so much pother. What Vaihinger says, in the main, is quite obvious. True enough, he supports it with a great many concrete examples, taking from all the known sciences and pseudo-sciences, from mathematics to metaphysics. His erudition is genuinely colossal. But, as he himself frankly shows, his chief notion, that the use of fictions is necessary to thinking, was known to other men years and years ago; a large part of his

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volume, indeed, is given over to demonstrating the fact. Once he has demonstrated it, what follows? Nothing follows. The human mind, at its present stage of development, cannot function without the aid of fictions, but neither can it function without the aid of facts—save, perhaps, when it is housed in the skull of a university professor of philosophy. Of the two, the facts are enormously the more important. In certain metaphysical fields, *e.g.*, those of mathematics, law, theology, osteopathy and ethics—the fiction will probably hold out for many years, but elsewhere the fact slowly ousts it, and that ousting is what is called intellectual progress. Very few fictions remain in use in anatomy, or in plumbing and gas-fitting; they have even begun to disappear from economics. Vaihinger's work is thus not a system of philosophy, in any true sense; it is simply a foot-note to all existing systems. Moreover, it is not a foot-note of much solid value. It is curious, but it is unimportant.

Brief Notices

SAINT JOAN, by Bernard Shaw. New York: *Brentano's.*

THE Old Master, at 68, breaks out with one of the best plays that he has done since "Caesar and Cleopatra," and the best preface, by long odds, since that to "Androcles and the Lion."

RE-CREATING HUMAN NATURE, by Charles W. Hayward. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

A sweet book of mush by a forward-looking English medical man. A specimen: "I appeal, with all the power of which I am capable, to each and every individual now—or in the future—engaged in the Press, to stop—immediately and forever—the production of any single line which could act as a temptation to any weak character."

ROOSEVELT, PROPHET OF UNITY, by Hermann Hagedorn. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

The faithful disciple drops the bones of his hero into the pot yet another time, and again brews a nourishing mess.

NOSOGRAPHY, by Knud Faber, M.D. New York: *Paul B. Hoeber, Inc.*

A history of the long efforts to classify human diseases, and to determine their basic nature. Written for medical men, but perfectly comprehensible (and very interesting) to the enlightened layman.

EVOLUTION: THE WAY OF MAN, by Vernon Kellogg. New York: *D. Appleton & Company.*

An elementary statement of the facts of evolution, with stress upon the evolution of man. A useful book to give to Rotarians, clergymen, and adolescent children.

THE REAL JOHN BURROUGHS, by William Sloane Kennedy. New York: *The Funk & Wagnalls Company.*

The garrulities of a man who hangs the discussion of himself upon the discussion of his subject. Nevertheless, it has its moments, and the Burroughs who breaks through the fog at last is far more real than the familiar stuffed shirt.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

DUNCAN AIKMAN *is a graduate of Yale. He has been engaged in journalism for twelve years, having served on the staffs of the Springfield* Republican, *the Philadelphia* Public Ledger *and the New York* Evening Post.

FRANZ BOAS, PH.D. (Kiel), LL.D., SC.D. (Oxford), *is professor of anthropology at Columbia University and curator of anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History. His reputation is world-wide and he is the author of many anthropological studies of the first importance.*

MAXWELL BODENHEIM *is the author of two novels and of several books of verse. He was born in Mississippi and has lived in Chicago and New York. He was one of the editors of the Chicago* Literary Times.

CHARLES B. DRISCOLL *was until recently editor of the Wichita (Kansas)* Eagle. *He is now an editorial writer on the Cleveland* Press.

W. E. BURGHARDT DUBOIS, PH.D. (Harvard), *is the editor of the* Crisis *and the recognized leader of the Negro intellectuals of the United States. He is the author of many books, including "Darkwater" and "The Souls of Black Folk."*

BRUCE GOULD *is a graduate of the University of Iowa. He served as an ensign in the U. S. N. R. F. in the late war. He is at present on the staff of the New York* Sun.

ALEXANDER HARVEY *is one of the few Grecians left alive in the United States. He is the author of works on Sophocles and Euripides and of other books. He was a frequent contributor to the* Freeman.

BEN HECHT *was born in New York but has lived mainly in Chicago. He is the author of "Erik Dorn," "Gargoyles," "Fantazius Mallare," "1001 Afternoons in Chicago" and "The Florentine Dagger," and of a play, "The Egotist." He was editor of the Chicago* Literary Times.

LEWIS MUMFORD *is a frequent contributor of articles on architecture and city planning to the* Journal *of the American Institute of Architecture. He is currently engaged in writing a study of American architecture.*

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN *is a New Yorker and the author of many books, including the capital novel, "The Good Girl." He has lived in France for years, and was once a professor in the University of Rennes.*

ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER, LITT.D., *is a member of the American Historical Association and the author of a number of books, chiefly dealing with the Civil War. He wrote "The Lincoln Legend" in the first number of* The American Mercury.

LOUISE POUND, PH.D. (Heidelberg) *is professor of English literature at the University of Nebraska. She is the foremost living student of the American vulgate, and has written many papers upon its vagaries. She is a member of many scientific societies and a frequent contributor to philological journals. Incidentally, she is a former golf and tennis champion and a sister to Dean Roscoe Pound, of the Harvard Law School.*

RICHARD HOADLEY TINGLEY, PH.B. (Brown) *was trained as a civil engineer and was in practice in Providence, R. I., and New York for many years. Since 1912 he has devoted himself to writing.*

ORVILLE A. WELSH *is a member of the staff of the New York* World.

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THE GOSSIP PAGE

News of Borzoi Books and Authors

MARY BORDEN, author of "Jane—Our Stranger", has just arrived in this country after an absence of eleven years. She is the wife of Brigadier-General Spears, a member of The House of Commons and the English representative to the Geneva Disarmament Conference. She told us that Joseph Conrad was reading "The Romantic Woman", her first novel, three days before his death and was keenly enthusiastic about her work. She will remain over here until after the publication of her new novel, "Three Pilgrims and a Tinker", in October.

SINCLAIR LEWIS has written one of the most amusing reviews which we have read in a long time. It appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature* and deals with "The Tattooed Countess", by Carl Van Vechten. Among other things, he says: "There are, one hears, accounts these days in the public prints of a banker named Dawes, of a bio-chemist named Brother Charlie or possibly Charley. But now the fifty or sixty thousand amiable citizens among our hundred and ten million Nordics who do not feel fulfilled in Brother Charlie or Charley, nor even in Brother Charlie's brother, may find civilized delight in a real book—'The Tattooed Countess' ".

ON THE CREST of interest in recent murders comes the announcement of a book by the granddaughter of Tennyson, Miss F. Tennyson Jesse, which is entitled "Murder and Its Motives". Miss Jesse has hit upon a strange idea in the premise that just as there are born murderers so too there is "a race of human beings who lay themselves out to be murdered—they are, to coin a word, born murderees". In her book she takes six classifications of murder and gives as an example of each one a case of some famous murderer and "murderee".

WALTER DE LA MARE, whose "Ding Dong Bell" has recently been published, is to lecture at Yale University and at Johns Hopkins on the subject of "The Supernatural in Literature". The supernatural has always played a large part in his work as evidenced by "The Return", "The Riddle", "Memoirs of a Midget", and "Henry Brocken".

A NEW SERIES of books is inaugurated with the publication of "Contemporary French Literature" by René Lalou and "Italian Silhouettes" by Ruth Shepard Phelps. This series will cover the last fifty years of contemporary European literature. M. Lalou is as we write lecturing at the Summer School of Middlebury College on Contemporary French Literature using his book as the basis of his course.

AN INNOVATION in play construction is revealed in "The Rabbit and a Leg", by Richard Hughes. A play entitled "Danger" has been written exclusively for the radio. By means of the listener's dimming the light in his room, he can get the effect of a jet black coal mine in which the play is enacted. Mr. Hughes has won quite a reputation for his plays all of which have been produced in England. This is his first appearance in America.

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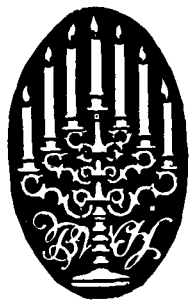

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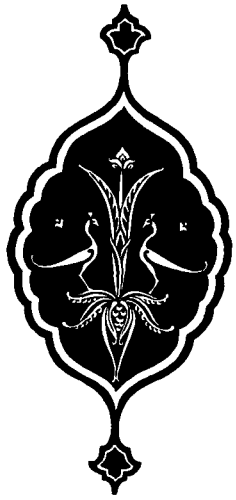

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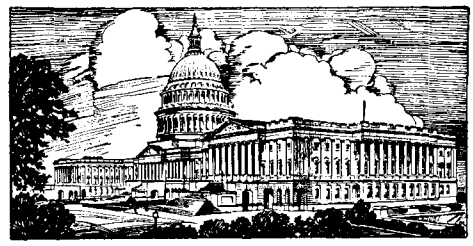

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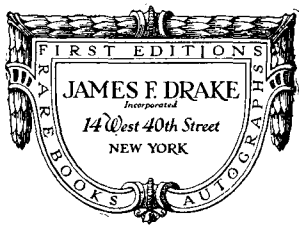

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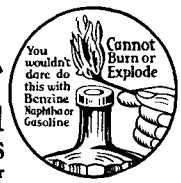

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The Story of a Great Movement That Compels the Interest of Forward-Looking Men and Women

By B. C. McCULLOCH

PELMANISM has made a record of 650,000 successes, both in England and in America. No new idea has ever had such a thorough testing.

Pelmanism is not a theory but a practice. For wenty years it has been teaching people how to levelop and strengthen their known powers and how o discover and train their latent mental abilities.

Pelmanism develops individual mark that) mentality to its highst power. It recognizes the nterdependence of all mental aculties and trains them together. It corrects bad habits, nd emphasizes the importance f personality and character in he development of mental ctivity.

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The Art of "Get There"

Science is the knowledge of uth. Pelmanism, the science, aches the art of "Getting ere" quickly, surely, finely, not ast for men, but for women.

Woman in the home as well as business has her ambitions and er perplexities. Followed hontly, Pelmanism will help solve oman's problems and aid her realize her ambitions.

Never forget that there is no ich thing as "standing still." ither you go forward or you op back.

America needs Pelmanism as uch as England needed it. here are too many men who e "old at forty"; too many eople who complain about their luck" when they fail; too any people without ambition or who have "lost their nerve"; too many "job cowards" living under the daily fear of being "fired."

Increased Incomes

Talk of quick and large salary increases suggests quackery, but in London, at Pelman House, I saw bundles of letters telling how Pelmanism had increased earning capacity from 20 to 200 per cent. And why not? Increased efficiency is worth more money.

But Pelmanism is bigger than that. After all, life is for living. Money is merely an aid to that end. Money without capacity for enjoyment is worthless. Pelmanism makes for a richer, more wholesome and more interesting life.

Too many people are mentally lopsided, knowing just one thing, or taking interest in only one thing. Of all living creatures they are the most deadly. The emphasis of Pelmanism is on a complete personality. It does away with lopsided developments. It points the way to cultural values as well as to material success. It opens the windows of the mind to the voices of the world; it puts the stored wealth of memory at the service of the tongue; it burns away the stupid diffidences by developing self-realization and self-expression.

Your Unsuspected Self

How Pelmanism Brings the Hidden, Sleeping Qualities Into Full Development and Dynamic Action

ARE you the man or woman you ought to be? Beneath the Self of which you are conscious there is hidden an unsuspected Self, a thing of sleeping strength and infinite possibilities. That Self is the man or woman you ought to be.

It is this unsuspected Self that occasionally rises uppermost in some crisis of life and makes you go in and win. And then you say, wonderingly: "How strange! I didn't think I had it in me."

Let that Self be always uppermost. Resolve to be always the man you ought to be!

Clearing the Fog

The minds of many men are veiled by a fog of misunderstanding. They think in a circle, haphazardly—vaguely. They wander in the twilight of doubt. Pelmanism clears the fog. It changes doubt to certainty, misdirection to direction, guessing to knowledge.

Whether you measure Pelmanism by the standards of practical cash-bringing results, increased mental and moral strength, or every-day happiness, it cannot fail to satisfy you.

How to Become a Pelmanist

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Then just a hint. Today the indefinable has become the indispensable.

Previously, generous Nature had made her unaware. Now she remembered the boudoirs of Paris and Versailles, the links of New York and Tuxedo—wherever she had seen women who love the supreme artistry of life, there she realized she had seen Worshippers at the shrine of beautiful, colorful hair.

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